

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SYDNEY

## Garden Song

*Oh! the mystery of a garden,  
And the magic that is there  
When the wings of early Summer  
Stir the calm and tranquil air.*

*There is music in a garden,  
For the birds have built their nests,  
And close against the mother earth  
There the timid primrose rests.*

*Oh! the beauty of the garden,  
When Romance has entered there,  
The blush-rose hidden in her cheeks,  
And the Summer in her hair.*

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.





# GREATEST "Turn" of Australia's STAGE IDOLS

Intriguing Romance of Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard

2000 INVITED TO THE WEDDING!

"I like this best of all," said the head modiste's charming little assistant. Tenderly taking the foamy mass of lace and tulle, which was Madge Elliott's wedding-dress, she turned up the hem, revealing a true-lovers' knot of blue silk stitched daintily underneath.

"Somehow, it seems to give just the last touch of romance to it all. And what a wonderful romance it is, isn't it?" added the little assistant. "Our Madge and Cyril getting married."

And that's how all Australia looks at it—Our Madge and Cyril getting married!

Of course theirs is the biggest and most spectacular theatrical wedding in our annals, but it is not the magnificence, but the sheer romance of it, which wings the story straight to the hearts of all Australians—the romance of which the dainty blue silk true-lovers' knot, hidden in the folds of the glorious wedding-gown, was a fitting symbol.

If, indeed, you could trace all the threads of the romance which met in the tying of their marriage-knot, you would have in your hands the material for a world's best seller.

Your story might fittingly open in Toowoomba, Queensland, and the first person to be introduced would be the three-year-old daughter of a doctor there. A darling child, her little head "sunning over with curls" as golden as the sunshine in which she loved to bask. Our Madge, of course. Child of strict, puritanical parents. Plenty of influences to keep her away from the stage. No theatrical traditions in the family.

Or you might open your story in a suburb of Sydney, with a very personable young man trying to keep his mind on the mysteries of medicine and off the intricacies of the dance. The dance winning. Our Cyril, of course.

Or you might choose to start your story with an account of the majestic pile which is St. Mary's Basilica, and the Archbishop's Chapel within it, with the Administrator, Rev. Fr. Hurley, pronouncing the knot which joins the lives of Madge and Cyril "till death do us part."

And you would have to go on to historic old Elizabeth Bay House, built a century ago on a Crown grant of 54

## CUPID AMONG THE STARS!

What a month this has been for spectacular romances! Prince Henry started it with his engagement. Now we have the weddings of Cyril and Madge (told on this page and in pictures on page 24), of Fred Perry and Helen Vinson (see page 23), of Jean Duncan (on the same day as Madge's), while Dulcie Davenport is en route to Australia and her future bridegroom (see page 25).

acres made in 1826 by Governor Darling to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alexander Macleay. A splendid house with a magnificent staircase.

Here Madge had a suite to spend her last day as Madge Elliott. Here guests were invited to the reception, and, in keeping with the old-world atmosphere

of the place, music from stringed instruments only was selected for the occasion. In the century that has passed since its building, many lovely and gracious ladies have swept down the winding staircase, but none more lovable or better loved than the little bride in the wonderful lace gown with the true-lovers' knot nestling under its folds—our Madge.

YET another noted house would come into our story—Moorabara, the Port Hacking holiday home of Mr. Arthur Allen. This is where Madge and Cyril will spend a brief honeymoon before sailing by the Monterey. Moorabara is quite a famous honeymoon house, its hospitable owner having lent it to very many of his newly-wed friends.

It is a very beautiful place. The grounds run down to the beach, and the views are wonderful.

If you were a literary novelist, you might here branch off to give an account of the Allen family, and that would take you into distinguished legal circles. Mr. Allen and his daughter Margaret have been host and hostess too, to many distinguished folk, including R.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Lovers of the theatre, they are well-known first-nighters.

Or, again, you might start your story with an account of the many stage triumphs of Madge and Cyril, telling of how the little girl from Queensland and the young man from a Sydney suburb have written their names high in the annals of the theatre, of all the famous friends they have made and—the part they would like best of all—of how, in their own Australia, they have always been so loved.



## Your Wedding Day

THIS stage is Life.  
This play is true;  
To-day the heroine is you.  
A gracious wife  
With heart alight  
And lips that smile,  
You've trod the still cathedral  
side  
In bridal white.

THIS is no part—  
You play no role;  
True Love communes within your soul  
And fills your heart.  
The years will bless  
Your dreams begun,  
For they have joined two hearts in  
one,  
In happiness.

Sketch of Madge Elliott by Boothroyd—Verse by Phyllis Dunstan-Brown

CYRIL is winning new laurels now, as a producer, but his greatest triumph has surely been the arranging of all the details for the Ritchard-Elliott wedding.

Only a bare outline of it all can be given here, but the novelist could make a fine chapter of it.

Three kinds of invitations were issued. Of these, 40 were for the Archbishop's Chapel, where the ceremony was solemnised. Recipients of these were the immediate relatives of Madge and Cyril. Invitations for a specially-reserved portion of the Cathedral were sent to 250 guests, and about 2000 for the rest of the Cathedral.

Cyril made those plans: At ten to three to meet his brother, who is his best man. Five minutes later Handel's "Where Ever You Walk" to be sung by Mr. Wootton. Promptly at three the bride to walk down the main aisle, and then proceed to the Archbishop's Chapel.

The service to take about twenty minutes, and to be audible per microphone to all the guests. During the signing of the register, Miss Leonore

Gotch to sing "Pinn Angelica," and Gounod's "Ave Maria." Bridal procession to return through the main aisle, proceed down the steps. Reception to 300 guests at Macleay House, Elizabeth Bay.

MADGE'S dress was a dream of beauty. Of starched Chantilly lace in a delicate parchment shade. It was posed over a slip of parchment gros-grain and aillet lace foundation. Very simplifying, it had its long train cut into the frock and fell very full into a circular flounce at the hemline. It had charming little puff sleeves which were all the way underneath and a most interesting boat-shaped neck line.

There must have been sixty yards of material in the frock, and so intricate was it that little metal clips complete with directions were sewn at various points inside the lace, to be attached to corresponding points in the lining—surely the only dress worn by an Australian bride to be so carefully "assembled."

A dainty halo of pearls caught a simple tulle cap from which dozens and dozens of yards of tulle cascaded. Her sheet of lilies was tinted in the same shade as her frock.

Her matron of honor, Mrs. Sargood, and Miss Winnie Tait, the bridesmaid, both chose frocks in two shades of blue. Their dresses, too, featured long trains. For headpieces they adopted the new Schiaparelli's sart fashion and gliders of pale blue pearls. They decided to carry prayer-books and long trails of orchids. The frocks of the two little girl brides, Margaret, Margot and Madge Elliott, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. F. Curtis Elliott and nieces of the bride were also in pale blue. One chose an old-world basket of orchids and hyacinths, and the other a wristlet of pastel-tinted orchids.

White lilies were chosen for the floral decorations of the Basilica, and for the foot of the sanctuary and the altar rails white lilies massed with peach blossoms, and two enormous baskets of lilies and peach blossoms for the Archbishop's Chapel.

MARILYN,

## SWEET DECEIVER...

creates the loveliest illusion about her complexion. It's not really so divinely satiny and youthful at all, but her precious Revelry face powder makes it look that way... adorable!

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Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... achieving the same exciting fragrance.



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## Many Practical Presents

THERE was a wonderful array of wedding presents, most of which were extremely practical as well.

Dr. and Mrs. Elliott gave, among their presents, a Sheffield plate wine-cooler and tray, and a wonderful hand-embroidered table-cloth; Dr. and Mrs. Curtis Elliott, a lovely array of Sheffield silver; Mrs. Trimmell-Ritchard (Cyril's mother), and his brothers, Greg (best man), Jack, and Bernard, gave Sheffield table silver and candelabra; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tait, silver tray; Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowden, silver jug; "The Firm," a silver tea service; Mr. Arthur Allen, an etching by Lionel Lindsay; Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brumton, a small square onyx box; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon

Chalmers, Melbourne, a shagreen box (a favorite wedding present among Royalties); Mr. and Mrs. J. Sargood, a beautiful chased-silver tray; Mr. Frank Leighton and his people, a handsome silver ink-stand; Dr. and Mrs. Goldrick (she is Cyril's sister), a lovely old china bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Leo Franklin, a set of exquisite lace mats; Mr. and Mrs. Hector Green, Melbourne, two pewter tankards.

A lovely miniature on ivory of Mrs. Elliott was given by an old friend, a beautiful fruit service given by Misses Rose Murphy and Keira Tuson, a set of engraved glass goblets, with long pale green stems, by Mr. and Mrs. J. Banks, and some lovely green Waterford goblets by Dr. Sullivan.



## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dorothy Wadding.  
TALENTED ARTIST.

MISS KATE BEARD, the well-known English painter of animal studies, is at present holding an exhibition of her pictures at the Lyceum Club, Sydney. One study that has won a great deal of admiration is the portrait of Lady Bessie-Ruthven's terrier, Yonka, who is quite famous in Vice-Regal circles. Miss Beard studied figure painting and modelling at the Lambeth School of Art in London, and specialised in animal painting under Frank Calderon, at his school in Baker St., London. In 1904, when a pupil, she won the prize for the animal section of the Gilbert Garrett sketch competition, which was open to all the Art schools of Great Britain.



### YOUNGEST DEBUTANTE.

LADY CECILIA WELLESLEY is the wide-eyed daughter of the Earl of Cowley. Last year she was the youngest "deb" ever presented at Court, being then only sixteen years of age. Her pre-Court programme ranged from an air tour of the Pyramids to lessons in cooking and running a house. Hunting and Italian lessons were also included in her training for "debutante-ship." She is sister to Lady Diana Wellesley, who married Mr. Daniel Dixon, of the Grenadier Guards, two years ago. Lady Wellesley inherits her good looks from a family famous for beauty.



### WORKED AS A THIRD OFFICER.

MISS NANCIE MOORE, an eighteen-year-old Irish girl, worked on board the Ponsoppe, a grain-carrying vessel, travelling from Copenhagen to Adelaide, as third officer. In this capacity she earned the princely salary of a hundred marks a month, which is equivalent to about £6 here. She is already an experienced sailor, happiest when she is working as a member of the crew. Dry land she finds intensely boring. "All the real fun was on the trip out," she said, when she arrived in London recently. "I was the only woman on board from Copenhagen to Adelaide, and the first white woman to land alone in Tristan da Cunha. "At first the captain wouldn't let me go ashore there, but I wanted to—and that was that. The people were grand. They would give you almost anything in return for boot polish—why, boot polish, heaven knows."

# ONE Moral Code and FEWER CHILDREN

## H.G. Wells Sees Salvation in Community Homes and Community Buying

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

"THE world of to-morrow?"  
H. G. Wells, famous novelist, sociologist, historian, and Utopian, regards the query with a bright, flashing smile and replies:

"Men and women will be more alike, from the point of view of conduct, occupation, and morals. In the middle-class especially, this assimilation of feminine and masculine life already can be seen."

"What causes it?" he was asked.

"Woman's invasion of man's fields," he replied. "By sharing his studies, his occupations, and offices, his burdens and problems become the same as hers. As a result, for the first time in history, their respective roles in life are similar. Whereas, in the past, when women were occupied with child-bearing, gardening, and carrying on the home, they in no way encroached on men's domain."



AT THE CONTROLS of a machine-managed machine shop—another of Wells' expectations.

"WHAT will this assimilation of man's life mean?" the famous author was asked.

"The disappearance of the double standard for one thing," he replied. "Convention will see them both in the same light, and there will no longer be one moral law for the woman and another for the man. But by that time," he smiled, "much less noise will be made about sex problems. The world will be tolerant and more broad-minded."

"Marriage?"  
"It will be monogamic as to-day. Not because it will be imposed by law, but because the domesticated companionship of one man and one woman is the most natural, comfortable, and most convenient way of living for the vast majority of mankind. If no laws obliged them to do so, most people would pair off like this for most of their lives. "Otherwise, how can we prepare a future in which there will be fewer neglected offspring of divorced parents, and unhappy step-children living in homes of hate?"

### No Lifetime Job

"MATRIMONY will no longer be the greatest joy for the most important thing in a woman's life," comes his next prediction. "It won't be a lifetime job—the be-all and end-all of her existence—but one of many. "Motherhood will be but one phase of her existence and not last more than 15 or 20 years. Fewer women will have children and they will be limited in number. Science will minimize housework and cookery and lengthen the span of human life, so women will have more and more leisure. The same as man does—by having a definite occupation and realizing it must occupy the major part of life. In this way will be won the age-old feminist struggle for equality with man in every phase of life."



IF HIS PROPHECY COMES TRUE, woman's greatest joy—the bargain sale—will disappear.

"Will she welcome it?" Emphatically he nods. "Yes, because this will knit the sexes into closer comradeship."

### Community Buying

"I FORESEE in the world we are making for our grandchildren, many bright possibilities. Assuming of course, that by that time the world will have settled the war problem and also the second great problem confronting mankind—the economic riddle!"

"Which will have been solved?"  
"By community buying. That is the answer to mass production. Having learned combined production, we must now learn combined buying," he explains. "Collectively, we could buy everything we collectively produce. The goal towards hope lies in buying for all, instead of each individual buying in expensive scraps for himself."

"Before a tenth of our present-day possibilities of hope and happiness are used up, my generation is going to die," he muses.

### For Our Grandchildren

"BUT maybe a great wave of common sense will sweep over the world before our grandchildren's time. Then they will find how to buy homes on a community plan as we buy battleships, and to live in houses and cities even more lovely than ones we might be living in to-day. And in these fair cities they will have all the abundant, beautiful, and delightful foods that could be grown to-day—but are not because we don't know how to distribute them. "Bad distribution is holding this up-petty trade."

"By then medical science and health organisations will also have been developed as a common interest. So these lovely cities and beautiful clothing will be sheltering and covering healthy bodies—which means happy minds."

"What will this refreshed and happy generation do with their minds? They will be thinking, learning, making—"

"But this world of to-morrow depends primarily on settling the war problem. We cannot make any real and permanent change in human life unless we educate the young for it. I would have the young forgetting their old, narrow, blood-stained history and instead learning of the great adventure of mankind. For the better part of the next twenty years I would have schools and colleges



H. G. WELLS contemplates the future.

to-day, we need a history-teaching that leads us to the great possibilities of the collective human future. We need an agitation that will turn mankind from tradition to hope.

### Women as Peacemakers

"A WORLD-WIDE, organised movement must bring it about. It must be essentially religious and essentially new, and exist primarily for this, letting no other interests distract it from the casual, sentimental patronage of eminent and popular persons to men and women who are prepared quite desperately to make it the form and direction of their lives."

"One of the disappointments of liberal thinkers of our time is that women are not doing anything at all effective about peace. They make protests against war, but many still think it is a fine, romantic thing. There is no specific feminine thinking on the side of peace. Women have not brought anything special towards that end, and seem to care little for all the efforts going on to create cosmopolitan control that would banish war from the world."

"But I do not despair of the world. We may yet win our War to end War. But if we have a mind to win it as sporting people say: 'It is going to be a near thing.'"

"Our primary duty is to clear out minds of cant and delusion and face the immense complexities and difficulties of the tasks before us frankly and simply, as a good surgeon confronts a difficult operation, or an engineer faces the wilderness."

## Develop a Beautiful BUST

Add 1 to 5 inches — or it  
COSTS YOU NOTHING!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

### IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

### TRY THIS TO-DAY

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

## SENT FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

### SEND THIS AT ONCE!

MARY MONROE, DEPT. W.W.,  
101 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.  
Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.  
Name .....  
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### Which one of these women represents you?

Your beauty, your attractiveness, makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TO-DAY!

### GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES  
"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L. N.S.W.)

### WONDERFUL!

"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (F.T., Vic.)

### GAINED 3 INCHES

"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your treatment my bust measurement was 30 inches and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C. N.S.W.)

THESE LETTERS AND MANY MORE CAN BE INSPECTED AT MY OFFICE AT ANY TIME.



# DIRECTOR of EDUCATION Praises "Children's TREASURE HOUSE"

Congratulations for The  
Australian Women's Weekly

Valuable Addition to Any Library

Distribution of the "Children's Treasure House" began on Monday, and early recipients of this wonderful collection of stories for boys and girls have expressed their appreciation of the extraordinary value offered by The Australian Women's Weekly to its readers.

Readers should note that only a limited number of copies of the "Children's Treasure House" are available, and those who have reserved their copies should make early application for the book, as the demand has exceeded all expectations.

READERS who call at the office of The Australian Women's Weekly with their tokens will be able to pick up their copy of the "Children's Treasure House" without delay, as a special staff has been engaged to undertake the distribution.

Those who wish the book posted to any part of N.S.W. should send in their tokens and a postal note for 5/- (the price of the volume), together with an additional 1/- for postage.

The Director of Education in N.S.W. (Mr. G. Ross Thomas, M.A.) is enthusiastic about the "Children's Treasure House."

By reason of his scholastic attainments and his position as a leader of educational thought in the community, Mr. Ross Thomas is well qualified to judge of the standard of the literature being made available by The Australian Women's Weekly to its readers at privilege prices.

Mr. Ross Thomas writes:

SYDNEY,

12th September, 1935.

The Editor,  
The Australian Women's Weekly,  
Pitt Street,  
SYDNEY.

Dear Madam,—

On behalf of this Department, I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the advance copy of the "Children's Treasure House," which is being made available to the readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

In the first instance, I would like to congratulate your paper on the enterprise which has made it possible for the general public to secure a volume of this nature at such a reasonable cost, and I feel convinced that the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to secure a copy will appreciate and enjoy it from cover to cover.

The volume is very well produced and



LADY BARRETT, wife of Sir James Barrett, who, as President of the B.M.A. and Chancellor of Melbourne University, declares that women have proved their merit in surgery and medicine. —Braithwaite.

bound, and is copiously illustrated with many delightful illustrations both in black-and-white and in color.

There are tales to suit all moods and tastes, including some of the ever-popular and delightful fairy stories of Grimm and Andersen, selections from the evergreen and intriguing stories of the Arabian Nights, several stories from Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," stories of adventure such as "Coral Island," tales of school life, both for boys as well as girls, scenes from such well-known works as "Ben Hur," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Heroes," "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., etc. In addition, there are numerous verses for all times and seasons, for all ages, and for girls and boys alike. Ranging from Shakespeare to John Massfield, works from the pen of such poets as Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Noyes, Drinkwater, etc., appear between the covers of this veritable Treasure House of delightful stories in prose as well as in verse.

The book would be a valuable and

worthy addition to any primary school library.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. THOMAS,

Director of Education.

Miss M. Hawcroft, of Newcastle, one of the first of our readers to secure her copy, also writes:

Bylands Bros. (Aust.) Ltd.,  
Box 245 P.O., Newcastle.

The Editor,  
The Australian Women's Weekly,  
Sydney.

Dear Madam,—My copy of the "Children's Treasure House" came today, and I was absolutely delighted with it.

I was pleased with the "Family Doctor" and "Jubilee Book," but the "Treasure House" was beyond expectations and certainly lives up to its name. Some of the staff at the office expecting copies are anxious to receive theirs after seeing mine.

Yours faithfully,

MISS M. HAWCROFT.



Young, tender leaves,  
picked fresh and  
cured slowly, give  
Bushells Tea that  
enticing flavor.

## WOMEN Doctors Benefit MANKIND President's Frank Admission

"Women in the medical profession have as valuable a contribution to make for the benefit of mankind as men."

Thus Sir James Barrett, Chancellor of the Melbourne University, and one of Australia's foremost medical men, who, with his installation as President of the B.M.A., has now no more worlds to conquer in the medical profession.

IN an exclusive interview with a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, Sir James admitted that women entered the medical profession a mighty long time ago—in the late 'eighties or early 'nineties. After months of discussion they were allowed into the profession in Australia as a matter of justice.

"A great many people were opposed to it on general and social grounds," he said. "But I am proud to say I was one of those who felt that women had a right to choose their own careers."

"For a time comparatively few women entered the profession, but the numbers have greatly increased, especially in the past few years. One reason for this, I believe, is that in many countries and in several States in Australia there are hospitals staffed entirely by women."

"A number of women doctors have done outstandingly well in all branches of medicine, and in every country they have done useful and constructive work in a quiet way as general practitioners."

"Quite a few women have become outstanding for valuable and original contributions to the knowledge of the pro-

fession. Mrs. Mellanby, wife of Professor Mellanby, in England, is a notable example. She conducted most extensive research into the effect of diet on developing teeth in children, and has shown fairly conclusively that diet has little effect on teeth that are formed at maturity and in the developing stage. Her research work has attracted a great deal of attention."

"Women have already proved their value as children's specialists, oculists, in diagnosis, and in surgery, and have definitely broken new ground and added to the store of knowledge in research work."

"The medical profession is one of the several professions involving a contact with other human beings, and one in which a practitioner—man or woman—becomes more valuable and more efficient after marriage and on acquiring a family."

"Men or women without children are singularly handicapped, because a share of their nature is undeveloped. A medicine, particularly, a married man or woman with children, brings patience, sympathy, and a breadth of understanding that not only win the confidence of sick children or adults, but assist the practitioner in dealing with his cases."



# GAY Adventure

By Georgette  
HEYER

A beautiful tempestuous society lass rebels against restraining authority .... and a pretty battle of wits results!

THREE attempts on her brother's life had given Judith Taverner cause for extreme anxiety. First there had been the quarrel forced on him by Captain Farnaby, which police had stopped, fortunately; then the mysterious shot attributed to a highwayman; and now, at their guardian's country home, Peregrine had become mysteriously ill.

When Judith and Peregrine had first decided to come up to London to set up an establishment worthy of their fortune, they had many misgivings as to their reception by society. But great wealth, charm, and beauty, Judith discovered, ensured her many friends, although her spirited, frank manner made enemies of others.

It had been a shock to find that their guardian, Lord Worth, was none other than the gentleman with whom they had quarrelled on their way to London. He chose a distant relative, Mr. Scattergood, for Judith's chaperon.

Judith recalled his concern when he had heard the news of Peregrine's latest illness. What a strange man he was, to be sure. Exceedingly provocative on occasions, he sorely tried her temper. He could be exceedingly pleasant, when he pleased, too.

His brother, Captain Audley, whom Judith had just met, was an entirely different character; a tall, handsome, laughing cavalier.

The friendship of Beau Brummell, society's famous leader, meant a good deal to Judith, and she was also impressed with the charming manners of a newly-discovered cousin, Bernard Taverner.

Peregrine's marriage to that young Miss Harriet Fairford would considerably relieve Judith's mind, she believed. The identity of his enemy and the motives for the attacks on him were a puzzle to her.

When Captain Audley, desirous of improving his acquaintance, invited her to drive out in Worth's curicle, Judith agreed, with misgivings, since her guardian never permitted such a liberty with his horses. When they encountered Worth in the street she feared another quarrel.

At the first sound of the curicle's approach the Earl had raised his head and glanced casually up the lane. He was in the middle of making a civil inquiry into the health of his tenant's family, but he broke off abruptly. The farmer followed the direction of his eyes, and said in no little surprise: "Why, here come your lordship's gypsies, or I'm much mistaken!"

"You are not mistaken," said the Earl grimly, and wheeled his mare across the lane.

Miss Taverner, observing this manoeuvre, said: "There! You see! We shall have to stop."

"I see no necessity. Drop your hands and drive over him."

Miss Taverner threw him a look of withering contempt, and checked her horses. In another minute the curicle had pulled up alongside the Earl, and Miss Taverner was meeting his gaze with an expression half of defiance, half of apology, in her blue eyes. "I am taking your brother for a drive, Lord Worth," she said.

"So I see," replied the Earl. "It was very civil of you to pull up to greet me, but you must not let me be detaining you."

Miss Taverner eyed him doubtfully. "You must wonder at it, but—"

"Not at all," said the Earl. "The only thing I wonder at is that you are not driving my chestnuts."

"I should have liked to," said Miss Taverner wistfully, "but Captain Audley said he dared not, and, of course, I knew I must not without your leave. If you are displeased I beg your pardon. Captain Audley, how odious he is of you to sit laughing, and not to say a word in my defence!"

"My brother would never listen to my excuses with half so much complaisance. I assure you," said the captain, with a twinkle.

Miss Taverner turned her attention to the Earl again. "I hope you are not very angry, sir?"

"My dear Miss Taverner, I am not in the least angry, except on one count. My horses are at your service, but what are you about to have no one but that one-armed rattle by your side? If any accident occurred, as it might well, he would be of no assistance to you."

Illustrated by  
Boothroyd

"Oh, if that is all," returned Judith, "you must know that I have been used to drive alone. My father saw no objection."

"Your father," said the Earl, "never saw you with one of my teams in hand."

"Very true," agreed Judith. "But what is to be done? Will you lead the horses, or shall Captain Audley alight, and lead yours?"

"Captain Audley begs leave to inform Miss Taverner that he will die rather!"

"Drive on—Clorinda!" said the Earl, a little smile twisting his lips.

She bowed; the team moved forward, and in another minute was trotting away down the lane. The Earl watched it out of sight, and turned back to his tenant. His business did not occupy him long; he rode home presently across country, and arrived at Worth just as Miss Taverner was ascending the stairs to change her habit for a muslin frock. She looked over her shoulder, and said archly: "Am I forgiven, Lord Worth? Do I stand in your black books?"

HE came up the stairs, and began to walk slowly along the gallery by her side. "You would be disappointed if I said you had not succeeded in vexing me, Miss Taverner."

"No, indeed. You have a very odd notion of me, to be sure! You think me shockingly unamiable."

"I think you—"

and after a moment continued with a little constraint: "I think you take a great delight in crossing swords with me."

"Mine is a sad character, according to you. But I shall protest against this attack. Our quarrels have been all of your making."

"I cannot admit it to be true; I am not at all quarrelsome."

She smiled, but allowed it to pass. They walked on until her bed-chamber door was reached. Before she could open it the Earl spoke again. "Are you determined, Miss Taverner, to return to Brook St. on Monday?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Determined? I have the intention, certainly. Why do you ask me?"

"I have no knowledge of the engagements you may have made, but if it is not distasteful to you I should like you and Peregrine to extend our visit." He saw a look of refusal in her face, and added with his sardonic smile: "You need not be afraid; I shall not be here. I have business which will take me into the Midlands for several weeks."

"But why do you wish us to stay here?" asked Judith.

"I believe it may be of benefit to Peregrine's health."

"He seems to me to be better," she said. "He does not cough so much, I think."

"Undoubtedly, but I do not consider an immediate return to town advisable. The air of Worth will do him more good than the air of Watling."

She agreed to it, but still hesitated. He said abruptly: "Oblige me in this, Miss Taverner."

"She raised her brows. "Is it a command?"

"I have carefully avoided giving it the least appearance of one."

"What is your real reason, Lord Worth?"

"When I am unable to be in London to prevent you, Miss Taverner, from announcing your engagement to a Royal Duke, and Peregrine from committing some act of folly to the risk of his life or his fortune, I prefer to leave you safely provided for under my own roof."

She said quickly: "You do think that something threatens Perry, then?"

He shrugged. "I think he is a rash young man who will get into trouble if he can."

She was silent for a moment, and then said: "Very well. If you wish it we will remain here a little longer."

In all the business of choosing muslins, gauzes, French cambrics, and crepes for the making-up of gowns to wear at Brighton, plans for revenge on Lord Worth were revolving in Judith's head.

"Thank you; I do wish it. My brother will do what lies in his power to make your stay agreeable, I trust. If you can keep him from overtaking his strength I shall be your debtor."

She could not prevent a suspicion from crossing her mind; she said with a certain reserve: "I cannot charge myself with such an office. I have neither interest nor influence with Captain Audley."

THERE was a good deal of comprehension in his eyes, which were regarding her with something of the cynical gleam she so much disliked. "You are mistaken, Miss Taverner."

"I do not understand you."

"I shall not permit you to marry my brother. You would not suit."

Miss Taverner whisked herself into her bedroom, and shut the door with unnecessary force.

When she met the Earl again at the dinner-table he seemed to be unaware of having said anything to vex her. Her manner was cold; he gave no sign of noticing it; and after a while she came to the conclusion that her most dignified course would be to assume a similar unconcern.

Lady Fairford, applied to in a letter sent express, readily gave her consent to her daughter's remaining at Worth under Mrs. Scattergood's chaperonage; Miss Fairford's presence easily reconciled Peregrine to the change of plan; and the Earl left his house on Monday, confident that his guests would be all very happily engaged with each other until his return.

His confidence was not misplaced. With riding-horses at their disposal, assemblies at Longhampton, and their own company, the younger people were well satisfied. Captain Audley made a charming host, and it was not long before Peregrine liked him as well as his sister did, and thought him the very model of what he would secretly like to be himself. Three weeks slipped by without anyone's noticing them, and by the time the party did at last break up every member of it was on excellent terms with the rest. Miss Taverner, while allowing the captain to come as near to flirting with her as her sense of propriety would sanction, did not fall in love with him; and upon being asked by Peregrine whether she could fancy being married to him, returned a decided answer.

"Dear me, no, Perry! What should put such a notion into your head?"

"I thought you seemed to like him very well."

"Why, so I do! I am sure everyone must."

"Well, I will tell you what, Ju: I should not mind it if you did marry him. He is a capital fellow."

She smiled. "Certainly; but he is not at all the sort of man I could fancy myself in love with. There is a volatility, a habit of being too generally pleasing, which must preclude my taking him in any very serious spirit."

"I am sure he is in love with you."

"And I am sure he is as much in love with any other passable-looking female," replied Miss Taverner.

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# The DUEL

Malicious gossip about my Lady Letitia came to her ears... and she wreaked a strange revenge!

By...  
**Norah Taylor**



THE hour wanted but three minutes to ten; the buzz of talk around the gaming-table almost drowned the rattle of dice and clink of coin. Watier's at the height of its fame, where the "ton" of London had gathered for the season. A gay company this, careless, light of heart, shallow, empty-headed most of them, whiling away the hours and their aires' well-gained fortunes at mace and the like.

"The dog won Lucinda." The dark young man by the window forced the sentence through tight lips.

"Twas thy own fault," his companion remarked calmly, swinging his quizzing-glass idly.

"She was a good wench, but he had me well fenced." The young man was tense with hate and misery. "See how he has hitherby trapped there. Egad, I could spit and roast him with his own rapier."

"The pity is Robert, you damned well wouldn't get the chance."

Robert Graeme, cousin of the Graemes of Dunleavy, seised furiously. His companion deigned not to listen; it was but a fool who crossed "Buck" Falloworth.

"Egad, who is this Dicky Charpentier is honoring us with?" His careless voice held a note of half-interested boredom. Robert Graeme turned to stare indifferently at the newcomers. A tall man, Richard Charpentier, pleasant to look upon, and finely yet tastefully garbed. His companion was a slim youth, fine featured, straight limbed, clad as tastefully as the other. Booted and spurred, these two, faded and gloved, yet no sign of travel or fatigue.

The young stranger's grey eyes swept the room, curious, searching, yet there was a trace of mockery there, too. Suddenly his voice came, clear, amused.

"Lud, Dicky, who is yonder of these horses?"

Charpentier's answer was inaudible, but the many who had seen his glance guessed the import of the words.

"So that is the famous villain!" The young voice was mocking. "A fine bully of a man he looks, too; a conceited animal," he went on, "to think he can rule a city with a curl of that monstrous lip and bushy brow. Lud, it's almost amusing."

My Lord Falloworth looked up to quell this chatterbox. To his annoyance he saw two insolent young eyes watching him intently. The light voice went on, "Faith, the serpent deigns to ope its evil eye."

My Lord paused for a moment, then someone giggled. My Lord's back stiffened beneath the fine satin, he laid his cards on the table and sauntered towards the mocker, eyes cold and mouth set grimly. "And who may you be, young cockney?" It was only then that something akin to hate flamed in the clear grey eyes.

"A friend of my Lady Letitia Gay." The bow was curt, the voice chilly. "Ah!" My Lord's voice was very soft and very gentle. "That explains it. And how is my dear Lady Letitia?"

"My lady's health is her own affair. What I am here for is to ascertain one thing," straight the young body now, voice quivering as with fury. "I have heard that you had the impudence to term my lady, a buxom wench, a veritable Ceres, a Diana of the ploughshare, and expressions of a more

ribald expression, and coarse, to make a mock of any woman."

My Lord smiled sweetly. "My dear young friend, you have everything so perfectly put and so refined. I congratulate you. And how is my lady proceeding with the ploughing? A statuesque goddess she must be, with that buxom figure. Has she sent me any messages, or favors, my sweet lady?"

"Aye, my Lord, she sends thee this." The heavily-embossed travelling-glove came suddenly and hardly in contact with my Lord's cheek. He stepped back a pace, sharp eyes furious. "So, my young cockney, you seek blood."

"Yes," grimly, shortly. A flutter ran through the room. It was a brave man who provoked "Buck" Falloworth, and this promised to be a furore.

"My seconds will wait upon you to-morrow." My Lord snapped his snuff-box and turned to his cards again. A slender hand caught his sleeve, and the stranger cried, "There is no need for seconds. You have defeated too many times the rules of duelling. Fair play will I have, and here where all may see. Will you draw here, or are you too cowardly to settle anywhere other than where your hands can mull a man so that he has no chance?"

My Lord's heavy brows were drawn together in a scowl. "Since you insist in such elegant phrases, here it shall be." He waved a white hand towards the gaming-table, and willing hands drew them back beneath the windows and cleared the floor of chairs and other impediments, then the company seated itself as best it could to watch the sensation of the season. The combatants discarded coats and shoes with becoming silence. The odds lay with my Lord, heavy and debonair in his fine cambric and meshin, satin breeches and alken hose. General Edward Cherrington fluttered anxiously around.

"Gentlemen, en garde!"

The slender blades flashed ominously, a flutter ran through the room, the duel had begun. My Lord set himself to the offensive immediately, he did not believe in wasting time. The silence seemed strangely out of place in the fashionable room, but, then, things were happening.

**T**HURST, parry, parry, the cold-faced stranger's guard seemed impenetrable. General Cherrington was becoming excited. "I'll lay you two hundred guineas, fatherly, on the youngster," he flattered, "the lad's playing with the dog. Look, he can't get past his guard!"

"A buxom wench, you said, my Lord." The young voice was perilously cold. "Certainly." My Lord's mocked back, and suddenly an arc of steel flashed high. "Then she sent ye this." The fine blade had cut into my Lord's white forehead, tiny drops of blood oozing out. My Lord was startled.

"Egad, I'll lay five hundred guineas." The general became excited. "See, he has him; no, why, ye gods!"

Again the young voice, "Ceres was the word, was it not?" Again the flash of steel with startling suddenness, and the blade slashed yet another time at my Lord's brow. The company stirred; this was, indeed, history.

Minutes passed, naught but the scrape of blade upon blade, and the

*My lord staggered a little, then fell heavily, the stranger withdrawing the blade as he dropped.*

heavy breathing of excited men. Yet again, "She sent you this," and another flash to my Lord's brow. It was then that Robert Graeme, tight-lipped, gloating, noticed something. "Look, he's cut it as my lady's initials. It forms L.G."

"Egad, and so he has. I'll wager one thousand guineas on the lad. Oh, well parried, my boy. Look—my Falloworth nearly broke through that time." The general's excited tones drew avid attention to my Lord's wounded forehead. "L.G. A fine revenge he's taking. Why, he's only playing with the 'Buck.' Some of this talk penetrated to my Lord's keen ears. The straight young figure before him was formidable, and his forehead began to ache intolerably. A splendid swordsman of the swift and brilliant type, this steady defensive maneuver marred his temper. Duels with him were usually short but decided, a few tricks of the Italian school, and a desperate opponent was disarmed, wounded or more often slain.

He watched the stranger's guard intently; parry, parry, parry. "Ah," My Lord's blade flashed through suddenly, and slit the fine cambric at the shoulder, drawing blood. Dicky Charpentier became alarmed, to the wonder of those who knew him well, and began to fidget. General Edward sucked in his lips nervously, muttering, "Tut, tut I cannot understand it! Foolish blunders at times, very foolish blunders!"

"Ye called her 'deep-bosomed goddess,' did ye not? A Diana to match any Acteon, and laughed?" Again the young voice, cold with indignation. My Lord's grim mouth relaxed in a sneer. "Most correct, my dear young fool." A sudden lunge, then, "Laugh forever," and voice quivering with fury, and the blade caught the sneering mouth, slashing open the lips across the cheek. The blood ran freely, and tongues whispered furiously, "Damn, but my Lord shall surely grin for life with you scar to his face."

Falloworth stepped back, panting a little with pain. He heard a snigger, and a wave of cold fury possessed him. He flung himself into the combat with a fury that seemed to threaten the youth with defeat, but the white wrist seemed to flash the blade in time to parry each brilliant lunge and riposte.

"How long did it take you to learn that lunge?" My Lord's voice was cold, mocking, but intent. "Just three weeks, my Lord, and this also." Again, with an almost incredible swiftness, and my Lord's priceless meshin flashed scarlet at his right wrist. Another flutter of "Ah!" and sniggers; my Lord was losing ground, seven years of dissipation and high living, seven years of fine foods and late hours were telling, and the blade was slipping in his gory hand. A last bid, perhaps, would save him; there was the trick Amner-zello had taught him only last week. "This also," the clear voice rang like a triumph song, and the blade passed

clean through my Lord's shoulder. He staggered a little, then fell heavily, the stranger withdrawing the blade as he dropped.

Lord Beverstoke, who had been a physician in the army before the heirship had fallen to him, hurried to my Lord's aid. The big man stirred uneasily, someone forced wine through his gory lips, and he half sat up and stared at his opponent. The young man had wiped his blade with a kerchief, and contemptuously tossed it on the floor beside the fallen bravo.

**F**ALLOWORTH eyed him vacantly, and the habits of Watier's realised that, for the first time, "Buck" Falloworth had been made to look ridiculous. The disordered clothes and tumbled peruke, the gory face and hand, the vacant stare had a pathetic ludicrousness that tickled the Corinthian palate. Graeme retired to the window to compose a lampoon to startle the town on the morrow.

"Every Picture tells a Story"



## Uric Acid

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DO YOU become rheumatic when damp weather sets in? Many people do! Damp and cold overstrain the kidneys, and when they weaken excess uric acid soon begins to collect in the system. Doans Backache Kidney Pills should be used at the very first sign of backache, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. They have helped thousands, why not you?

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"Mrs. F. Schroder, 'O'Brien Cottage,' 11 O'Brien Street, Newcastle, Sydney, says: 'For a good while a member of my family suffered from rheumatism and backache. The pain was often so severe that it was torture to move about. We felt sure the kidneys were not working properly as there were several attacks of rheumatism and backache, but backache and rheumatism were by far the

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# ON the TELEPHONE

A crisis in business and in love—Sarah's strategy provided the solution to both problems...

Complete Story

Illustrated  
by WEP

By . . .  
**Joan  
Sutherland**

**S**ARAH KENT laid the last letters ready for signature, glanced at her watch, and across to the door on the further side of the room that led into the chief's private office.

It was half-past four on Saturday, and she had gladly worked late, since he had an important meeting at five, and there were one or two messages he must receive before he left for Kingsway, where he was to meet the three directors of Persian and Southern Europe Transport, Ltd., one of whom had only crossed to England that morning, and was returning at night to the Continent.

Minutes were precious, and the deal, if carried through, would put many thousands in Garth Carey's hands, and just how much the firm needed it only Garth Carey himself and Sarah Kent knew.

Garth Carey, chairman and managing director of Eastern Electric, had been Sarah's employer for thirteen years, and she entertained for him a very lively respect and a very deep regard.

Sometimes the suspicion came to her that the nature of that regard was not quite what it should be for her peace of mind; and when such thoughts came she put them aside very quickly and turned to other matters. And certainly there were plenty of such to occupy her attention.

Eastern Electric was a wealthy private company operating in the Middle and Near East, and for years its progress had been continuous, its condition even more satisfactory, its dividends high; the five directors, all wealthy men interested largely in other companies, had left the practical working almost entirely to Garth Carey, whose personal reputation was beyond all reproach.

Young for the position—he was barely forty—and physically fit and vigorous,

in gross mismanagement. The thing is at its last gasp, but it's good, and I'm going to save it. If you come to me you've got to work with me, and there'll be no getting away dead at six or minding overtime.

"I'll be about the toughest job you could undertake—long hours, endless trouble. Sundays sometimes—your soul not your own. I'm going all out, and anyone who comes to me as my secretary has got to go all out with me. But when it is saved—a sudden smile had flashed out over his dark, harsh features—"why then whoever has shared the grind will share the reward. I can't promise anything except that if I succeed—and I shall—you will succeed with me."

And he had kept his word. All through those first terrific months that stretched into three long years he had indeed "gone all out," and there were times when Sarah kept herself going on sheer nerve; but when at last Eastern Electric stood on its own feet, when its success was past question, its shares held jealously by its directors standing at £10 each, its dividends twelve per cent., and its stability assured—then Garth Carey had come to Sarah Kent one autumn afternoon and stood before her desk, his face a little less hard than usual.

"Do you remember what I told you that afternoon when you came to apply for the post?" he asked her. "Yes, I do. Well, I've kept my word. I've succeeded, and Eastern Electric is one of the soundest and highest-paying companies in the Empire. Will you take this with my friendship—not my gratitude? You don't want that. You may want the other. I don't know. What I do know is that without your loyalty and courage and endurance I couldn't have done this thing."

"My dear"—her pulses beat a little faster even now, all these years later, at the memory of the only word of endorsement he had ever addressed to her—"will you accept this as one friend to another? And please—not one word of it to-morrow."

And before she could answer he had put a paper into her hands, folded his own over them and it for one moment, smiled at her and gone away.

**T**HOSE shares lay on deposit now at her bank, safely, comfort, leisure for her old age, their value mounting their interest accumulating; and since then for ten years Sarah had been conscious that her feeling for Garth Carey was something she must not dwell upon.

And then 1931 and the slump, fine old-established businesses closing down, companies crashing, the whole world in the melting pot of financial worry and depression, and Garth Carey beginning to look a little worn, a little grey on the temples.

Sarah Kent was thinking of all these things as she tidied away the papers, collected the letters for Carey to sign, and looked through some notes of appointments for to-morrow. And the reason of retrospection she knew well also, for Garth Carey had told her that morning to let him know directly Miss Cynthia Lane arrived whether he was at a meeting or not.

Cynthia Lane . . . the most photographed, paragraphed, written about of her set . . . no illustrated paper went to press without at least one portrait or snapshot of this wealthy, only daughter of Colonel Sir Harry Lane, who himself for looks, sport and conviviality could not be beaten.

Twelfth baronet, racehorse owner, friend of royalty, Sir Harry was as popular as his daughter, and Cynthia, born with a golden spoon in her mouth, had chosen—after three seasons, an engagement to a foreign prince, another to an American millionaire—to capture Garth Carey, and Garth Carey was well content with his imprisonment.

Even Sarah Kent could not blame him. Cynthia Lane was lovely, amu-

Something grim had happened. . . The car had hit a tree and turned over. . . Garth was pretty badly hurt.

ing, utterly charming; it was not in her nature to be wilfully unkind or discourteous, and if she were selfish it was because she had never been aware of any need for giving up her own way.

No woman had a chance with Cynthia Lane, it would be foolish even to suppose it; but nevertheless she was not the woman for Garth Carey.

He could not continue his strenuous exacting work and live the life she lived; he could not work fourteen hours and dance till two, or motor a hundred and fifty miles in a powerful car to attend a race meeting.

To Cynthia any other mode of life but her own would be unthinkable and quite beyond her power of imagination, and it was because of this that Sarah's face was a little grim, her curving lips a little harder than usual, this dull November afternoon.

For Garth Carey was to drive Cynthia down to Vale Court, the latter's home for the week-end, leaving town at half-past five. Cynthia was due any moment, and at five Carey and the three directors of the Persian and Southern European were to meet.

The little silver clock on Sarah's desk pointed to twenty-five minutes to five—no more time for Garth Carey; he must leave his papers and get ready for the meeting, and Cynthia must wait.

## A double disaster for Garth

Rings, Sarah went across to the door of his private office, knocked and entered, and Garth Carey looked up from the sheets of figures upon which he was working.

"Miss Lane come?" he asked quickly, and Sarah saw the light leap into his face and mask itself instantly with indifference at her brief.

"Not yet. Mr. Lambert rang up a few minutes ago, Mr. Carey. He will be ten minutes late, but Mr. Skelton and Sir James Riley will be there at five."

Before either of them could say another word the door opened and a girl walked in—a girl slim, fair, exquisite, who moved like a dancer and whose

glorious blue eyes smiled delightedly at secretary and chief alike.

"They told me you were alone so I came in. Isn't it a foul day, Sally? Quite absurd to call you Sarah. You're much too attractive. Garth, you angel, the car's outside and I'm dying to get off."

"Cynthia, I'm desperately sorry but I've got to attend a meeting at five. I must. It's very important and one of the men is taking the night boat back to Paris. My dear, I'm horribly disappointed and I beg you to forgive me. I can get down by train after dinner."

"By train? After dinner?" Cynthia turned a blank look from Carey to Sarah Kent and back again. "You can't do that. I've told Daddy we'd be down—five other guests. Telephone your people or let Sally make another appointment."

Carey's face was a little pale; he laid a hand on Cynthia's milk coat sleeve.

"Cynthia, I can't. It's too important. It's vital. Do you think I would let you down like this if I could help it? Or so cruelly disappoint myself? I can't drive you. Husbands will have to. But I'll catch the eight o'clock and dine on the train. Ask your father to forgive me. I'll explain when I come."

"You mean to say you're not going to do as I ask?" Cynthia said, and though her tone was pleasant Sarah

felt that only by a great effort was she keeping her temper. "Garth are you really refusing? Are you going to let me down for these men?"

"Well, Cynthia, this is how it is. It is a question whether the Persian and South Eastern Transport Company come in with us instead of against us—they are the only powerful competitor and if they come in with us we need not cut rates and all will be well. If they don't then neither of us can make a profit and one of us must go to the wall—and Eastern Electric being much the smaller and younger company would be the victim."

"I see. But why not sell Eastern Electric, Garth? If they are your only rival—these Persian people, then

they would surely be willing to buy and pay well."

He shook his head, smiling at her air of wisdom, but his eyes were hard. "I won't sell, Cynthia. Nothing shall make me sell. I've spent my life building up this business and I won't part with it."

"I see. And it's this most important moment to-day? Well, Garth, perhaps you would rather postpone the week-end?"

"You know better than that," he said hotly. "Damnation—Skelton's here. He's calling for me. Keep him off a moment, Miss Kent."

"No, don't, Sally! There's not the least need. I'm going. Good-bye, Sally."

She smiled, waved a hand to them both, left by the door leading straight to the lift, and the most exacting critic could have found fault with the way she had taken her disappointment.

Yet Sarah felt and knew that Garth Carey felt also that this big, quiet room had seen the last of Cynthia Lane, and that something had been destroyed never to be mended again.

At two minutes before half-past six Garth Carey rushed into his room and checked, amazed, on the threshold, for Sarah Kent was busily writing, and glanced up with a little smile at him.

"I have just been getting out a check. It's very brief, but you might find it useful—were you in time?"

"Just. That's very good of you. Nothing is to be decided till Monday at twelve. That will give us time to settle the Bucharest people, and they have asked for time to receive the second report from Teheran."

She nodded, her eyes eager with interest.

"They want to come in?"

"Yes. But they're a little frightened. If they can be certain that Rumania won't make trouble this deal is through. However, there's nothing more to be done till Monday at eleven. I'm just starting. You know the number if anything crops up?"

"Yes. I hope you have a good trip." He smiled, nodded, said unexpectedly, "Pity you're not a man, Miss Kent," and turned out of the room leaving Sarah frowning, and still.

The next morning, lunching with friends, she was suddenly and unexpectedly rung up and, going to the telephone, heard to her utter amazement Cynthia Lane's voice.

"Sally—thank heavens it's you! Look here, something grim has happened. Garth had a smash coming here last night. Our damn fool chauffeur charged a tree and turned over the car. Garth was pretty badly hurt. What's that? No—he's not in actual danger but it's cuts and shock and severe concussion. He's not to be moved for at least a fortnight the doctor says, and then he'll be shaky—no—no. He's not in danger. But listen, Sally, this is what is so grim—I'm—I'm engaged to be married."

"What?" Sarah almost dropped the receiver. "Who to? When?"

"Bill Edesdale—Lord Vale. Sally, I know you'll think I've behaved hideously to Garth, but I just realised yesterday it was hopeless. We'd have fought like cats. He'll be a thousand times happier without me once he's got used to it."

**S**ARAH was hardly aware of what she answered. Cynthia Lane and Cynthia Lane's affairs had suddenly ceased to be of importance, and after she had rung off she found it hard to be at all entertaining to her guests. When at last they had gone she drew a big chair close to the fire and sat down to think.

That Garth Carey was ill was bad enough; that he had lost Cynthia and must soon learn it was worse; but that he should see Eastern Electric a failure was unthinkable. How to prevent it was the thing before her now.

Somehow Eastern Electric must be saved, yet how—how? He could not sign a paper, give an interview, compose a letter; to all intents and purposes he was, so far as completion of the deal went, non-existent. By the time he could attend to any business again it would be too late.

For the first time in all his courageous, hard-working life tragedy stalked beside him, and Sarah Kent, facing her own heart, knew the bitterness of being helpless. She loved him and she must stand aside and know herself powerless to aid.

Please turn to Page 49

**A Compensation**

Now darkness covers range  
And night winds glow;  
While overhead the preying  
hats  
Fly to and fro.  
My ears will compensate my  
eyes,  
For now the pine-trees on the  
rise  
Are whispering gentle lullabies,  
And songs I know.

—Robert Fryer.

he thought nothing of trouble; and loved the company as if it had been a living thing.

**S**ARAH KENT, mechanically tidying papers on her desk, thought of those early days when Eastern Electric had first staggered from a puny infancy to a delicate but improving childhood.

She remembered so well that it was rather painful, her first meeting with Garth Carey, being shown into his little private office, and being confronted with a big lean young man, whose dark eager glance was keen enough, despite his youth and its eagerness, whose voice was deep and quick and vital, whose words were singularly to the point and yet oddly unconventional.

"There's been scores of thousands of pounds sunk in this business," he had said, his hand clenching as if in fury against his predecessors, "thrown away





# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taft,  
sketched by Petrov

## PLANNING Your Summer WARDROBE



● A DRESS in navy-and-pink printed crepe has the skirt fullness centre-front. The sleeves are full and the neck has a pink organdie collar and flowers.

● A FULL-LENGTH coat in navy-blue sheer wool with wide sleeves is worn over a pink crepe dress, with a group of pleats centre-front. Navy leather belt.

● A DRESS in white washing crepe for tennis or for summer days features blue ribbon inside the neckline and a box-pleated panel centre-front.

● A GREY wool town or country suit by Chanel has a white pique collar, which ties through slots in the lapels. The skirt has a front flap and a gored back.

● A COOL summer dress in navy-and-white spotted pique is finished with belt and tie of white kid.

**B**EFORE you purchase any single thing in the way of wearing apparel for summer, spend a few hours working out a plan for a complete wardrobe.

This will depend entirely upon the life you lead. For most young people it is necessary to have clothes for sports, for mornings, afternoons, travelling to and from work, for the evening cinema, and for dancing. This sounds like a large collection of garments, but if you give the matter plenty of time and thought you will be able to have several double-duty dresses.

The art of good dressing is not a simple one. Even though you have unlimited means, the most important rule is to be suitably dressed for all occasions. Never be over-dressed. It is always best to err on the side of simplicity.

Color is of utmost importance. Never wear a certain color just because it is fashionable, if it does not become you. If you choose your colors carefully you will find that your dress allowance will go twice as far. Keep to one color scheme instead of buying anything haphazardly.

The average girl requires useful smart little frocks for the daytime. Prints with dark grounds are suitable and practical for dresses and suits. The pattern should be distinct and in no more than three colors. Crepes and semi-transparent cottons are best. There are lovely pastel linens this year, and spotted pique and seersuckers.

For afternoons, again prints, pastel crepes, good linens and sheer wool coats, print jackets and capes. Dark dresses have touches of white or pink at the neck and cuffs.

If you decide upon navy-blue as your basic color, everything you buy must be wearable with navy shoes and bag, navy gloves and hat.

Start with navy shoes, bag and gloves, and a large navy straw hat. Then a white sports hat and white shoes and gloves.

For the mornings any colored cotton dress or suit can be worn with the white accessories, but if you choose stripes or prints, keep away from black or brown, then you will be able to wear the navy accessories in place of the white.

White or plain-colored tennis dresses could be worn into town with either set of accessories.

For the afternoons and the evening cinema the same frocks will do but you will have to buy a little hat.

**THERE** is a big choice of styles here—perhaps a print suit consisting of a dress and short-tailored jacket, or a print dress and three-quarter print coat, or a print dress and navy sheer wool coat. These prints should have navy grounds covered with white, pink or colored dots or flowers, or a pale pink crepe dress and a navy coat, or a pastel dress with matching coat or jacket.

### Adaptable Ensembles

**WEAR** any of these ensembles during the daytime with large navy hat—probably trimmed with a bunch of white or pink flowers. For the evening cinema the same ensemble, with the same navy shoes, bag and gloves, but with a little straw or fabric evening hat.

Any pastel dress you may have could be worn beneath the coat, or a white dress, and with the white accessories.

You will probably require a suit—for morning, watching sports, or travelling. A thin wool in grey, yellow, navy-blue or pink, with a white pique vest or Shetland sweater would look well with the white shoes and hat, or with a navy blouse and with the navy accessories wear the suit to town.

Evening dresses depend upon how much you go out—if you require several, see that they can be worn with the same coat and shoes. For instance, if you have pink satin shoes and a pink taffeta coat—a pink lace dress, and a navy-blue and pink printed organdie, a green crepe with a pink chiffon scarf.

With black and white as a foundation, black court shoes, small black hat, white gloves, white shoes, bag, gloves, and large straw hat. White pique sports hat for tennis or golf. Pastel colored, white or striped seersucker morning dresses, worn with white accessories.

A black afternoon frock with white at the neck—worn with the black accessories, or with the black shoes and white hat, bag, and gloves.

A short or three-quarter jacket in black and white print could be worn over the black dress with the black hat and shoes for afternoon or evenings or over a white dress with the white accessories.

P E T R O V



# FAVORITES for...FAIR PUNTERS

... Spring Race Wear



• A WHITE organdie parasol sets off the gown of the navy sheer silk above, which has a white georgette collar, lace and gossamer. The little toque is entirely composed of white velvet flowers.

• TWO shades of blue are used for the ensemble in the centre, which has the frock severely tailored in French blue and navy. The coat has sleeves lined in the lighter shade.

• VIEUX-ROSE crepe forms the collar, vest, and flowers of the ensemble of navy-blue below. A hip-length coat also sports touches of rose.



• THE PERSONIFICATION of spring is this beflowered ensemble of floral crepe-de-chine with a navy background. The matching coat is unusual by reason of its wide accordion-pleated sleeves. The matching hat is jockey-shaped with the crown composed of satin leaves.



• A WARM-TINTED ivory heavy crepe makes the tailored suit above on the right. Self buttons from neck to hem, and a gaily-striped scarf of red-and-cream matching the collar are the main features.

• PLUM-COLORED crepe-de-chine with white coin-spots and white collar and cuffs is used for the smart ensemble above on the left. A cartwheel white hat is trimmed with a plum-colored flower.

## Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

### HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



# An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 21, 1935

## A WAR WORTH WAGING



WHILE statesmen strive for a peaceful settlement at Geneva, a notable group of scientists is meeting in conference.

For the moment, Australian interests are equally divided. No one can be indifferent to what the doctors are doing in Melbourne, because national health and well-being depend very largely on facts acquired, and lessons taught, by medical men.

At the same time it is realised that a possible outbreak of war, even if localised in Africa, is worth all the efforts of statesmen to prevent.

*There is a warfare that goes on everywhere all the year round. No peace conference can call it off. It is the war against disease, in which doctors are the chief protagonists.*

Notable victories have been won in this field, where the fighting is on a battlefield wide as the world itself.

The great enemy, pain, has been held in check. With anaesthetics and opiates he has been rendered almost powerless. Once-dreaded diseases, like the plague and typhoid, have been driven off the field.

Those twin scourges, tuberculosis and cancer, are being vigorously fought. Against the former success has been marked; its ravages are nothing like what they were a few years ago. The campaign against cancer is taking on new and more hopeful phases.

Audiences have been told of success in reducing infant mortality, of the new science of paediatrics (diseases of children), of the saving of millions of lives by better knowledge of ventilation, dieting, and the use of antiseptics.

There are high hopes of still further achievements from the study of therapeutics, of psycho-analysis, and all factors that concern the mind—that mysterious something on which depends our happiness or misery, and about which, until recently, medical science could tell us nothing, or next to nothing.

It would be well for the future if the dispassionate view of science, and particularly of medical science, were brought to bear on problems that now threaten a world war.

In the past these matters have been decided by politicians and rulers, elected or otherwise, who are inevitably swayed by personal and racial prejudices and ambitions.

The greater the influence of medical thought and knowledge on international questions, the better it will be for the world.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Agreed On One Point

YOU see it changing from day to day as the Italian sky changes—a cloud that darkens over Africa, then spreads across the Mediterranean, then lightens over Geneva, then rumbles with low thunder over countries as far west as Britain and as far east as Japan.

It lowers and lightens as messages follow each other like this:

"The League of Nations has appointed a conciliation committee."

"The Italian delegate, Baron Aloisi, has made an impassioned speech."

"Opinion at Geneva is pessimistic."

"The outlook for peace is brighter."

"The outlook for peace is worse."

Thus has the big overhanging canopy changed its hue from black to silver, and, while the watchers look upward, changed back again. There is one thing in Australia that hasn't changed—the opinion that any peaceful solution of the Abyssinian trouble is better than a war.

## Woman Linguist

"JAPAN desires," says the visiting envoy, Mr. Debuchi, "that earnest and sincere friendship should be the keynote of her relations with Australia." It is pleasant to hear sentiments like that expressed in fluent English by a visitor from a country which has still some of the charm of mystery about it.

Incidentally one regrets that our public men have not the ability to answer Mr. Debuchi in his own language. It remained for a lady—a Miss Robertson, of Victoria—to convince him that this language is not unknown in Australia. At a reception in a country town, she charmed the envoy with a speech of welcome in excellent Japanese.

Sir John Latham, who led the goodwill mission to Japan last year, is a man of culture, and learned in the law, but his much-admired sentiments were conveyed to his hosts in English.

What an asset it would be to Australia—a Minister that could speak for us in French, Italian and Japanese, since the idea of a universal language still seems a remote ideal.

## Her Daily Task

WHAT are the jobs that women dislike most? Washing up dishes? Scrubbing floors? Mending clothes? Banging a typewriter? Totting up figures in an office?

It is hard to say. So much has been said and written about the "drudgery" of household work, so much about the "freedom" of factories and offices that the average woman is inclined to forget she is her own boss when she has a towel and plate in her hands, and a bowl of hot water in front of her. On an office stool she isn't.

There is too much snobbery attached to some occupations and too little credit is given to those who make a success of others. That observant cleric, Rev. Father Marmbrin, says he has often heard women singing at washbasins, but never while turning leaves on a typewriter.

## Known By Their Shirts

THE feminine faculty of observation is a marvellous thing. What man would think of looking at a clothes-line if he wanted to find out whether Fascism was a growing force in this country?

That is what a young woman did when she was preparing to speak at a suburban debating society on the question whether Fascism or Socialism has the most to be said for it.

"I convinced myself that there is little Fascism in Australia by walking through suburban one washing day and looking for black shirts hanging on the lines."

Superior people might say there was a flaw in the lady's reasoning. Her observations were not made in places like Oceanock in New South Wales, or Wonthaggi in Victoria. If they had been she would have learned that coldcut has more to do with black shirts in this country than Fascist sympathies.

## Concerning Fortune-tellers

THAT fortune-telling is "a lot of hocus-pocus" is the opinion of a Liverpool magistrate reported in the English papers. The opinion is not surprising. The astonishing thing is that so much publicity should be given to it.

The London "Daily Mail" gives the experience of a woman who consulted a series of fortune-tellers at a seaside town. There was a "gipsy" who told fortunes for a shilling, and had in front of her a queue of waiting girls. This prophetic forerunner of the usual meeting with a dark man who was "dangerous," and eventual marriage with a second man who was a home-lover, and quite satisfactory.

One told the inquirer, after reading her palm, that she was a secretary. Another that she was a Shakespearean actress. Another that her future was linked with a "dark and short man." And so on. "Ludicrous," said the "Daily Mail" correspondent, in describing these conflicting readings. But, ludicrous or not, the business goes on—and the "queue of waiting girls" grows no less.

At this time of the year there is more interest in Australia in dark horses than in dark men. Here is another chance for the fortune-teller whose prediction of a "sudden access of wealth" must come off sometimes.



"TIGER HEMPTON," the reputed life-saving dog of Kiriabiri, N.S.W., stands to attention whenever he hears the National Anthem being played.

## Some Records

IN the last 12 months records have been created by three different classes of performer—by the aviator, the motorist, and the barrow-pusher. If we get down to strictly utilitarian values, we must admit that the greatest of these is the barrow-pusher.

The flight from London to Melbourne in three days was a spectacular event, but there is no reward for anyone who tries to emulate it. And when Sir Malcolm Campbell drove his car at 300 miles an hour in America he got nothing out of the feat except a scorched thumb.

If Sir Malcolm wanted a job as chauffeur, who would offer it to him? Car-owners to a man would be thinking of the speed regulations.

Take, on the other hand, the hero who pushes a barrow, with a heavyweight on board, from Melbourne to Sydney. He is showing what can be done with a useful vehicle that has been too much neglected. If he lived in China they would make him a mandarin at the very least.

# The Writing On the Divorce Court Wall

South Australian divorce figures offer an object-lesson to the whole of Australia.

We of 1935 are apt to look upon every case of a projected divorce as a shattered romance with worn-out ideals.

BUT the fact remains that, although 1934 was a record year in S.A. and N.S.W. for divorces, and 1935 promises to dissolve even more marriages, there are no more grounds for divorce now than there were in the "good" old days, when comradely discrepancies were hushed.

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure" was an axiom of the "good" old days aforementioned, and though there are those of us who are likely to repress a smile at hearing it, that axiom is being proved to be full of truth. During those disastrous days of the war the words were flouted right and left for reasons that were obvious.

Hundreds of young couples threw discretion to the winds when war and death and horror faced the men of the world, but many of those young couples have had plenty of leisure to repent the folly of their quick marriages and, sad to say, they really are repenting.

A lawyer said the other day that a comparatively small percentage turned out really happily, a larger percentage are "battling along for the sake of the children," and the majority have sought—or are seeking—freedom in divorce.

## Makes It Easy

THE amended Divorce Act of 1929 is making it easier for them.

"It is surprising, perhaps, to learn that the majority of marriages being cancelled in Australia just now were war marriages," a young South Australian woman solicitor said, "and they are nearly all based on desertion."

The tragedies of the war are, it seems, anything but over yet.

Statistics have shown that there were more divorces in S.A. last year than ever previously. Various reasons have been offered by clergymen, who know, perhaps, more about the homes of the families who attend their churches than most.

Among the reasons they give are looser moral tone among the community, the tendency for smaller families, the lessening of the hold of religion, the intensive hunt of young moderns for pleasure, flats, cocktails, women in business, and the like.

The news that indications are that the number of divorces granted in 1935 will even exceed those of 1934 is somewhat alarming.

Despite the reasons given above, the lawyer held that there are positively no more grounds for divorce now than there ever were. The reasons for there appearing to be more grounds are twofold. Firstly, divorce is easier to obtain. Secondly, so much publicity is given to divorce that it is natural one would consider there are more grounds for it.

The truth of the matter (she considers) is that where people would huddle along together, or else live separately, at one time, they now apply for divorce.

## Study of Cases

A SEARCH through the Law Court notices revealed the fact that, during three weeks picked at random, 27 divorces were granted in South Australia this year. Of these, only four were defended. Twenty were granted to women who had lodged evidence against their husbands, and only seven husbands charged their wives. Of the men against whom evidence was given, seven were charged with misconduct, and some of these with desertion as well.

The question of children came up only once or twice. One husband was charged with being continually in gaol and not paying his wife for her maintenance; one with cruelty, and the remainder with desertion. The remainder, that is, with one exception, it seems to have become a habit to hold insanity up as an example of the sort of case in which the same party should be given freedom from the partner of the marriage who had become insane.

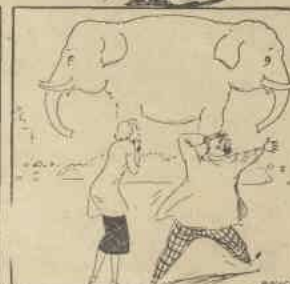
Yet insanity was the ground upon which only one divorce was granted, and that was a case of insanity for five years, with no probability of recovery. Of the seven women charged, six did not even bother to defend the accusations of misconduct with other men, but in two or three cases the men who had charged them with misconduct—their husbands—had gone to live in other parts of Australia, or even, in one case, out of Australia.

According to the young woman lawyer, the Divorce Act was amended for S.A. in 1929. Any term of less than five years is not regarded in the Courts, she says, as desertion. As the five years from 1929 has only recently expired, she considers that the reason for the number of divorces going through the Courts lately is obvious.



# BLONDIE

## A Sculptor's Error.





# LOWER Laid Low with PUNJIVITIS

*Expounds His New Catarrh Cure to Medical Congress*  
**SPELLBOUND DOCTORS**

My word, I showed up some of the delegates to the Medical Congress last week.

The place was littered with dermatologists, otologists, toxicologists, ophthalmologists (try that on your zither), and I think there was a doctor there too. During my lecture I had them all spellbound. They were due for a spell anyhow.

GASTRITIS was my first subject. Gastritis is brought about by putting the head in the gas oven. It is becoming increasingly prevalent lately. The kitchenettes in some flats are so small that the housewife sometimes thinks that she would have more room to do the washing-up inside the gas stove. This is very foolish. It is far better to do the work out in the street.

Where a gastritis patient has been in the oven for an extended period, he should be laid firmly on his back. A match is then applied, and any hot water needed for hot fomentations, etcetera, may be quickly and economically obtained by standing the kettle on the patient's face. An emetic is then applied to the back of the neck. A linseed poultice should then be taken after every meal.

Gastritis was not the only subject I dealt with. I proceeded on to the dermatological section and discussed such things as warts and yaws; hence the term, "Warts Yaws?"

Yaws is brought about by malignant yawning, and is usually caught at concerts in aid of the church bazaar. It is a very yawful complaint.

Warts may be cured by the application of red-hot fomentations. These must be kept applied until the wart reaches 100 degrees Centigrade. It is then a boil. And if anyone doesn't know what to do with a boil he doesn't deserve to have one.

Conjunctivitis is another insidious disease. It is due to



During my lecture I had them all spellbound.

too much use of conjunctions and is very common among journalists. One such patient was at death's door and his dying prepositions were taken as he could only breathe noun then.

I treated him with frequent strong doses of catgut and had him almost cured when we ran out of cats. One of the nurses made the unfortunate mistake (although well meant) of ringing in some dog gut.

The result was dreadful. The patient leapt out of bed and started biting himself. He then tried to climb up the bed-post, but was unable to follow himself. At last, frothing at the mouth, he lapsed into a comber from which he never recovered.

Which shows that even in medicine one has to be careful.

About this time I was interrupted by a delegate who had been heckling me off and on for hours. He wanted to know what I would do in the case of hereditary typhoid of the left ventricle of the glosso-pharyngeal nerve.

## "Goitre Love—"

"THE glosso-pharyngeal nerve."

I explained, "must be removed and spread out to dry in the shade. The ventricle may then be upended and searched for typhoid germs. In some cases it is necessary to smoke them out. As each one emerges it must be thoroughly dinged with a small surgical hammer and laid to one side.

"The nerve and ventricle are then replaced and fixed in position with some good antiseptic glue. The patient may then be allowed to go home, if he has a home. If he hasn't got a home, don't treat him. There's no money in it."

"Thank you, sir," he said, and sat down, thoroughly abashed.

"What do you think is the cause of colic?" asked a lady chronicologist.

"Too much handling of Colic dogs. Same as ringworms, tape-worms, and so on. Children should not be allowed to play with worms. A ringworm is a worm that has turned. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"Yes, doctor. The Congress has requested me to inquire if

you would honor us by laying the foundation gallstone in the new wing of the B.M.A. boiling-down

By...

**L. W. Lower**

Australia's Foremost HUMORIST

Illustrated by WEP

works. We feel that after all you have done for medical science something should be done in recognition of your sterling services."

"What about a bob in?" I suggested.

The whole Congress turned pale, and for a moment I thought that I would have to treat the lot of them for pernicious anaemia. I explained this to them, and they went even paler, and there was an unseemly scramble for the exits. Only one lady doctor remained.

"Doctor," she said, "I think you're marvellous." Coyly she laid her cheek on the coracoid process of my scapula, and I could feel her auricles and ventricles flapping madly against my left lung.

Arm in arm we left the building. What goitre thing is there than love?

Ah, well, nux vomica sclerosis qui mal y pense.

(That'll cure your catarrh.)

## Why is her Complexion so Lovely



SHE has that lovely clear skin so much admired by men. Even at the end of Winter her skin remains smooth and unblemished, because she's learnt the value of taking Bile Beans nightly.

These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the blood-stream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires—a matchless complexion.

Make sure of having a clear, lovely skin by taking Bile Beans regularly every night.

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"I began to pick up soon after I started with Bile Beans. I am now brighter in the morning; my vitality is improved and my skin is a healthy colour. I've won a first prize in a beauty contest since taking Bile Beans."—Mrs. M. E. Gould.

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YOU'LL be delighted at the difference the New Rexona will make to your skin too. With its special compound Cadyl, Rexona is something more than a soap—its medicated lather penetrates the pores and cleans away all the impurities there. A dull skin is corrected; a clear skin becomes sparklingly radiant. And remember too! Rexona Soap is good for your hair.

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## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## A New and Living Fiction Character

There are fashions in novels as there are in clothes. At one moment authors are producing three-decker masterpieces, the next the slim volumes of the 'nineties are the thing.

In this present year of grace, there are two major styles in the fiction world—the six to seven hundred pages beloved of English novelists, and the shorter, slicker, more staccato American productions.

ENGLISH or American, most fictioneers are trying to turn out work to one of these two patterns. Occasionally some adventurous soul breaks away and writes a book that has the tang of individuality about it.

Dorothy McLeary, an American novelist, has performed this feat in "Not for Heaven."

Here is a book in which a real, earthy living character has been born. There is nothing literary about Ma Bostwick; nothing literary and nothing that has the least taint of those lovable whimsicalities which novelists are so prone to afflict on the old people they sometimes make the central figures of their stories.

Ma Bostwick is a tough old woman with two major weaknesses—her aged home, Ned, and Earl, her son. Next in importance in her universe come Etta, her daughter, her garden, chiefly used for growing vegetables, and food—good, wholesome, satisfying food.

It will be noticed that things spiritual or of the mind occupy no place in this list of things worth while. They fill no place in the philosophy of a Ma Bostwick. Keenly alive, this active body clings to the tangibilities: a husky male child, the clean feeling of rich earth, the velvet of a horse's muzzle, the luscious promise of well-grown celery, lettuce, tomatoes, or of a good steak.

Dorothy McLeary's treatment of this character is excellent. Sufficiently in love with her own creation to build up a warm, lovable figure, she has contrived to hold the balance sufficiently evenly to present somebody human enough to have not only strength but weakness, shrewdness and eccentricity.

WHILE Ma Bostwick dominates the book, subsidiary characters are no less convincing and well-drawn. Earl is the perfect small-town youngster brought to earth by marriage. Lulu, his city wife, homesick for Chicago, and clutching in an alien atmosphere at any little indication of sympathy or affection, is equally well done.

But of the minor actors (minor only by comparison with the dynamic "Ma") Etta Bostwick is the most outstanding.

In Etta Miss McLeary has given us the perfect type of old-young girl (Etta is twenty-nine in years, and about sixteen in outlook). Dominated by her mother, and not the kind to attract the more adventurous male spirits, Etta's emotions are expended on the memory of her dead father, on Ma and on the local Methodist preacher whom she worships from a distance, and about whom she indulges in long, romantic, but strictly proper dreams.

APART from the excellence of the character drawing, "Not for Heaven" is rich in humor of an earthy quality. It is an unaffected book, honest and simple in subject and treatment, and very refreshing after the number of artificial stories one is called upon to read.

To Australians the dialogue may sometimes sound a trifle unreal. This will not be because of any abundance of American slang; the book is surprisingly free of it. But there are turns of expression, endearments, typical



NINA MURDOCH (Mrs. J. D. Brown) is a well-known Australian Journalist. Her new book, "She Travelled Alone in Spain," is a delightful account of her tour in that country, rich in descriptiveness and with a flow of quiet humor.

maybe of the people portrayed, which, pure English as they are, strike quaintly on the ear unused to them. But this, however noticeable, will not destroy enjoyment of the book.

"Not for Heaven" was the winner of the thousand dollar prize recently offered by the American magazine "Story." The award proves once more that, occasionally, a prize-winning novel is also a good novel.

(Arthur Barker. Our copy, The Roscroft, 7/6.)

## SHORT REVIEWS

## "THE HOUSE OF THE FOUR WINDS."

John Buchan. John Buchan belongs to the old school of writers of romantic adventure stories. He is one of that fast-disappearing band of craftsmen who combined a good plot, action, and a love interest with a writing technique that more ambitious authors might have envied.

His latest novel, "The House of the Four Winds," has just appeared, and will prove no disappointment to those who have already met in "Huntingtower" and "Castle Gay," Dickson McCunn, the adventurous elderly grocer, and Douglas and Wee Jankie of the Gorbals Die-Hards. Even those who are making the acquaintance for the first time of these bold spirits will enjoy the book.

It tells of the intrigues and excitements that occur when the royalists of Ewallonia decide to place Prince John on his ancestral throne; of the tempestuous

Couness Araminta; of Randal Glynde, adventurer and circus-owner; of Wee Jankie and the Greenhairs; and, above all, of Dickson McCunn, invincible and romantic in the role of His Royal Highness Archduke Hadrian.

"The House of the Four Winds" is a swift-moving, exciting novel that is as far removed in style and quality from the average book of this type as the North Pole is from the South. (Hodder & Stoughton. All booksellers, 7/6.)

## "SHE TRAVELLED ALONE IN SPAIN."

Nina Murdoch. Nina Murdoch has two essential qualifications for the writing of an interesting travel story—a facile pen and imagination. Words flow smoothly and effectively, and in presenting pen-pictures of places and of people she enables her readers to get the feel of things, as it were. Her imagination lifts the ordinary and everyday out of the realms of the commonplace and gives a poetic charm to her description of the country under review.

She has written interestingly, too, of the position of women in Spain, who, even in this year of grace, remain under the domination of their menfolk. She wasn't favorably impressed with the cooking, and certainly the menus which she mentions are anything but attractive. The book is light and easy to read, and the last chapter comes all too quickly. (Harrap. Our copy, Angus & Robertson, 9/6.)

## "KNIGHTS OF THE BOOMERANG."

H. Basedow. The average Australian knows as much about the North American Red Indian or the South Sea Islander as he does about our own native "abo." More, indeed, if he or she is a reader of cheap adventure fiction. The reason, of course, is that "Binghi" has not been made the subject of innumerable hair-raising stories; when he has made an appearance in our literature it has been mainly as a comic character.

With the publication of the late H. Basedow's "Knights of the Boomerang," no further excuse will remain for lack of at least a working knowledge of this interesting and greatly misunderstood race. Apart from its value as a permanent record of some of the characteristics and customs of a fast-disappearing people, this book makes most absorbing reading.

The late Doctor Basedow spent years among the aborigines, living with them, and as much accepted as one of themselves as a white could ever be. The record of these years is in his book, written in an easy manner that will appeal to all classes of reader.

"Knights of the Boomerang" well illustrated with photographs, is a work that every Australian should read, throwing a light, as it does, on what is, after all, part of our national background. (Kendall Press, 3/-.)

## BRAN TUB No. 22

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BUT

ALTHOUGH

SATISFIED

REMOVED

LOVED



## Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about CORMORANT FISHING, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Then they..." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address and post the entry to—"BRAN TUB" No. 22, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided but the full amount will be paid. Sent Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth," Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Stamps not accepted. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, October 12.

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WON

## RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 19

The Winning Competitor in this contest is:  
MISS BARBARA THOMPSON,  
8 Allison Street, Goulburn, N.S.W.  
Her solution containing only one error, was the most nearly correct one received, and the PRIZE OF £50 IN CASH is therefore awarded to her.  
Prize money will be posted on Friday, October 4th.

## SOLUTION OF "BRAN TUB" No. 19

"The launch caused a tremendous wave to rush up the sloping banks, and a staging containing about 100 people was carried away. Fully a dozen of them were thrown into the water, and the scene, which was witnessed by thousands of people, created much excitement."



# THIRD Time UNLUCKY

A Long Complete Story



LADY to see you, sir." Professor Eldon Harkness glanced up at his butler and made a movement of impatience.

"How often must I tell you that I will see no one except by appointment?"

"Quite so, sir," murmured Rawlings, rubbing his hands together nervously. "But I ventured in this case, sir, the lady appears to be in some distress, sir."

"What's that to do with it?" demanded Harkness, throwing down his pen savagely.

"Your duty is to me—not to every distressed female who takes it into her silly head to knock at my door. Who is she? What's she like? What does she want? . . . Oh, show her in," finished the Professor, with a growl.

Harkness' irritation was perhaps excusable. Since eight-thirty that morning he had been engaged, without pause, in the preparation of an important paper on certain aspects of biology which he was to read before a learned society the following week.

And now had come an interruption that threatened alike to postpone the satisfaction of the one and hinder the fulfilment of the other.

There were times when Professor Harkness was inclined to regret his passion for criminology and bemoan the success that had attended so many of his amateur efforts at crime detection.

Although this had won him a measure of public fame, and the grudging respect of Scotland Yard, from which he was human enough to derive some satisfaction, he was guiltily conscious that these interests were inclined to encroach too much upon the time he should devote to the pursuit of pure science.

But he was so constituted that he could not ignore the challenge of an unsolved mystery. He knew his weakness, and, in consequence, always beard with a kind of pleasing dread Rawlings' announcement of some unknown caller.

Laying down his ancient brier, he heaved his tall, spare frame out of his chair and stood, feet apart, with his back to the fireplace, frowning over horn-rimmed spectacles at the door.

A discreet tap was followed by Rawlings' silent entrance.

Who delivered the third of the anonymous letters threatening the life of Norman Carstairs?... Professor Harkness felt that in the answer to this question lay the solution of the mystery.

— By —  
**Valentine GREGORY**

"The lady, sir," he said, stepping aside.

HARKNESS fixed his penetrating gaze on the woman framed in the curtained doorway.

He saw a pale face, set with large, sombre eyes beneath a broad, low brow. The mouth was unnaturally red, and the full lips slightly parted.

The nose was well shaped, but perhaps over-narrow; and from the outer nostrils deep lines of grief, worry, or discontent ran to meet the corners of the mouth.

She was well but simply dressed, and had the poise of a lady, which somehow threw into stronger relief the signs of anxiety and distress plainly visible upon her face.

"Will you be seated, madam," said Harkness, at the same time dismissing Rawlings with a nod.

Instead of acting on the invitation, the woman advanced to within a couple of paces of the Professor and looked up into his face.

"Professor Harkness," she said in a rich, contralto voice, clasping her well-gloved hands together. "I can't find words to thank you for seeing me, a complete stranger, without either introduction or appointment."

The Professor's hard, lined face softened as he made a slight gesture with his right hand.

"I should feel that my intrusion was unwarranted if I were not so desperately worried," she went on. "I've heard of the wonderful things you've done, and I thought you might be willing to help me."

"My name is Carstairs," she said. "Mrs. Norman Carstairs. We occupy a flat in Munster Gardens, where we have resided since our marriage five years ago."

"My husband is on the Stock Exchange, and partner in a firm of good standing in the city. Prior to our marriage he had spent several years abroad, being at the time connected with the rubber industry."

"In the East?" asked Harkness.

"Yes, the Straits Settlements," was the reply. "I don't know much about his life in those days, excepting that I understand he was very successful in business, and as I believe is common in such cases, made one or two enemies as well as many friends."

Harkness folded his arms and leaned back in his chair. "May we come back to the purpose of your call?"

Mrs. Carstairs moved slightly, as though rearranging her thoughts with her attitude. Then she leaned forward.

"About three weeks ago my husband received an anonymous letter. It was delivered at the flat by hand. He opened it, read it, looked a little puzzled, and then tossed it across for me to read."

"I was horrified. I have it here," Mrs. Carstairs opened her handbag, extracted a soiled white envelope and handed it to the Professor.

Before drawing out the enclosure, Harkness submitted the envelope to a close scrutiny, peering at it through a powerful magnifying glass, and paying special attention to the gum on the flap. Then he inspected the sheet.

This was of common writing-paper, quarto size, lined, and bearing on its top edge traces of adhesive matter, suggesting that it had been torn from a cheap writing pad.

In roughly printed characters, across

almost the full width of the sheet, appeared the following message:

Six years ago, Have you forgotten? It's taken me that long to get back home and find you. You left me ruined. I shall leave you dead. You know why.

YOU KNOW WHO.

Harkness laid the paper down and looked keenly at Mrs. Carstairs.

"I understand that your husband's reaction to this communication was mystification rather than fear?"

"At the time—yes."

"What precisely do you mean by that, Mrs. Carstairs?" asked Harkness.

"Well, he was inclined to treat it as a sort of silly practical joke—until the later letters came."

Please turn to Page 14



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GIN SPIRITS!

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*Aromatic Schiedam*  
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August 20th

Dear Mabel,  
I've a wonderful discovery to tell you about. I went to Jean's place last week-end after all, despite the fact that it was an inconvenient week-end for me - you know what I mean dear. Had a simply glorious time too.

But it was only because of Modess that I was able to go at all—that's the discovery.

Modess is wonderful; really better than you could possibly imagine, and only 1/- per packet. It gives perfect protection, yet is so soft and comfortable. Best of all Modess Sanitary Napkins really are inconspicuous.

You must try Modess dear, one shilling a box from any chemist or department store.

yours ever,  
Sue.

P.S. Jean has since used Modess, too, & is just as pleased with it, as I am.

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**L.T. PIVER PARIS**

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# Royal Romance . . . Women Doctors



LATEST portrait of Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, who is to marry the Duke of Gloucester, third son of the King and Queen.



DR. GEORGINA SWEET (with eye-shade), after the presentation of degrees to members of the B.M.A. at the annual congress at Melbourne University.



THE LATE QUEEN of the Belgians, killed in a motor-ing smash at Lucerne, and her family.



ARRIVING at the B.M.A. garden party. On the left is Dr. Cook, of Ceylon, with the attractive wife of Dr. R. Southby.



DR. ATKINSON, of Ireland (left), walking through the grounds with Dr. Morgan, of New South Wales.



GIRL MEDICAL students of Melbourne University watching the "mighty" members of the B.M.A. in their academic gowns.



DR. HAMMOND (left) with Dr. Buckley, of Bournemouth, England, after the presentation of degrees to B.M.A. members.



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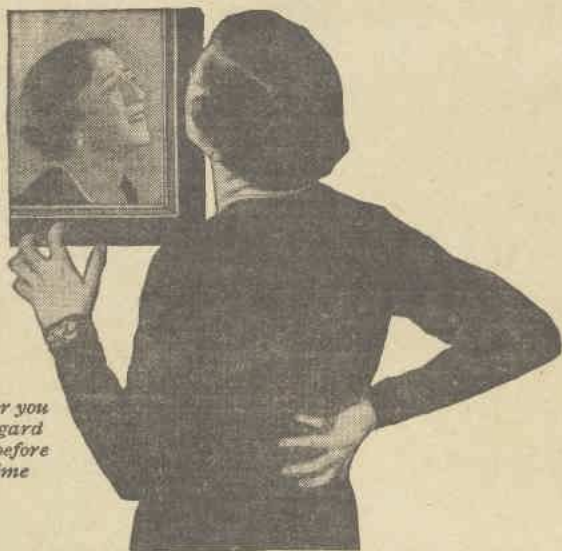
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# WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you  
look haggard  
and old before  
your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6

Be sure you get the genuine—

**DeWitt's** Kidney & Bladder **Pills**  
For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

## THIRD Time UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 14

"I KNOW," agreed Carstairs, "but I've searched my memory—which is a pretty good one—but for the life of me I can't recall a single incident in the past to justify even the mildest threat of vengeance. Let alone a threat against my life. That's why I can't take the matter seriously."

"I wish I could agree with your attitude," said Harkness gravely. "I believe you are very definitely in danger. The fact that you can recollect nothing to justify the threats makes them, in my opinion, the more alarming."

"Please disabuse your mind of the idea that you are being made the victim of a practical joke. I firmly believe that the writer of these letters intends your—well, your elimination."

Carstairs' face paled a little, and he moved uneasily in his chair.

"Then why the devil doesn't whoever it is do me in and have done with it?" he demanded impatiently. "Why all this silly mystery—these weekly warnings? The damned fool must know he's lying—unless he's mad; and he must know that I know he's lying."

"It's exactly that view of it which disturbs me," responded Harkness. "I'm afraid there's method in that seeming madness. How old are you, Mr. Carstairs?"

"Forty-five," was the prompt reply. "You scarcely look it," smiled Harkness. "You look very little older than your wife—to the male eye, at any rate."

Carstairs smiled complacently. "Think so?" he said. "Then you'd be surprised. Why, Dorothy's only twenty-seven. I think she looks a bit more, though. Especially lately."

"These confounded letters have got her down, I'm afraid. But she'll pick up again all right when it's blown over."

"No doubt," was the Professor's comment. "Well," he went on, "there seems little more to be said. But at the risk of appearing an alarmist, I must beg of you to take these threats seriously. There are features about the whole affair which, to my mind, are very disturbing."

Carstairs' face seemed to age a little

as Harkness spoke, and he passed his tongue over dry lips.

"I hope you're only trying to put the wind up me," he said a little huskily. "It's a ghastly idea, that some unknown swine is waiting to take me for a ride or put me on the spot, as the saying goes. Dash it all, what can I do?"

Harkness stood up, and looked down seriously at the visitor.

"While hoping for the best," he said, "I should, if I were you, take the advice contained in the second letter, and put your affairs in order. You have your wife to consider."

"You really think that?" asked Carstairs, rising and standing a little unsteadily. "Well, I've nothing to do in that respect. My affairs are in order, and my wife is thoroughly protected. I've no worry on that score."

"Every bean I possess goes to her, and my insurance is not a small one. Look here, Professor, if I may, I'll change my mind about that whisky and soda. Upon my soul, I could do with a spot. I feel a bit shaken."

"Naturally," returned Harkness. "Perhaps you'll help yourself." And he indicated the decanter and siphon standing on a side table.

"Thanks," said Carstairs, proceeding to help himself generously.

"Well, what's the next step?" he asked when he had tossed off his drink.

"I shall pursue a certain line of inquiry," replied Harkness. "But all I can recommend you to do is to take the utmost care during the next few days. Suspect everyone—everyone," he repeated impressively.

"Avoid isolation. I should even be inclined to suggest your going away somewhere for a fortnight, without telling a soul when and where you are going—unless you cared to take me into your confidence."

"BUT that's utterly impossible," replied Carstairs impatiently. "I'm handling some big business at the moment that needs all my attention. I couldn't get away."

"Well," said Harkness, with an undisguised sigh, "I must leave that to you."

At five o'clock Rawlings brought the Professor his afternoon tea. "Would you like an evening out, Rawlings?" asked the master, plunging his teeth into a large cream bun.

"Not particularly, sir, thank you, sir. I was hoping to finish Robertson's 'Short History of Morals' this evening," replied Rawlings. "Moreover, sir, there's a broadcast of Stravinsky's music at eight o'clock, which I was looking forward to."

"Well, you must miss your morals and your music for once," interrupted the scientist. "I want you to deliver this letter to Mrs. Carstairs—in person, if possible, and while you're there make friends with the janitor of the flats."

"Make friends with him, sir?"

"Yes. Take him out. Get him tight, if you can do so without getting tight yourself, and extract from him all the information you can about the Carstairs—who their visitors are; what sort of life they lead; and any other domestic details. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," returned Rawlings a little hesitatingly. "But, if I may be allowed to say so, sir, it savors somewhat of espionage."

"Of course it does, man! Because that's exactly what it is," retorted Harkness impatiently. "And don't pretend you won't like doing it, you old hypocrite—because I know better."

"But, sir—" expostulated the butler.

"Listen, Rawlings," interrupted Harkness gravely. "I'm trying to save a man's life, and what I'm asking you to do is an essential part of my plan. Here's a pound for your expenses, and take care there's no change."

"In that case, sir," said Rawlings, picking up the note and speaking more cheerfully. "In the cause of humanity, I shall be only too glad to carry out your instructions."

Harkness did not return to his flat until a little past midnight.

Rawlings, rather flushed, was asleep in the entrance lounge, but struggled to his feet upon his master's appearance.

"Rawlings, I'm afraid you've been drinking," said the Professor, a glint of amusement in his keen grey eyes.

"Quite so, sir," admitted the man, a trifle thickly, taking his master's coat and hat.

"Come into the study and tell me all about it," said the latter, leading the way.

"You can sit down," he added, seeing that the butler was inclined to sway as he stood before the writing-table.

Rawlings dropped heavily into the nearest chair.

"I handed your letter to the lady—in person," he began. "She stated there was no reply."

"Was she alone?"

"So far as I know, sir. It's a service flat. The lady opened the door herself, and I saw no sign of a maid."

Please turn to Page 18



## When Somebody's growing old in your House

Time slows up the ability to digest ordinary food and brings for elderly folk the best of all special foods, Benger's, because it can be assimilated with ease and comfort. It is fully nourishing and very delicious. A cupful of Benger's Food between meals and last thing at night enables thousands to enjoy a vigorous and happy old age. Recipes for many dainty dishes will be found in Benger's Booklet, post free—Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney.

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Sick Stomach means acid fermentation, gas pressure on the heart, perhaps dangerous ulceration. Heart, chest and abdominal pains, burning sensation, sour taste, distension of food, distress—these mean misery. Get relief and restoration. Through Prof. H. Harrison, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, millions have found stomach peace the way. And now for Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder adds to instant relief, recuperation of both stomach and bowels. Perpetual doing on hunger necessary. To end both cause and effects of your disorder, get genuine Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder. A sure shield in cases of indigestion, Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Palpitation, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sourness, Bilelessness, etc. Why lose health and risk an operation through stomach derangement, when Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder can so quickly, surely make you better? Eat like a youngster again—without fast! Results are astonishing. Chemists sell HARRISON-MACLEAN Stomach Powder at 4/- per oz. package posted to order. (Child, 2/- per oz.) Accompanied Laboratory, Carrington St., Sydney.

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NO RESTING REQUIRED

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



CLUB BORE: Suddenly my rifle cracked and there lay a big bear at my feet.  
FED-UP: Had it been there long?



NURSE: This is your new baby, sir!  
ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR: Does the wife know it's here?



MAGISTRATE: I never expected to see you here again.  
OLD OFFENDER: You ain't goin' to retire, are you, sir?



LODGER: There's only one lump of sugar in my tea.  
LANDLADY: How do you know?  
LODGER: I can see it.



"Fancy him divorcing her—she always said he loved her blindly!"  
"He couldn't have been as blind as she thought."

## BUGS ??



Common bed-bug, an enemy to health—and a social menace.

END THE DOUBT,  
ROUT THEM OUT  
with

Houghton & Byrne's

### SPRAYZOL

LIQUID INSECTICIDE

BUGS??—that vile word, just a whispered suspicion of their filthy presence leaves a horrible feeling. So repulsive is the thought of these unclean blood-sucking things that the impression can take YEARS TO UNDO. So easy to pick up in unexpected places—the bug enters otherwise spotless homes and multiplies in hiding. Hot water and disinfectant methods only serve to drive them further in. "Sprayzol" works the other way and ROUTS THEM OUT—its unique action pierces the eggs and exterminates big bugs, little bugs, and unatched bugs, swiftly and completely. NOTE—"Sprayzol" is NOT a fly-spray. It is made specially for the extermination of vermin.

Pint 2/6 Tin

AT CHEMISTS & STORES

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The non-poisonous powder, 1/- tin.

"X-ANT"

Kills all ants, 1/3 tin.

"K F"

Kills Fleas on Dogs and Cats, 1/3 tin.

## Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used

"TOUGH luck!" said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"YOU'RE nothing but a dirty double-crossing low-down thieving scoundrell!"

"Cut that out now. I won't put up with your innuendoes!"

MAYOR: I never saw the park so littered with paper as it is this morning. How do you account for it?  
Park Attendant: The council had leaflets distributed yesterday asking people not to throw paper about.

HOUSEHOLDER (to tramp): Where did you wash last?  
Tramp: In the spring.  
Householder: I said where—not when.

MRS. BROWN: My husband's just gone off with another woman. I—I can't control myself!  
Mrs. Jones: You mustn't try, dear—you'll feel better after a good laugh.

"HOW'S your insomnia?"  
"Terrible. I can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

NEW SALES MANAGER (voicing his opinion of the office): What a wretched cubby-hole! Dammit, there isn't room to swing a traveller!

TWO Scotch lads were discussing the merits of their mayors.  
"We've got a real proper mayor in our town, we have," said one.  
"So ha' we," retorted the other.  
"Aye, but ours has a collar and chain. As yours?"  
"No, we can trust our chap; we let 'im go about loose."

## A Fresh and Clear Complexion is Best Maintained by the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

As we all know, one of the greatest charms a woman can have is her complexion. If one stops to think—have you ever seen on the stage, in the pictures, or in daily life, a woman or girl who has been proclaimed beautiful, and at the same time have a sallow or pimply face—the answer is "No!" It is the aim of every girl, or it should be, to keep her complexion clear and bright. It is painful to see a young girl at a dance who should be enjoying herself, continually being what is commonly termed a "Wall Flower," and all because she does not know the secret of keeping her complexion clear, as Nature intended.

As it is impossible to eliminate the rash which comes from measles, or such-like diseases, by external applications, so it is impossible to clear the complexion by applying soap, creams, lotions, etc., superficially. Instead, the system has to be cleansed internally, which is done most efficiently by the use of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. The careful compounding of Nature's medicinal roots and herbs, which are used in their pills, enables them to act on the stomach and other digestive organs and so cleanse the system to a point where it does not have to throw off impurities through the alternative channels causing pimples and eruptions on the skin.



## Do Your Hands say Housework?

If so, why allow them to become rough and sore through their various domestic tasks when by using Mirpil your hands can be kept soft and lovely?

Mirpil is an ideal soothing lotion for Red Hands, Rough, Chapped and Chafed Skin, Windburn and Sunburn, Chilblains, Sore Feet, as a base for powder, and after shaving.

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NO wonder women prefer Cutex Liquid Polish! It does not chip, or peel off, or fade. In less than five minutes Cutex gives your nails a colourful brilliance which lasts far longer than ordinary polishes.

Cutex is made in all the fashionable shades, one to harmonize with each dress, each mood, and make your hands irresistibly attractive.

Try the new Cutex Oily Polish Remover. It contains no acetone! Unlike harsh acetone-type polish removers, it helps prevent dry cuticle and brittle nails.



### CUTEX

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To be able to buy a RADIO-PLAYER (with 5 Super Series Valves) on easy terms for £22/10/- — equipped with the exclusive Philips Micro-Index Dial with removable Station name Card for the new wave-lengths! — is an opportunity which definitely affords VALUE BEYOND PRICE. Go to your radio dealer and — before you make any decision regarding a radio set — hear the Philips Radioplayer 5500.

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## THIRD Time UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 16

"DID you notice anything particular?"

"Only that there was some luggage in the hall, sir. A lady's dressing case and a suit case. Also I thought she seemed a little agitated, sir."

"What gave you that impression?"

"The way she tore your letter open, sir."

"Anything else?"

"No, sir. So I retired and renewed my acquaintance with the housekeeper, with whom I'd passed the time of day on my way up."

"I found him an agreeable person — not too well read, sir, but intelligent for a man of his class. So I invited him to join me in a glass."

"And what did his talk amount to?"

"Nothing to the discredit of the parties, so far as I could judge, sir."

"No male visitors during the husband's absence, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir; he didn't breathe a word of scandal. Certainly, he did say that Mr. Carstairs sometimes came home rather fresh."

"But as he was well on the way to the same condition himself when he made the accusation, I took it for what it was worth."

"No mention of quarrels?"

"No, sir. He seemed to think highly of the lady, but remarked that she hadn't seemed quite herself the last two or three weeks — more especially since he'd found two rather queerly addressed envelopes in the general box and taken them up to the flat."

"Not the sort of letters you'd expect a gent to receive," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked. "You didn't steam them open, did you?"

"Then he asked me what I thought he was and explained that he'd referred to the outside — the envelope."

"If ever I've seen blackmailing letters," he said, "it was them two. Disguised 'andwritin' — like a kid trying to print," he said. "And no stamp on 'em."

"That was the point that seemed to annoy him most, sir. Cheating the revenue, he said it was, and remarked that he'd like to catch the bloke what shoved them in the letter-box. I'm

giving you his language, sir. I shouldn't like you to think that I..."

"Not for a moment," Harkness assured him. "But are you quite sure he referred to only two of such letters?"

"That I'll swear, sir. He was emphatic on that point. Not that I questioned him about it, not seeing any significance in the number."

"Since then two letters come addressed to her old pot-an'-pan," he said, sir, "she somehow ain't bin the same woman. Not by a long chalk."

"Of course, I gathered what he meant, sir. Then he went on to say that, anyhow, she keeps up her bridge do's — meaning parties, I presume, sir."

"Ah; bridge parties," repeated Harkness.

"Yes, sir. Three afternoons per week. And a nice lot of old hens she has there, he said. Hard-faced Janes was another of his phrases, sir."

"Moreover, he expressed the view that, judging by their clocks, they'd tear out the teeth of a dead corpse for the sake of the gold stopping."

"But not having seen the ladies, sir, I'm unable to confirm his opinion."

"I think you've done remarkably well, Rawlings," said Harkness, hiding a smile. "And now you'd better go to bed — unless you can recall anything else of importance?"

"Well, sir, I should like to say, in justice to myself, that I beat him at darts, sir!"

"Good man!" cried Harkness, rising. "Now, off you go. Good night."

"Good night, sir," returned Rawlings, slightly marring the dignity of his exit by tripping over a corner of the rug.

The following morning Harkness rang up Carstairs at the latter's office in the city.

"Any further developments?" asked the Professor.

"No," came the reply; "except that my wife, feeling unable to stand the suspense any longer, took it into her head last night to go down to stay with friends who have a place in Sussex. I hope it'll do her good. She's been looking a bit peaky lately."

"Quite," agreed Harkness. "Rather a sudden decision, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was — rather. But she's a bit temperamental, you see; although, mind you, she's the best little woman in the world."

"Of course," returned Harkness. "But what about yourself? You'll surely not be staying at the flat alone?"

"Rather not! She made me promise to put up at an hotel in town while she's away, so I agreed. I've booked a room at the Royal. You can get me there any evening, if you want to. I suppose you're nothing to tell me?"

"Not yet," replied the Professor. "Probably a little later on, I shall have some surprising information for you. Meanwhile, I mustn't detain you. You'll let me know if you change your plans — decide to go out of town, or anything — won't you?"

"Of course. But I'm not likely to do that. Good-bye, Professor."

ALTHOUGH he had formed a very definite theory as regards the anonymous letters, and took a serious view of their menace, it was, after all, no more than a theory.

Besides, he was under the additional handicap of being an unofficial investigator, barred, on that account, from taking certain precautionary steps that his suspicions warranted, but the lack of tangible evidence forbade.

Towards evening, however, he was stirred into activity. There came a ring from Carstairs.

"That you, Professor?"

"The voice sounded cheerful but a little excited."

"I've had a ring from the wife. She's begged me to go down to her, to-night. Says she can't stand the suspense any longer. Hates to think of me alone in town."

"I rather demurred, don't you know; but she said that's the only way she can assure herself of my safety. So, as she seemed in rather a ghastly state of nerves, I promised. I shall be leaving town immediately after dinner."

"I see," replied Harkness. "What time will that be?"

"Oh, nine-ish, I should say. It's barely a couple of hours' run in the car."

"So you're motoring down?"

"Yes; Dorothy's asked me to use the sports car. She thinks she might run up with me to-morrow, and prefers the open bit."

"You've no objection to giving me your address?" said Harkness. "One never knows — I might want to get in touch with you before to-morrow morning. Is there a phone in the house you're going to?"

"Yes; Pulborough double — seven double-seven. The people are distant cousins of my wife. The Marchmonts."

"Quite a nice crowd."

"I know the Pulborough neighborhood fairly well," said Harkness. "Charming district. What did you say was the name of the house?"

"The Beech Knoll. It's close to Pittleworth. You know the old inn there, I dare say."

Please turn to Page 30

100% Efficient

In these days of fierce competition, speed and efficiency are demanded. Neglect is considered a crime, and often results in dismissal.

The penalty you pay for daily neglect is greater still. Headaches, hiccups, dizzy spells, indigestion, but these are all due to neglect — CONSTIPATION.

Proper care of your body leads to greater efficiency in business.

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FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER



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**EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO**

Sole Agents for Aust. R. G. Turley & Son, Mfrs.

## FARMER'S WIFE WHO COULD NOT MILK

Finger Stiff With Arthritis

What a handicap a disabled hand can be to a farmer's wife. Read what this one says about her troubles when she had arthritis:

"I was suffering from arthritis in the joints of my fingers. My middle finger was so terribly swollen and inflamed that I could not bend it. As I help to milk 10 or 11 cows, this was a serious handicap. I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts on the advice of my doctor, and took a half-teaspoonful in warm water every morning before breakfast. In two weeks the finger was less stiff and the swelling down. I continued the treatment and after a month was able to milk again. I also feel very much better in myself." — (Mrs.) A. C. P.

It is the needle-pointed crystals of uric acid, lodging between the joints, which are responsible for the agony of rheumatism. Kruschen Salts dissolve these torturing crystals and promptly expel them from the system. That is why Kruschen brings such quick and comforting relief from the pains of rheumatism and similar complaints.

## DRINK CRAVING CONQUERED

By EUCRASY with 40 Years' Success.

"28 years ago you cured my husband. Now I want it for a son," writes a grateful woman. You CAN bring happiness to YOUR home by using Eucrasy. It can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. Not costly. Call or write to-day for a FREE PAMPHLET, booklet, and many testimonials. Dept. B, EUCRASY CO., 285 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

## New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (Internal) for healing Varicose Thrombosis and Haemorrhoids without interruption in your duties is available now. No need to lie up. Guaranteed relief to break out again. But cases heal up in a few weeks. Irreversible.

Guaranteed never to fail. Write or call for Wonderful Book. Treatment by mail a specialty — distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment — no pain from start.

**C. WINTER**  
63 WELLINGTON ST.  
NEW  
24, VICTORIA





Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.  
Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

# So They Say

**SAY YOUR SAY**  
If you have something interesting to say, try saying it to "So They Say." Every topic, so long as your letter is not too long, will be accepted. And you'll learn what other readers think about it, too.

## MARRIAGE OF OPPOSITES

**M**ANY times have I heard the phrase, "Marry your opposite," but after a good deal of thought on the subject I fail to see how this theory can benefit one.

Two different natures, each pulling in a different direction, each demanding something from life that the other could not tolerate, each interested in activities and pastimes that do not appeal to the other, cannot harmonise. The mating of opposites produces an impossible combination. Only with a certain amount of mutual tastes and interests is there any chance of happiness or peace in the linking together of two separate personalities.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. C. S. Andrews, Beau Regard, Gordon Avenue, Hobart.

## THEY "LOVE" WINTER

**I** CANNOT understand how people can truthfully say that they appreciate the bitterness of weather like that which we have experienced during recent months.

Even on the bleakest days, when the cold winds shriek and the sun is hidden behind black storm clouds, there are persons who beam at one and say: "Good old English weather! This is better than summer, isn't it?"

Are they sincere? Do they really prefer the dreary winter weather to the brightness of spring and summer—or is it just bravado?

Mrs. M. Pullar, 83a Henley Beach Rd., Mile End, S.A.

## PRaise Enthusiasm!

**W**HEN a woman has enthusiasm she has one of the greatest assets in the world. For enthusiasm is the proof that she is fully alive.

No woman ever grows old as long as she possesses enthusiasm. Enthusiasm enables one to take cold, hard facts, and put a lustre and shine behind them. It is contagious, too, and plants a longing in others to be like- wise.

Confidence is the fountain from which it springs, and where women assemble for combined effort it is the triumph of mind over chatter.

Miss E. M. Oliver, 98 Harrow Road, Auburn, N.S.W.



...to wipe away  
**UNWANTED HAIR**

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. Leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without a trace of hair. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweet scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

**FREE:** By special arrangement with the manufacturer, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3079 S.S. (Depo), 241 E. A. Sydney, N.S.W.

## Are You Glad that You Were Born a Woman?

**H**ERE is one content to be a woman (31/8/35). I am debarrd from none of man's pursuits that appeal to me. It is my ideal to vindicate—in my own person and by word and act throughout my life—my sex, so long as it is not satirised, and indicted for faults, the result of the narrow sphere to which man's ascendancy confined it, and to prove woman is not inferior, but complementary to man—his equal partner in the business of living.

I would that I could further prove that, noble as is a truly fine man, the best of womanhood is finer still.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

## He Would Like to be a Woman

**I**N reply to R. G. Porter's question, I should think there would be many men willing to be women—especially overworked or worried men.

Men bear the hardships of keeping the family wheel turning. The majority of the worry falls on the man.

Furthermore, I have often thought how very pleasant it would be to have a man calling to bestow small gifts and homage—how pleasant to be cared for and treated almost like a goddess! I think many men will agree with me that it would be great to be a woman.

Jim Reid, Lorne, via Kendall, North Coast, N.S.W.

## Men's Responsibilities

**I**T may be more interesting to be a man, but there are drawbacks. War, for instance, when men have to face such horrors. Men may have a more interesting time in general, but they have a big responsibility when they marry and support a family.

As men get older, they are seldom carefree. As women get older, and their

## To Save Delay

**M**UCH inconvenience and possible annoyance would be avoided if, when answering telephone calls, subscribers gave their number instead of saying "Hello." Even in these days of automatic exchanges, it is still quite a simple matter to dial a wrong number, and, if using a public phone, it is not always easy to procure an extra two pennies, especially if the phone is some distance from a shop. Much bother and unnecessary delay would thus be avoided.

Miss C. Lyons, 39 Olive Street, Prospect, S.A.

families grow up, they have a much freer time than men of corresponding age. On the whole, weighing up the pros and cons, I prefer to be a woman.

K. E. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

## Yes—Supremely Satisfied!

**I**T is an established fact that women suffer more than men, physically and morally, that their sex forces them to certain sacrifices. Yet does not this very pain and sacrifice make a woman's life the fuller and richer? There may be many disadvantages in being a woman, but there are also many, many advantages.

It is characteristic of a woman to go to extremes with every emotion, particularly with the supreme emotion—love. It is a woman's life, of a man's life a thing apart, we are told. I should say there are more emotions, or more depths and shades of emotion, known to a woman than a man.

Emotion is the stuff that makes life what it is, and, after all, is not a full, rich, profitable life the supreme ambition of all?

Muriel Berkman, 41 Prospect Terrace, Sth. Brisbane.

## Thinks Men Are Lucky

**I** WOULD much rather belong to the sterner sex. A man has an easier life than has a woman. For instance, he can go anywhere, do anything, and no one thinks twice about it. But if a woman does the same she is soon talked about.

When a man marries he is really as free as ever; but a woman's duty is considered to be definitely and forever at home with her babies.

But I am sure there can be very few men who would like to be women.

Miss M. Franklin, Millers, via South Grafton, N.S.W.

## People who Won't Take "No" for an Answer

**T**HESE "won't take no" people make life a misery, if we see too much of them. The habit is incurable, and no more comfortable to bear as the years wear on.

Personally, I find it a sound practice to insist quietly, but firmly, at the early stages, when too many "Yeses" have not yet undermined all possibility of ever saying "No." If this fails I arrange to see as little as possible of such people, for anyone who fails to consider others has little to bestow in the way of friendship.

Joan Murray, 72 Clyde St., North Bondi, N.S.W.

## My Idea of Friendship

**T**O my mind friendship does away with the fear of offending by saying "No" when wishing to do so. It is sometimes hard to refuse such a request as mentioned by Mrs. R. Dickinson in her letter (31/8/35), but I think, under the circumstances, she should have said "No." A friend, as I see her, would have understood.

Perfect understanding—to see things from another's point of view—the peace

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



**JOE MORRISON** IS GIVING BING CROSBY A RACE FOR SONG HONORS, HAVING INTRODUCED 20 SONG HITS IN THE SPACE OF ONE YEAR.



**ANNA STEN** STARTLED EXECUTIVES BY APPEARING AT A FILM LABORERS' PICNIC AND EXHIBITING HER ROWING SKILL BY HOLDING A BOAT OFF THE ROCKS WHILE TWO 'GRIPS' DIVED FOR ABALONES.



**IRENE DUNNE** IS REGARDED BY SOUND TECHNICIANS AS HAVING THE MOST PERFECT RECORDING VOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

gained by being able to sit or walk with another in silence without fear of being misunderstood, is my idea of friendship.

Mrs. G. L. McKewen, 5 Thompson St., Mayne Junction, Brisbane.

## You Deceive Yourself

**M**RS. DICKINSON'S letter (31/8/35) interests me.

I also have met people to whom "No" was very difficult to say, and have often gone against my inner self to please them, and have learnt from experience that this is a mistake. One deceives oneself and likewise one's friends.

Also I have found that to be monopolised by anyone makes one's affection become lukewarm, if not quite cold.

Mildred Gilbert, 422 Edgecliff Rd., Sydney.

## They Are Really Bullies

**I**NFRANKLY, Mrs. Dickinson (31/8/35), you are wrong to yield to your friend's importunity. Refuse definitely yet courteously: "I'm sorry, but I must be home by—" leaving a 30-minute margin for unforeseen delay. If she takes offense, well, a friendship cannot be lost if non-existent. We all suffer from these fearfully annoying folk, who are subconscious bullies and delight in imposing their wills on others. Doubtless they "mean well," but preserve your independence and they respect you better.

N. Alexander, 24 Elm St., Hawthorn, Es, Vic.

usually the people who are really worth while.

Aller Deem, c/o 2 Edden St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

## Much More Sensible

**I** AGREE that a person, when asking another to come and visit her, should really arrange a definite day or time.

There would be no fear of the visitor

## If You Happen To Use Lipstick—

**W**ITH reference to L.P.'s letter (17/8/35), may a gay young bachelor offer a word of advice to the ladies? Some brands of lipstick look (and taste!) very nice, but it is revolting to see a girl whose teeth have red stains, or who leaves a great red smear on cup or glass. Why, oh, why can't they use a brand that doesn't rub off?

I. Donaldson, 28 Gregory St., Roseville, N.S.W.

arriving on the hostess' washing day or cleaning day, which, unless the visitor is a very close friend, is a very embarrassing situation for both.

Mrs. R. Gurr, Palm Avenue, Millaa Millaa, via Cairns, Qld.

## YOUR SENSE OF COLOR

**A** KNOWLEDGE of the principles of harmonious coloring is a source of great pleasure, and, in short, it forms a necessary part of one's artistic culture.

Nature pleasantly presents it to our eyes through sky and sea, foliage and flowers, birds and insects, fishes and shells.

Almost every object of human industry is adorned by it, to gratify the fancy through pictures and pottery, stained glass and furniture, carpets and hangings, dress and jewellery.

Moreover, every simple flower, watered and protected from the sun by Shelley's cloud, is an object-lesson on color harmony. Yet few people have even an elementary knowledge of the correct use of color.

I am of the opinion that color-sense training should be treated as a serious school matter; not left, as it is, to chance or caprice.

J. W. Terry, 7 Market St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

## TRUTH IN PHOTOGRAPHY

**L**AST week I happened to be looking at a display of finished work in a studio window. What struck me about these photographs was the fact that very few of them seemed to be quite in focus, having quite a blurred appearance.

The result was that most of the detail was lost, and the features of one sitter looked very similar to those of almost any other of the same sex in the window. I have since learned from a friend that this is the latest idea (diffused portraiture it is called).

By this means, he pointed out, an elderly person can be made to look quite a lot younger, and many of the lines of age diffused out.

Perhaps, if it brings them pleasure, one should not object, for we are told by the philosophers that life is real enough, without being constantly reminded of it! That may be. However, I am inclined to favor truth in photography, and in all things, and to be presented with a picture of myself that could have been taken in a movie studio, or used as an advertisement for cigarettes, would not flatter me in the least.

H. Tils, Avoca St., Yeronga, Brisbane.

## LESS ABOUT SMILES!

**A**RE there not far too many poems, songs, and speeches about having a smile? Why does not someone buck up and do something to make people smile? After all, if everyone went about with a perpetual grin, what a monotonous world this would be!

Mrs. E. Hannaford, Garrock, Kardinia Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.



**Didnt sleep a wink!**

If only tired, worn people would take **NYAL ESTERIN**! **NYAL ESTERIN** soothes worn nerves, and soothes away pain. It brings deep, restful sleep. **NYAL ESTERIN** contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nervous centres, giving quick relief from all forms of nervous pain. It is as safe as it is sure. The ingredients of **NYAL ESTERIN** are regularly prescribed by the medical profession, and do not form a habit. Take **NYAL ESTERIN** Tablets for sleeplessness, headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatic and nerve pains. Your Chemist tells **NYAL ESTERIN** Tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 Tablets.

**NYAL ESTERIN**  
Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 451/2 Gt. George St., Sydney, N.S.W.  
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## LIVE In Luxury. . .

No—they're not just for special occasions—these beautiful modern underthings are made to live in day by day!

To live in comfortably and luxuriously . . . to give you a new sleek tailoring right to the skin that makes you feel more confident and poised. Hours of standing and fitting couldn't give you a more perfect foundation for sheer Spring frocks!

THERE'S something in the air now that brings every scrap of femininity we have to the surface, and lovely underthings seem to express the feeling better than anything else. You can buy these garments by Prestige in the most exquisite versions—feminine wisps to wear under an evening frock—but there are practical

ones too for the workaday week. Whatever you choose to pay, you'll find the same luxurious characteristics in them all! There are many beautiful but quite inexpensive numbers in this Prestige range. Here are just three examples, taken from very nearly a hundred different styles. There are Nicks like scantee-shorts cut smoothly to



Above: This sheathlike Prestige Slip has one of the new skirts described in this article. Contrasting lace applique. (PS7).

At left: Lace-trimmed Nicks with the tailored Prestige cut—their number is NK9. Notice the flat elastic finish. For evening you can make the "Invisible" brassiere completely backless.

Below: Slim and cool for Spring—an applied "Sleeekie" with perfect uplift brassiere. SK4 in the Prestige "Powderfee" range.

the figure, snugged to the waist by a flat elastic finish that cannot show a wrinkle. One of the joys of this new elastic top is the fact that it cannot possibly slip or break away. You'll find the Nicks with French handkerchief lace edging or fine net border, lace-appliqued for evening; for sport wear there are deep-cuffed Pantees that allow easy freedom yet cling as closely as stockings.

For summery days an all-in-one like the "Sleeekie" illustrated would be the coolest thing you could wear. If you are slim it provides everything you need in the form of a lace or net brassiere and well-fitting scantee. An inner shadow panel gives gentle restraint over the diaphragm.

Slips in the Prestige range for Spring have a sheath-fit never achieved before—made possible by the clever idea of a split hemline which allows scope for the knees. They're made in several lengths and most of them are complete with their own brassiere top, adjustable at each shoulder by means of tiny buckles. Vests, too, have this adjustment feature.

The photographs give an idea of the suede-like "Powderfee" fabric; it is lock-knit against laddering, and emerges from the washtub week after week as fresh as ever! Five clear pastel shades are contrasted with the many varieties of lace and net imported by Prestige from the Continent. You'll find lace, lace, lace—appliqued round a hem-

line, rippling in a narrow edge, forming luxurious looking yokes and bodices.

And perhaps most important of all—these new underthings are

made in five sizes instead of the usual three! Remember the two extra fittings—Medium Women's for slim length, Full Women's for just-over-women's measurements.

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## SPRING Racing the LURE

### Jocelyn's Hints About Horses For Randwick

IT will be difficult to get away from racing during the next month or two. It is in the shops, where the Spring fashions are an invitation to the opening day at Randwick.

It is in the streets, where tram men exchange tips across the running-board, and it is in the home, where every second person is trying to pick the Epsom and Metrop. "double."

And now, Jocelyn, our special racing commissioner, reviews the prospects.

The two chief events at the opening of the Randwick carnival, on the first Saturday of next month, are the Epsom and the Derby. The former is the most talked about, because there are so many horses running, because the prize is a big one—£3000—and because there is so much wagering on the race, both on the course and off it.

### Epsom Favorite

SYNAGOGUE, a horse bred in New Zealand, but now owned in Melbourne, was favorite until Saturday, but after his failure in the Tramway Handicap, was deposed by Gay Blonde. He has won good races in Melbourne, and on August 31, at Warwick Farm, easily beat a field of sprinters, carrying eight pounds more than he will have to carry in the Epsom. It is in his favor, too, that he will be ridden by the ex-New Zealand jockey, Voitre, who has had a remarkable run of success in Melbourne. Some of you will like Synagogue because of his name; others may dislike him for the same reason.

Then there are horses like Barak, Dark Sky, Sir John, Australia Fair, and Journal, all believed by their connections to have good chances.

### Signs and Omens

MOST women are influenced by omens. If it is a dull day there will be a lot of backing for Dark Sky. If you have had a story accepted by The Australian Women's Weekly you may try a tote ticket on Journal. If you have a hunch for someone named John there is a likely candidate in Sir John.

As men are supposed to prefer blondes, they will have a Gay Blonde to run for them; or, if not satisfied with her, there is Australia Fair. All the horses named have good chances on public form.

There will be other races, quite as interesting as the Epsom, when the crowd gathers at Randwick on October 5.

There is the Derby, for which the prize is £5000. As it is confined to three-year-olds, and the competitors carry equal weights, there are never so many runners in this race as in the big handicaps. For that reason it is generally easier to pick the winner, but not always.

### Young Idea & Peter Pan

THERE is a horse called Young Idea who has come over from Melbourne. He is likely to start favorite, though he ran a bad race in the southern city just before they sent him across the Murray.

On his two-year-old form Young Idea should win the Derby. If he is well on the day, don't let anyone put you off him, though there is no certainty in racing, and horses like Wykeham, Allunga, Homer, and some others may have to be reckoned with.

On the same day there is a race called the Spring Stakes, which invariably rouses a lot of interest and excitement. As it is a weight-for-age race the field will be small and select. It was won by Rogilla last year, and he is in it again.

But the winner of the Stakes, on recent form, is likely to be Peter Pan, even though he went under to Rogilla in the race last year.

Peter will be a short-priced favorite, if he starts, but Rogilla, Sylvandale, and perhaps some of the light-weighted three-year-olds, should make the race interesting.

Then there are the handicap events, in which there are sure to be a lot of starters, and about which you are sure to have heard something from somebody who "got it from the stable," or else it is the lure of a color you like, or the name of a fashionable jockey.

There is one thing to remember, jockeys' names and attractive colors are bad things to bet on, if you are thinking of a serious investment. If it is a tote "butter," with several in it, there is no harm in giving the fancy a little play. It is good fun, and can't do much harm.





# What Women Are Doing

## Y.W.C.A. Secretary

**MISS A. M. MONCRIEFF**, student secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, Peking, is in New Zealand lecturing and working for the association. Later she will go to the International College of the Society of Friends, England, and finally to China, via America.

## Hobart Will Miss Her Artistic Work

**MISS ZITA ZARINA**, pictured here in Period costume, hails from Adelaide. She has been living in Hobart for the past eighteen months, and has contributed very considerably to the cultural life of that city during her stay.



Miss Zita Zarina  
—L. J. Burgess Well.

Besides being the possessor of a beautiful, well-trained voice, Miss Zarina is also a lover of the drama, and all who have seen her in various repertory and W.E.A. plays in Hobart, have been impressed with her histrionic ability and her keen sense of stagecraft.

Zita Zarina trained as a singer at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, and while there won a five years' scholarship under Mr. W. H. Foote. She also learnt the piano and pipe-organ as the pupil of John Horner, and studied elocution with James Anderson and Olive Kerey, who trained her in dramatic art. In 1923 Zita Zarina went to Sydney, and while there studied under Miss Gwen Selva, and became the pupil of Maestro Forstall, relieving conductor of the Italian Grand Opera Company.

Zita Zarina is to live in Melbourne in the future.

## Women Doctors Exhibit Their Hobbies

**WOMEN** doctors do have hobbies, though their patients may not think so, and they displayed them along with those of the men at Melbourne University during the B.M.A. meeting.

Dr. Lucy Bryce sent along part of her collection of pottery and porcelain. Dr. Margaret Hutchings disclosed a flair for making handbags. Dr. Esme Anderson showed needlework, and so did Dr. Constance Ellis.

Dr. Muriel Hiller apparently finds time to fashion beadwork flowers and fine lace, and a cushion in Italian quilting was Dr. Hilda Gardiner's exhibit.

Dr. Ann Macleod had actually knitted herself a suit, and there were two fender stools, one in hooked rug-work by Dr. Margaret Ashton, the other in fine petit point tapestry beautifully done by Dr. Isabel Younger Ross, of Baby Health Centre fame.

Only one exhibit essayed the culinary art. Dr. Marion Wiggins exhibited savories, all daintily set on a dainty table, and including a potato salad that resembled a sundial with halved eggs bearing the numerals arranged round the edge.

## Will Visit Schools Of The World

**ON** October 7, Miss Sadie Illingworth, a young South Australian education enthusiast, will leave for England, travelling by a roundabout route by which she will eventually reach Kent.

Miss Illingworth hopes to spend about a week (or at least a few days) at every port en route, and visit the schools there. In Melbourne she will go to the nursery schools. Then there will be a fortnight's school-visiting in Sydney, and some time in Auckland. The high school and mission schools of Fiji are the next where she hopes to give the children a talk, and then Miss Illingworth has planned to cross Canada and visit Chicago and New York. She has made arrangements to address classes at Vancouver and Toronto, and examine the work the pupils are doing.

Miss Illingworth first went to England on the exchange teachers' system and is on leave of absence from Kent now.



Miss Illingworth

## Fond of Dancing at 80

**TO** celebrate your 80th birthday with a ball sounds very pleasant. That is what Mrs. Thrupp, of Broadmarsh, Yeulha, Queensland, did recently. It was held in the Surat Town Hall, and was attended by hundreds of people from miles around, and Mrs. Thrupp thoroughly enjoyed herself.

Mrs. Thrupp, who takes a very big interest in the C.W.A., is a keen motorist, and before the recent Exhibition in Brisbane she motored from Surat, a distance of 300 miles, and at the end of the journey showed no signs of fatigue. So fond of attending dances is this old lady that about two months ago she drove a long distance, leaving home at 3.30 p.m. and returning at 2.30 a.m.

## Professor Stewart's Wife Is Qualified Doctor

**MRS.** (or, professionally speaking, Dr.) J. I. M. Stewart, wife of Adelaide's new professor of English Literature, should be able to give many of our children's welfare organizations plenty of advice, because until shortly before she left for Australia she was a consulting doctor in Yorkshire in connection with County Council work.

This Council welfare, Mrs. Stewart says, has become quite extensive since the heavy maternal mortality figures of the past 10 years have made themselves so obvious.

Mrs. Stewart is a graduate of London University, and has the letters M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P. after her name. She did her training work at the Royal Free Hospital, London, clinical work in Leeds, and midwifery in Dublin. She looks little more than a girl now, with her straight, brown, silky, bobbed hair and slender figure.

## Examiner Was Herself Examined

**JUDGES** of dancing have to be experienced performers themselves, and Miss Dorothy Gladstone, a Melbourne teacher, was invited to adjudicate in the Adelaide competitions this year for the third time.

She arrived direct from examining children in Victoria. Miss Gladstone gained her advanced teacher's certificate of the British Operatic Dancing Society a few weeks ago from Mr. Felix Demery, when he conducted examinations in Sydney, thus winning one of the highest distinctions for dancing in Australia.



Miss Gladstone  
—Rankine.

## Visiting Doctors' Wives Are Themselves Important

**HALF** the interest of the B.M.A. Conference would have departed if the brilliant visiting doctors had left their wives at home.

For instance, there is the gracious Lady Ferguson, wife of Sir Lindo Ferguson, Dean of the Medical School at Otago University, N.Z.

Lady Purves Stewart, wife of Sir James Purves Stewart, is woman president of the League of Mercy, the organization of which the Prince of Wales is president.

Her country home is near Eastbourne, and must be one of the quaintest houses in England. It is the old Beachy Head Lighthouse, that was abandoned 30 years ago. The circular room where the lights used to be has become a sun room.

Lady Cilento, in Melbourne with her husband, is herself one of the best-known women doctors in Queensland.



Lady Ferguson  
—Brothers.

## Was Chased by Chinese Pirates

**ALTHOUGH** she is soft of voice and small of stature, Mrs. S. Thompson, who is returning to New Zealand on furlough with her husband and son after a term of five years in the Chinese mission field, has led a more exciting and strenuous life than most.

During 20 years in South China, mostly in the Province of Cheek-yang, she and her husband have travelled down the canals and through villages on their evangelistic work in a parish of a million people. Once, after visiting an out-station, they were chased by pirates for an hour along the coast, but managed to escape.

## Has Written a Book On Amalfi Embroidery

**MRS. R. J. LARKING** points with pride to the beautiful Amalfi work, depicting donkeys and men, done by one of her pupils, that is one of the select few exhibits to be put in a special showcase at the Melbourne Town Hall during the annual exhibition of the Country Women's Association.

It is the work of Miss Doris Lyall, an invalid who has spent many months lying face downwards propped up on pillows in her bed. Mrs. Larking has taught her everything she knows about embroidery, and now some of the loveliest work done by the Flinders branch is hers. She is actually the first person to use donkeys in the lace-like sculptured frieze that is Amalfi embroidery.

Mrs. Larking, who travelled the world with the express purpose of picking up ideas for the C.W.A., spent four hours a day for ten days learning this difficult art in Amalfi, Italy.

She is teaching it to country women all over Victoria in considerably less time, for she has prepared a number of ingenious charts, drawn in colored chalks on black cardboard, and she never gives a lesson without them now.

Because she could not get a book to help her when she was learning the art, she has written one on Amalfi work, and illustrated it with her own diagrams.

At present this book is available to members of the C.W.A. in Victoria only, but many needlewomen hope that she will publish it before long.

## Planning Craftwork For S.A. Centenary

**WITH** an enthusiastic eye on the entries that are expected to come from the other States during the South Australian Centenary next year, Miss Adelaide Mierke and Miss G. Siebert, who are supervising the women's exhibits of industries and arts for the South Australian Royal Show this month, have been developing and enlarging the classes for several years.

Every sort of handwork from cooking to wool-rugs, from pickles to linen frocks, knitting, crochet, and Afghan bolsters, has its own class in the Show.

The number of girls who began as schoolchildren and are now entering the open sections is a direct result of the organizers' work among the public schools during the last six years.

Women are also competing in the more general sections for stock, such as Southdown sheep and Jersey cattle, but so far no women have exhibited prize pigs!



Miss G. Siebert



## Newspaper Woman Of Wide Interests

**MRS. W. YOUNG** is known to Brisbane as "the journalists' friend"—she mothers them all. She has lived for over 60 years in Queensland, and, before her marriage, was a trained as a headmistress of the Department of Public Instruction.

Mrs. Young besides being a constant contributor to the local newspapers, was for many years in charge of the women's page and the children's pages on well-known Queensland papers. After the war, Mrs. Young was appointed head of the women's work of the Central Technical College, a position she held until retirement.

Mrs. Young was recently re-elected honorary secretary of the Queensland Press Institute, and three years ago she was the president—a position not held before by a woman.

She is a foundation member and a past president of the Tyceum Club, foundation and life member of the Wattle League, and foundation member of the Bush Nursing Association.



Mrs. W. Young

## Matron of Southern Rhodesian Nursing Service

**THERE** are no private hospitals in Rhodesia, said Miss T. M. Rees, Matron-in-Chief of the Southern Rhodesian Nursing Service, who visited Melbourne for the B.M.A. annual meeting.

According to her, there are only nursing homes controlled by the famous Guild of Loyal Women. The other hospitals are entirely controlled by the Government.

Miss Rees, who still looks too young to have achieved so much, got her general training at Manchester Royal Infirmary, and her military training at Queen Charlotte Hospital, London.

She has also gained her sister-tutor diploma at King's College of Nurses, London University, where she was the holder of the Cowdray Scholarship.

## Visited Hospitals And Royal Parties

**MRS. W. C. ANGLISS**, wife of Mr. W. C. Angliss, M.L.C. in Victoria, has just returned to Melbourne with him from attending the Jubilee functions in London. She has always taken a great interest in her husband's work, and accompanied him to the Ottawa Conference some time ago.

Mrs. Angliss is very active in child welfare organizations, as she is vice-president of the Victorian Mothers and Babies Health Association, of the Sutherland Homes, a member of the Welfare Association, and of the committee of the Younalla Kindergarten for Cripples; so between functions in London she visited Cromwell House, which is the training centre for Truby King nurses, and inspected the Royal Orphanage at Wandsworth. She considers that Australia is well advanced in child welfare, and has little to learn from England.

One of her first duties when she has settled down again will be to help in organising the Y.W.C.A. rebuilding scheme, for she is president of the Victorian Business and Professional Girls' Section.



Mrs. W. C. Angliss

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.







**Your Hair**  
Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair spots. Silkenness and gloss, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

**BARRY'S  
Tri-coph-erous**  
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Sapers, 2/- per bottle.



IN 20 MINUTES IT IS DRY  
AND SHINING BRILLIANTLY

**JOHNSON'S  
GLO-COAT**  
POLISHES ITSELF

By the makers of Johnson's Polishing Wax, Automobile Wax, and Cleaner.

## OH, MOTHER ... WHAT a Handy FATHER

### He Can Change Nappies At Rate of 225 Hourly

No doubt about it, he is the ideal father! His name is W. H. Love. They have found him in America—land of mostly everything, including quaint contests.

He won Seattle's grand napkin-changing championship for male parents, defeating all-comers in whipping a "nappie" on his seven-months-old son. Time: Sixteen seconds. Now, you mere Australian fathers, beat that if you can!

A DISCREET silence has been maintained regarding the manner in which Jerry, the Love baby, took the operation, but, no doubt, if he could talk, he would give intelligible utterance to his pride and joy in being the possessor of such a paragon among fathers.

At his age, however, any signs of emotion given by him may have been entirely misinterpreted, not to say misconstrued.

That the champion's feat was no mean one is borne out by the reactions of matrons and sisters of large Australian hospitals on being told of the record that has just been put up.

Actually, in no institution in this country at any rate, is any standard time set down for changing a baby's napkin. At one large hospital, however, just to see how good Love's time actually was, an obliging sister stood with a stopwatch over the most efficient napkin-changer in the establishment.

This nurse, handling a good-tempered

and tractable infant, took twenty seconds to do the job! Four seconds longer than the Seattle champion!

The main body of nursing opinion in Australia seems to incline to the belief that this American father is a pretty swift worker. "A very good time" sums up the majority of the comments, while some of the matrons and sisters were even a trifle wistful over Mr. Love and his performance.

WITHOUT saying it in so many words, they gave the impression that here was a man they would like to have working for them. Just napkin changing; they would ask no more.

Gazing dreamily into space they seemed to be having visions of W. H. Love, plus a huge pile of diapers, dealing swiftly and expertly with innumerable babies carried along to him on an endless belt at the rate of 225 per hour.

The champion has not yet given any



MR. W. H. LOVE fastening the last pin in the record napkin-changing test.

indication of his future plans, but it can be stated confidently that there is no foundation for the rumor that he has wired to offer his services to those other record-holders, the parents of the Dionne quintuplets. No doubt he will go into private practice, however, if only to keep in training against the possibility of a challenger appearing.

Although Australian hospitals have no set time for napkin changing, one large women's hospital has a period set for bathing and dressing an infant. In this establishment, twenty minutes is the time allotted for this operation, powdering and endearments included.

**MAKES  
ALUMINIUM  
LOOK LIKE  
NEW!**  
**Steele**

This fine steel wool, properly made and graded for aluminium, restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever.



BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

**When KIDNEYS  
FAIL—Vigour & Health  
Drop Off—MANY NASTY ILLS  
BEGIN TO SHOW ...**

Kidney and Bladder ills cause misery, and often lead to the death of an operation. If you get Rheumatic attacks; Leg, Hand, Arm or Foot Pains; Stiff, Swollen, Painful Joints or Muscles; Dizzy Spells; Back-aches; Disturbed Nights; Smarting, Scalding or Painful Urination—head the warning. Get instant relief and safeguard your health. These serious troubles don't usually get better by themselves—they go from bad to worse. The best treatment is to take Harrison's Pills. These cleanse, soothe, heal and restore. They work fast, but safely—no dyes, no drugs, no danger. New vital power, strength and activity comes swiftly as the cause of ailing conditions departs. Get Harrison's Pills from your Chemist to-day. These inexpensive pills. Money back on first bottle if it doesn't give you even better results than you expect. Millions sold over many years are fair proof that Harrison's Pills give genuine help. You can always rely upon

**HARRISON'S PILLS**

## You can RUB ... You can SCRUB ...

Grime will never come out!

You must float it to the surface with COLD CREAM!



THIS harsh brush is no more brutal to the delicate skin of the face than the treatment many women are giving their complexions. They cleanse the surface with soap and water, and then apply Vanishing Cream and powder—over the tiny pores which are still clogged with dust and make-up! Ugly blemishes, blackheads, pimples and large pores are the inevitable result.

**There is only one way  
to clean the skin thoroughly!**

Only one way to remove the grime which fills the pores during activity and exposure: Apply Pond's Cold Cream generously and let it remain

on for a few minutes. Its fine oils sink deep into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. Wipe away the cream and grime and repeat the process until no soil appears.

Now your skin is clean—radiant, healthy, ready for a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, which smooths the skin, protects it, and forms a perfect powder base.

Cleanse the skin thoroughly each night, and daily after exposure, and protect with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This method of complexion care, used by famous beauties throughout the world, is possible to every woman. For the perfect toilette: Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty: Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Powder.



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses deep into the pores, stimulates. Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths skin, holds powder.

### TRIAL OFFER:

Mail this coupon to-day with 4d. in penny stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Rosette (Russet) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brancie [ ] Dark Rosette (Succin) [ ]

THE POND'S CO. Dept. X29, Box 11313, G.P.O., Melbourne

Name

Address

Bottom right: COUNTESS OF CALLOWAY, who says: "Pond's takes care of my complexion."  
Top right: Lovely LADY BROUGHAM and FAUX, who says: "Wherever I go I depend on Pond's."



# WILL FRED PERRY Bring His Bride to Australia?

So Fred Perry, who has been called "the World's No. 1 Lover," has joined the ranks of the benedicts! Lucky in love as at tennis—and possibly as highly skilled!—he has won a great Love Set, capturing as prize one of the most winsome of brides, Helen Vinson, whose name is as well known in movie circles as Fred's is in the world of sport.

Now the question of the hour is will Fred bring his bride to Sydney, where he is shortly due to take up his new job with a firm of sporting goods manufacturers, or will film contracts keep Mrs. Perry in America?

UNDOUBTEDLY she would be an asset to the developing film industry in this country, and it would be splendid if an actress of her gifts could be secured to star in an Australian-made picture.

Plans will have to be made hurriedly for these newly-weds, as Fred is expected to sail from America early next month, and to stay in Australia until next March.

Whatever decision is made, however, it is sure to create some amount of excitement, for no sportsman of recent years has basked so freely in the limelight of publicity and sensationalism as Fred Perry.

His rise in the tennis world has been meteoric. He has annexed every championship in every tennis country of note—a feat never before accomplished by any player.

Within the last two years news has filtered through that Perry was to turn professional tennis player. This Perry denied. Then it was announced that he was forsaking tennis for the films. This, also, he denied. Later we heard that Fred Perry was engaged to Mary Lawson, a picture artist. In April last, the news was received that the engagement was broken off.

## Rumors and Denials

THIS year, Perry's name became linked with that of Helen Vinson. Prior to his departure for America, Fred Perry stated that "He sincerely hoped to marry Helen Vinson"—about the only utterance of Dame Rumor that he has not denied! Last week, his hopes were realised.

He was married to Helen Vinson at a registry office just three days before her birthday, which falls on September 17.

It is reported that Helen Vinson's real name is Helen Rulfs, and that when she started her film career she took her mother's maiden name for stage purposes. It is reported that this is her second venture into matrimony, the first having ended with a divorce. Her father has no interest.

Australians have already seen Helen Vinson as a movie star, for she played in "Broadway Bill" and, recently, "Wedding Night."

Other wedding announcements that have caused a stir in tennis circles recently have been that of Mr. and Mrs. Hopman and Mrs. Cozens, who was formerly Miss Louise Rickerion.

## BRIGHTNESS & THRILLS

MR. FRANK NEIL is to be congratulated on the array of talent he has secured for the bright variety show, "Hello, America," which opened at the new Tivoli on Saturday night to a packed house. There is not a dull moment in the show, from the time the attractive ballet opens with "Off to the Show" and "Manhattan Madness," to the final curtain.

Darby and Ruddell were seen in some novel and amazing feats of balancing, while Forsythe, Seamon and Farrell more than justified the reputation they earned in their recent Melbourne season.

## CIRO'S RESTAURANT

174 King Street (Queen's Square).  
The Restaurant Truly Continental  
DAILY SPECIAL DINERS  
Mon. - Omelette Maitre d'Hotel.  
Tues. - Beefsteak a la Maitre d'Hotel.  
Wed. - Roast Beef a la Maitre d'Hotel.  
Thurs. - Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.  
Fri. - Soufflé Maitre d'Hotel.  
Sat. - Fricassee Maitre d'Hotel.



MRS. FRED PERRY (Helen Vinson) drives Fred home after a tennis match. Note, that while Mrs. Perry is easily wrapped in a coat, Fred, apparently to be with her the more quickly, has not waited to change from his tennis clothes into street clothes.

SHEERER!  
CLEARER!  
AND NO DEARER!

### KAYSER MIR-O-KLEER IOX

● The sheestest stocking you've ever seen... clear as a polished mirror. All rings, shadows, bars, have been eliminated by Kayser's amazing new knitting process. See it without delay... wear it for its flawless beauty from top to toe.

**7/11**

(\*Australian Patent 12390)

**FOR A PICNIC:** Did you know that hot pies or potatoes that you might be wanting for a spring picnic keep hot for quite a time if they are well wrapped in several layers of newspaper. Of course, you should wrap them in greaseproof paper first.

**FOR GREASY PLATES:** When washing greasy plates, add a little vinegar to the water. It will remove unpleasant odors and brighten the plates.

**HOT HOLBROOK:** Spread Holbrook's Antibody Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty it is!

## Luxury of Satin—without extravagance

Satin... lustrous shimmering satin... silken aristocrat of fabrics for foundation garments. Hitherto, expensive... but now, with the debut of these Satin Wrap-ons from Berlei, the luxury of satin may be yours... without a single quail about expense. These supple sheaths of heavy satin, tea-rose-coloured, indicate elegance in every detail. Yet the prices are very moderate.



**7203. For Hip Types.** A side-hook Wrap-on with sections of "Neva-Run" Elastic which provide constant, but gentle, reducing massage over the hips. Has invisible boning at back and front. Sizes: 23-30 inches.



**7227. For Average Types.** The special feature of this side-hook Wrap-on is the slightly-flared section inlaid at back waist (see sketch at left). This prevents the Wrap-on "cutting in" at the waistline and forming an ugly roll of flesh. Sizes: 24-31 inches.



**7219. For Abdomen Types.** To ensure a flat front line, there is a buck-fastening inner belt, held down on the figure by double suspenders so that it cannot move out of place. The raised front prevents bulges at the waist. Sizes: 25-32 inches.

See one of these slinky Satin Wrap-ons at your usual shop. Feel its silken smoothness. Notice the many little luxury touches. For instance, hook and eye closings lined with soft plush... so velvety smooth against your skin. "Fantom Grip" suspenders... pancake-flat. They'll not show through your frocks. Applique motifs as trimming... very French-looking. And other fine details which your eye will discover.

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# MADGE ELLIOTT'S WEDDING

Exclusive pictures obtained by The Australian Women's Weekly of the bride, her mother, train-bearers, presents, and the honeymoon house.



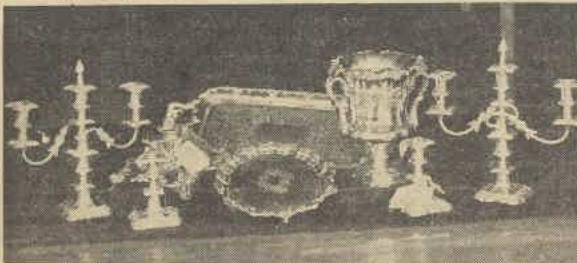
TWO CHARMING TRAINBEARERS—Madge and Margot, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. F. Curtis Elliott, and nieces of the bride. This delightful picture of the two little girls was taken by our photographer in the garden of their parents' home at Randwick.



ONE OF MADGE'S greatest treasures is this snapshot of her mother and herself, taken one happy day while at tea in the garden. An only daughter, Madge has always felt very keenly the fact that her career entails long periods of separation from her mother.



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. This appealing picture of Madge and her nieces, Madge and Margot, was obtained last Sunday morning.



THIS HANDSOME old Sheffield silver wine cooler and round tray were among the gifts made to the bride by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott.



ABOVE: Elizabeth Bay House, the historic old colonial mansion where guests were bidden to the wedding reception of Madge and Cyril.



AT RIGHT: A view of the wonderful staircase in Elizabeth Bay House. This is believed to be the only cantilever staircase in Sydney.



ABOVE: Moombara, Port Hacking, where Madge and Cyril spent the first days of their honeymoon.



AT LEFT: Portion of a brick from the old Her Majesty's stage, suitably mounted and inscribed "A Brick for two Bricks," was an interesting wedding present from Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kellaway.

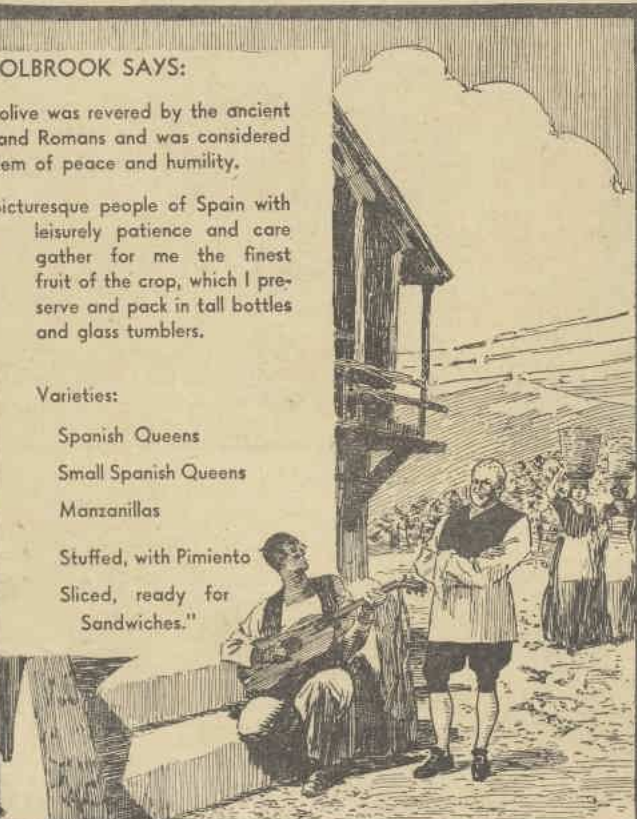
## HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"The olive was revered by the ancient Greeks and Romans and was considered an emblem of peace and humility.

The picturesque people of Spain with leisurely patience and care gather for me the finest fruit of the crop, which I preserve and pack in tall bottles and glass tumblers.

### Varieties:

- Spanish Queens
- Small Spanish Queens
- Manzanillas
- Stuffed, with Pimiento
- Sliced, ready for Sandwiches."



# HOLBROOKS OLIVES

OL 6



## NERVOUSNESS

Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders given FREE

Every Nerve Sufferer should send at once for a copy of this absolutely interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes our simple home treatment for Self-Compassion, Blushing, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Lassitude, Weak Nerves, Mental Pains, and similar nervous disorders. This Treatment, which is recommended by the leading health journals, has achieved world-wide success, and is covered by a £1000 guarantee of genuineness and efficiency. A copy of this wonderful book, together with some of the most remarkable testimonials ever published, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope, without charge or obligation, to any sufferer. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you!

MAIL THIS FREE BOOK COUPON  
 And, Physical College,  
 102 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.  
 Please send me a copy of your free book.  
 Name .....  
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## DRINK VICTIM RELIEVED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, but, with happiness, and home—his wife rescued him with "DRINKO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your marriage. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W, HOMER WELFARE PTY., Commercial Bank Chambers, 101 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney.

## GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

## GREYING HAIRS

Directions for gradual home treatment to remove original shade without metallic or harmful dyes. Acts unobtrusively; friends notice startling effects; lustre retained. Genuine, inexpensive, harmless restorer well tested over long period.

Why Look Old? Read I.A. MADAME LE MONDE, Victoria Rd. (P.O. Box 16), Ryde, N.S.W.



MISS JEAN DUNCAN, one of the brides of the week.

—Jack Cato photo.

## FROM STAGE Brides to REAL BRIDES

### "Hold My Hand" in Real Life

Three pretty young women appeared as brides in the recent production of "Hold My Hand." They were famous star, Madge Elliott, and those popular and gifted Australians, Jean Duncan and Dulcie Davenport. It is an interesting coincidence that all three are making their appearances as real brides so close together.

MISS DUNCAN chose the same day as Madge Elliott for her wedding to Mr. Alan Michaelis. Miss Davenport is now on her way to Australia to be married to Mr. Gromley Morris.

Miss Duncan planned a very quiet wedding in Melbourne with only her

close relatives present including the bridegroom's father, Mr. George Michaelis, of Sydney, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duncan, of Adelaide, and her sister, Dorothy. Dorothy had to travel from Sydney, as she is playing in "Miss Hook of Holland." For her wedding outfit Miss Duncan planned a becoming beige suit with brown accessories. Her future home is to be in Toorak.

Miss Dulcie Davenport has just left Italy where she has been holidaying for a few weeks, and is now on her way home. Her fiancé, Mr. Gromley Morris, is a solicitor, and a very popular Adelaide man. He is honorary secretary, and one of the hardest workers for the Sporting Club. He expects his bride-elect to arrive in Adelaide on October 16.

Miss Davenport's home is in Sydney, but she is to spend about three months with her fiancé's parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Morris, at Pembroke Street, College Park, before going home.

Details for the wedding are not yet fixed, but Mr. Morris has tentatively suggested May, and says definitely it will be towards the middle of 1936 and that their future home will be in Adelaide.

Mr. Morris says his fiancée definitely gave up her stage career at the conclusion of the "Lucky Break" season, in which she played comedy lead when a member of the cast dropped out. The male lead was Leslie Henson, and the play was staged at a West End theatre, having a long run. Soon after, Miss Davenport left for Italy, and one suspects that her trousseau will contain many lovely things from overseas.

## "MEN WANTED"

"DON'T BE A JOB HUNTER!" Start your own business on our capital. No hard times! No lay-offs! Always your own boss. Hundreds average £1 to £10 a week profit—year after year. We supply stocks in credit. Over 30 Home Necessities, selling experience unnecessary. Wonderful opportunity to own pleasant, dignified, profitable business backed by world-wide industry. Write Havelock Company, Department NS-1200, 88 Hawson Street, Brunswick, N.10, Victoria, G.V.10.



## Now watch— SPOONS GET TO WORK!

There is little time lost after the children hear the snap, crackle, and pop of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. That fascinating sound of toasted rice, when cold milk or cream is poured over them, says unmistakably, "Here is something delicious!" and little spoons get going quickly.

Children have the time of their lives listening to Rice Bubbles and eating them. But don't deny this treat to the rest of the family. Everybody loves Kellogg's Rice Bubbles, and they are more than delicious—they are nourishing and very easy to digest. A fine food for the evening meal as they promote restful sleep.

No trouble to prepare. No cooking necessary. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles come oven-fresh in the sealed inside WAXTITE bag. Sold by all grocers.



## Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

## "I'm never tired now My FAT is GONE!"

"Every fat woman knows how tired her feet get. I was so much overweight that I couldn't walk or dance for very long—without suffering agonies in my arches. Besides, I never had any pep—always felt as if I had been dragged through a knot-hole."

### My Energy Returned As My Fat Went

"After I started taking the BonKura treatment, I began to feel more peppy, and by the time I had lost 30 pounds, I stopped feeling tired after being on my feet."

Women all over Australia have written us experiences similar to this one. Many have tried to get rid of their exhausting fat by starving diets and strenuous exercises. Then, when these means proved too violent, they turned to BonKura—the easy reducing treatment.

BONKURA — all Chemicals — 6/6. How many pounds would you like to lose? 15, 20, 30 or more? Don't despair because other methods have failed you. Get a bottle of BonKura from the nearest chemist and start reducing to-day. No starving. You are advised to eat down on very fattening foods, but you can eat satisfying meals of sensible, healthful foods, as explained in BonKura package. If your chemist cannot supply BonKura, enclose Postal Note for 6/6 to Schaffer & Co., Box 2081, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you Post Free in plain wrapper.



## Is Your Beauty Being Spoilt by Unwanted Hair?



WHAT a shame so many women should allow their looks to be ruined by unnecessary hair. Some do not realize that there is nothing that men dislike so much. Others feel there's no alternative but a razor, and they know that razors only make the hair grow thicker and coarser than before. What a pity they do not know about Creme La-ne-ta yet!

Creme La-ne-ta is the greatest boon to feminine hairiness that science ever discovered. It isn't a "depilatory" with the awful smell you've heard of. But it DOES dissolve hair. Amazingly! Every trace of it goes almost instantly, and when it does grow again you will notice that it gets weaker and weaker.

Creme La-ne-ta is something entirely new and different—the perfect way at last. Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for Creme La-ne-ta and be sure to get this genuine British Creme.

Extra Large Tube 2/9

Trial Size Also Stocked

Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for Creme La-ne-ta.

Creme La-ne-ta



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

## ★★ THE 39 STEPS

Robert Donat, Madeleine Carroll.  
(G.B.)

JOHN BUCHAN'S war-time spy tale, brought up to date and adapted, is rattling good material for a film. As with most spy and detective stories, the weakest part is the plot. There are several points to query, and the long arm of coincidence could stretch no further. But what matter? Leaving on one side the whos and whys and hows, the action is speedy, there are some good surprises, and both players and direction are excellent.

The details of manners and customs and the vignettes of character in various classes of society are well observed and very witty. There is the jocular audience at the East End music hall, with which the film opens; the pair of commercial travellers on the Flying Scotsman; the middle-aged crofter in the lonely Highlands, jealous of his young wife; the political meeting into which Robert Donat barges after mingling with the Salvation Army procession in his attempt to escape. Donat's ready gagging, when he finds himself thrust into the embarrassing position of star speaker, makes this episode one of the highlights, rivalled only by his yawning recital of a fabricated family history to the beauteous Madeleine Carroll, still suspicious and very indignant at being dragged "through bush, through briar," not to mention running brooks. A high-spirited performance all round, which is well worth seeing.—*State*, com. Sep. 20.

## ★★ IN CALIENTE

Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien. (Warner Bros.)

AT the beginning of this musical film Pat O'Brien, as editor of a smart magazine, shows a turn of speed unusual even for a New York editor. But that may be because he is making up for time lost through being drunk. It is in order to sober him up and also to free him from the clutches of a prehensile blonde (Glenda Farrell) that his worried financial backer (Edward Everett Horton) removes him by aeroplane to Caliente, where the fun starts when a dancer (Dolores Del Rio) whom he has chosen up in one of his criticisms, discovers his identity without his knowing hers.

The story is the usual slender thread, and ends with the expected pairings. It is the color and rhythm and melodies that lend buoyancy. There is a most graceful exhibition by two specialty dancers. Furthermore, Miss Del Rio, who has no great range of expression, finds here a part to suit her exactly. She is certainly a beautiful creature, whether in her particularly scanty bathing dress or in voluptuous gowns for the café—Capitol and King's Cross; com. Sep. 20.

## ★★ PRIVATE WORLDS

Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer. (Paramount.)

PSYCHOLOGICALLY this film breaks new ground, for, though the situation between the principals is familiar enough, the working out of the "Physician, heal thyself" motive among the presumably level-headed doctors of a mental hospital affords interesting parallels and contrasts. Some of the sequences, too, are admirably dramatic; in particular, Joan Bennett's fall down the staircase on the night of the storm, as she waits in a state of bewildered unhappiness caused both by her husband's (Joel McCrea) flirtation with the worthless vamp (Helen Vinson) and his intellectual companionship with Claudette Colbert.

Miss Colbert is less satisfactory as a psychiatrist. She is too much her usual alluring self. And there is the difficulty of her age, which must be forty-ish if this piece belongs to the present, and she lost her first love in the war. Charles Boyer, on the other hand, makes his part of hospital superintendent quite different from the exuberant pipey fiddler of "Caravan," or the proud and subtle Oriental in "The Barbe." But how did he come to have Helen Vinson for a sister? Still, this is a film of considerable merit.—*Prince Edward*, com. Aug. 31.

## ★ IN OLD KENTUCKY

Will Rogers, Dorothy Wilson. (Fox.)

SPECIAL interest, touched with melancholy, attaches to this film, since Will Rogers' death is so fresh in our minds. In his usual vein of casual, philosophic humor Rogers plays the part of a ranch-house trainer. Full of quips and kindness as ever, he guides the young owner (Dorothy Wilson) of a promising colt to success on the course and in love, and with Bill Robinson's tuition he shows creditable form as a tap dancer. There is a good deal of lively action and plenty of innocent amusement. What with the misings that befall the colt and the habit of the heroine's old father of taking pot shots at the neighbor with whom he has a long-standing dispute, we are kept on the go until the climax of a race that must go down in the annals as unique. But the plummiest ingredient of this amusing piece is the old rain-maker,

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

with his fantastic apparatus, a cross between the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland" and a Heath Robinson drawing. "Conditions are favorable" is the piping refrain of this worthy. As regards the film altogether, they certainly are.—*State*, com. Sep. 20.

## ★ PUBLIC HERO No. 1

Chester Morris, Jean Arthur.  
(M.-G.-M.)

IN the light of President Roosevelt's recent words that "the spirit of violence is un-American," it is unfortunate that there has been an increase in Hollywood films illustrating the motives and activities of gunmen. There is a brutality about this film with its scenes in prison and among gangsters at large which is hardly palliated by the disclosure that Chester Morris, the apparently obstreperous criminal, is a policeman in disguise. Still, the story is capably presented and dramatic, though rather prolonged. Jean Arthur, with her sincere portrayal of emotion, carries off the part of an honest girl trying to shield a brother who "is only wanted for one murder"; and Lionel Barrymore's sketch of a doctor who through drink has become an associate of crooks is well drawn.—*Cameo*, com. Sep. 14.

## ★ SILK HAT KID

Lew Ayres, Mae Clarke. (Fox.)

GANGSTERS, in the practice of their profession or reformed, are a constantly recurrent feature of Hollywood films lately. But we have not seen them combined with this brand of social uplift before, supporting a settlement house for slum boys, where brotherly love and "athletics" are inculcated side by side. So as not to defraud the audience of the usual gunplay, one ex-gangster (Paul Kelly), backslides and proposes to install roulette tables in his blanchet cabaret, thereby defying a gang that insists on "muscling in." He does this because he is peevish with the other ex-gangster (Lew Ayres), who has become boxing instructor at the settlement house and cut him out with the sweetly earnest young social-worker (Mae Clarke). However, Kelly and Ayres fight it out in ding-dong fashion with the padre to referee, and Kelly is consoling for the loss of the girl by taking home his newly-discovered infant son. It is quite well done, and in all right if you can believe it.—*Capitol and King's Cross*, com. Sept. 20.

## ★ VAGABOND LADY

Robert Young, Evelyn Venable.  
(M.-G.-M.)

COMEDIES of this class invariably prefer the harum-scarum younger brother to his pious, unimaginative elder, just as in fairy tales it is always the youngest of the three princes who wins the hand of the fair princess. Yet, in real life there would be drawbacks to accepting this roving hero (Robert Young) easily perceived by anybody but the heroine (Evelyn Venable), who has a passion for eating gumdrops, encouraged by her disreputable old father, a very unconvincing character to be janitor of a large emporium. The part that intrigued us most was the way the yacht navigated herself without assistance through the storm, while passengers and crew were below either fighting or helplessly intoxicated.—*Cameo*, com. Sep. 14.

## ★ IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK

Gertrude Michael, Heather Angel, Lyle Talbot. (Universal.)

THERE is a good deal of truth in the contrasted attitudes of the film star and the film fan in this picture. Gertrude Michael, as the first, is trying to take a quiet holiday away from Hollywood, and we sympathize with her fatigue when she finds that her publicity agent has arranged for Press interviewers and the public to storm the barriers on the arrival of the 20th Century Limited express at the New York terminus. Indeed, we should have expected her to throw a little more temperamental about. That, too, is good publicity, of course. Heather Angel, meanwhile, as one of the humble adorners of Miss Michael, counts it pure felicity to get a sight of her in the flesh—that is, until she discovers that the star, in escaping from the train at an earlier station, has caught in her toils the taxi-driver (Lyle Talbot) who happens to be Miss Angela's fiancé.



A STUDY of Rene Ray which suggests wistful charm and humor combined in an unusual and attractive personality.

# A TRICKSY Little SPRITE

## RENE RAY

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

Beauty of one kind or another is so usual among film heroines that it is almost commonplace. It is desirable, but not, after all, the chief and only requirement of a young actress. There are other qualities more important.

Rene Ray, who will shortly be seen in her first big film role playing opposite that dynamic actor Conrad Veidt in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," is a case in point. Though she has her fair share of good looks, she is no conventional beauty. But she has that touch of individuality that can easily be more attractive than perfect features.

RENE RAY is small, like Bergner, but she makes up in energy for what she lacks in inches. She is a bit of quicksilver, swift in her movements, and full of activity.

She is under no illusions herself as to her chances if she entered a beauty competition. But many a girl who has won an introduction to films that way has not gone very far. Miss Ray prefers to rely upon her acting ability.

In fact, she does not care to monkey with her appearance as others have done. All this grooming and striving for glamor—where does it get you? Well, as we have seen in many instances, it produces a rather negative result. Those young actresses who a while back were so busy bleaching their hair, and plucking their eyebrows, and cultivating slinkiness, or acquiring pep succeeded too often in making themselves like the rest of the crowd. You could hardly tell them apart.

In some cases, of course, when their original type was distinctive they managed to look different; but the effect was too exotic to be real. One notices now an inclination to abandon these methods of heightening charm and acquiring glamor.

Take Merle Oberon, for example, whose face when we last saw it in "The Man From the Folies Bergeres" was no more than a mask. It is interesting to note that, according to latest reports, Miss Oberon has decided to go all

natural again. The exaggerated Oriental eyebrows and the other artificial touches have gone into the discard. Now, perhaps, she will be at liberty to smile. Joan Crawford, too, has been toning down the make-up she was wearing some time ago. The over-full lips have reverted more or less to their original shape.

Miss Ray, however, though she uses no more make-up than is strictly necessary on the set and practically none in private life, is by no means neglectful of her appearance. It is just that she regards beauty as being more dependent upon health than upon beauty doctors. And there are certain rules of health that she sticks to.

She is a believer in the old idea that an hour or two's sleep before midnight is the real beauty sleep, and worth much more than hours of slumbering when the sun is up.

So she makes it a principle to be in bed by eleven o'clock, and when she is working she often retires at nine.

## Insomnia

THIS matter of sleep has caused some difficulty, for like other people with abounding energy and lively imagination she has found that to go to bed and to go to sleep are not necessarily the same thing.

Some time ago she was very much troubled by sleeplessness, and, as she feels that for work in the studio she must be absolutely fresh, she evolved an idea of her own for curing the dis-

tress of insomnia. She had a small wireless set put in her bedroom and turned it down so low, when she got into bed, that she could hardly hear it. The slight effort required to distinguish what was coming through was just enough to induce the extra bit of necessary fatigue, and to take her mind off the day's happenings, and the trick was done! She dropped to sleep in no time.

With regard to food, Miss Ray has no particular fads, or system of diet, except that she favors the notion of one liquid day a week. Soups and milk and so on she finds are sufficiently sustaining by themselves just so often, and they give the digestion a rest.

Otherwise she holds fast to the old-fashioned maxim that you ought always to rise from table feeling that you could eat a little more.

This dancing imp with the laughing blue eyes is a firm believer also in limbering up and keeping fit through exercise. She plays squash racquets enthusiastically, and also swims and rows. But those forms of healthful recreation cannot be included regularly. So she makes it a point every day, no matter how early she has to get up, to do 12 high kicks and 12 back kicks, and a few practice steps before breakfast.

She considers that for the care of the skin a good soap is adequate, with an astringent lotion to follow washing. Her fair hair is assiduously brushed, and very frequently shampooed. Now and then she gives it a warm oil treatment. That is all.

## Accomplished

NOBODY could be less of a poseuse than Miss Ray. She never pretends to be able to do things that are beyond her. But, as a matter of fact, this gay, winsome little girl is unusually accomplished outside the realm of acting. She has a decided talent for water-color drawing, painting in oils, and doing line cuts. Nor do her artistic gifts lie only in this direction. She can sing, too. Those pursuits, however, are less surprising than her keenness about archaeology, of which she has made a serious study.

Altogether her many-sided personality is very engaging, and one looks forward to seeing her in a part where she will have a real opportunity.



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Mr. Bruce Smith, who nowadays seldom leaves his beautiful home and garden at Bowral, spent a few days in town last week, accompanied by his daughter—who is affectionately known to wide circle of friends as "Tosh"?

## Succulent Hobby

**MUSHROOM**—GROWING absorbing new interest with home gardeners. . . . Chief symptom of those infected with this microbe is feverish conversation on subject, punctuated with delirious references to chemical fertilisers and the idiosyncrasies of spawn. . . . Violet Sewell, whose garden at Hunter's Hill, terraced to waters of Parramatta River, is joy to behold, terribly keen mushroomer. . . . Friends, visioning succulent suppers to come, all encouragement.

Choice flowers and numerous messages of inquiry arriving daily at St. Luke's for Mrs. C. J. Pope, who is now making good recovery from recent operation. Meanwhile, daughter Moira is charming youthful chatelaine at Tresco.

## For the East

**LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. LONGFIELD LLOYD** and their three boys sailed by the Neflore on Saturday for the East, where their home will be for next three years. . . . Colonel Lloyd newly-appointed Australian Trade Commissioner for Japan. . . . Travellers looking forward with keen interest to new modes of life in a fascinating country.

## Stockholm Calls

**MRS. T. F. FURBER**, after a year's travel, is contemplating returning in December. . . . Although many visits have been paid Continent, on previous trips Stockholm had been missed out. . . . This time Venice of North is mecca for traveller, who is accompanied by Mrs. Perry. . . . Holland and Belgium also getting once over.

**Wing-Commander and Mrs. Thomas**, from India, are at present holidaying at Hotel Pacific, Manly.

## Chamber Music

**SYDNEY** can now be said to have hall-mark of a great city. . . . Credit due to leading hostesses who give musicales in own homes. . . . This form of entertaining long in vogue in London and Continental cities with any pretence to culture. . . . Excellent music enjoyed in perfect setting greatly appreciated by guests at first musicale of season given by Miss Fairfax at Ginahgulla, her beautiful old home at Bellevue Hill.

## Charity Matinees

**EXQUISITE** Chinese figurines, Derby china groups, and curious Toby jugs will take the stage at Savoy Theatre at charity matinees on September 23 and 24. . . . Lady Hore-Ruthven promises to be present at first of performances, which will aid Kindergarten Union and Society of Arts and Crafts. . . . Members of latter painting lovely fans for use in tableaux. . . . Players' Club contributing several one-act plays to programme.

## Striking Earrings

**MRS. L. DE NOSKOWSKI**, wife of Consul-General for Poland, has great penchant for unusual earrings. . . . Included in lovely collection is beautiful pair of hand-wrought silver purchased in Sydney. . . . Much rejoicing over two gorgeous antique pairs brought back from Poland by Mr. de Noskowski on recent tour abroad.

## Arums Au Naturel

**FLORAL** decorations of the Basilica for wedding of Madge and Cyril beautifully demonstrated the supreme suitability of arums in their pristine white and gold-hearted beauty for bridal setting. . . . Fred Searl, the floral artist who carried out the scheme, had only one lot of the lovely flowers tinted—those in Madge's bouquet, which were done in a mel-low parchment tone to match the bridal gown.

## Bride From London

**ACCOMPANIED** by her mother, Mrs. Fred Burley, Margaret Burley came from London for her wedding in Sydney with Romilly Harry, of Adelaide. . . . Arrangements for marriage mostly made by telephone from Adelaide to Sydney. . . . Romilly motored up from City of Churches at week-end. Future home to be in Adelaide. . . . Bridesmaid Jean Davidson engaged to Margaret's brother Keith. . . . She will travel to England shortly with Mrs. Burley, and marriage will take place soon after arrival.

## Inimitable!

**INIMITABLE** French vivacity and charm of Madame Staal and her artistic gifts completely captivated audience at her recital of old French songs, in costume, at Women's College on Thursday night. . . . Delighted laughter provoked by Madame's explanatory translations of songs in piquant, whimsical English. . . . Old World costumes perfectly lovely. . . . Impending departure of Madame Staal with consular husband for new post abroad most regrettable. . . . Mr. Laurence Godfrey Smith shared honors of evening. . . . Vigorous applause greeted his piano-forte solos. . . . Evening arranged to assist funds of University Settlement.



## Happy Tour

**MUCH** ground covered by Mr. and Mrs. Byron Wrigley during recent four months' tour of America. . . . Mr. Wrigley's mother visited at home in Philadelphia to introduce to her baby son, Michael. . . . New York's latest shows and night clubs sampled, and famous film stars met in Hollywood. . . . Mrs. Wrigley extremely smart in black suit and hat and marvellous silver fox cape at welcome-home party given by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Bancks.

**Unpacking chic new frocks and jablals** is chief occupation of Mrs. John Barriskill and her sister, Joan Simpson, since return by Aorangi from trip to England. Homeward journey through Canada full of interest. Dr. Barriskill early arrival at wharf to welcome travellers.

## Sumptuous Furs

**ASTONISHING** number of sumptuous silver fox capes worn at Romano's on Saturday. . . . Mrs. John Fairfax had gorgeous one with her beautiful moulded silver lame gown. . . . Black lacquered satin belt and two silver arum lilies, lined with black net, set at the V neckline striking accessories. . . . Leaving very new son, Timothy, safely at home in his crib, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Allen joined throng. . . . Nuttle Mackellar and Walter Pye completed jolly foursome.



## Japanese Charm

**AMONG** the many gifts which distinguish the Japanese Envoy, Mr. Katsuji Debuchi, is his manner of shaking hands. . . . Firm, cordial grip with which he clasped the hand of each guest at reception given in his honor by the Japanese Consul-General and Madame Mural delighted everyone. . . . Deep, ceremonious bows exchanged with other Japanese guests. . . . Madame Mural, a charming little figure in beautiful rose beige kimono, embroidered in delicate pastel silks, and wonderful obi, perfect hostess. . . . Japanese pictures on walls, antique, carved cherrywood furniture, quaintly twisted miniature pine trees in lovely jars, spiced bamboo-shoots and other Japanese dainties among savories and cocktails unusual and delightful features of party.

## Efficient Lieutenant

**LOTS** of nice things said about Mrs. Marie Irvine's untiring efforts as acting-president of Guild of Empire during Mrs. David Maughan's absence in England, at party given by members on Wednesday. . . . Mrs. Maughan lent charming Bellevue Hill home for happy gathering. . . . Profusion of lovely flowers in pretty lounge-rooms. . . . Azaleas and other spring beauties in garden much admired. . . . Mrs. Maughan assisted in receiving guests by Mrs. W. A. McIntyre, Mrs. E. R. Bloomfield, and Miss Ena Fairlie-Cunningham.

**Beautiful flowers and lots of good wishes** bestowed on Alice McGregor at cheery party given by Mrs. J. A. Snowden at State ballroom last week. Alice's wedding to Maxwell Connors will be celebrated at St. Mary's on September 28.

## Visiting Bout

**GREAT** interchanging of visits in A. T. Anderson home circle. . . . Mrs. Anderson went recently to Melbourne to stay with daughter, Mrs. Alan Foott. . . . Last week, Mrs. Foott motored her back to Sydney, and after few days at parental home, Ball Green, Turramurra, set out on return journey, accompanied by General Anderson. . . . Many detours made on trip to Sydney. . . . Friends visited at Goulburn, Canberra, and Sutton Forest. . . . Scenic beauties of road impressed. . . . Near Albury snow-capped mountains glimpsed across fields of vivid green, growing crops.

## Vice-Regal Guests

**LADY MAWSON** and her mother, Mrs. Delprat, of Melbourne, left Sydney by car on Sunday for Canberra, where they were the guests of the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs at Government House for a day or two. . . . During short visit to Sydney they had a flat at the Astor. . . . Intend motoring to Melbourne from Canberra, and Lady Mawson will stay with Mrs. Delprat before returning to home in Adelaide.

## Have You Noticed—

**Smart trousseau frocks and accessories** worn by recent bride, Mrs. M. F. Vigeveno, at frequent visits to Royal Sydney Golf Club?



THE CHARMING BABE pictured here with his lovely young mother is Edward Granville, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fabry. The beautiful Brussels lace christening-robe he is wearing was made specially for him in Belgium.

Montgomery Dunn photo

Jane Anne







# A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

whose physician told her  
ten years ago how to keep  
her children well



HERE is a mother, who, with her three children, has been enjoying the blessings of perfect health ever since her doctor told her the secret ten years ago!

She is Mrs. J. A. Sullivan. Her letter and the pictures she sends with it of these happy, healthy children, tell the story better than we can.

"I am enclosing several photographs of my youngsters," she writes. "We are enthusiastic Nujol users, and have been ever since my oldest boy, who is now ten, was a baby, when my doctor advised me to give him Nujol."

"I have seen all three of them through all the children's diseases, which invariably come with school age. However, no complications have ever occurred, nor have any bad after-effects developed, and I have always felt that this was due to the regular habits acquired by the systematic use of Nujol."

Why don't you follow Mrs. Sullivan's example, and see what Nujol will do for you when you take it regularly?

Bring up your children on it to be regular as clock-work. It cannot hurt them; it is perfectly pure and absolutely harmless, and it forms no habit. Nujol is just a lubricant and is not absorbed by the body at all. Nujol comes in two forms, plain and Cream of Nujol, which is favored and is often preferred by children. You can take both forms of Nujol at any chemist.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user of Nujol, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stance (Aust.) Ltd., Box 1476, G.P.O., Sydney.



## Three Years of Misery All Due to Being Anaemic

"For the last three years I have been absolutely miserable all because I was so anaemic," states Miss E.M.C. of Coolah, N.S.W. "I got flushees across the face, severe headaches, pains, and always felt tired. I became very run down and started to have dizzy attacks and wavings before my eyes. At last my mother strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result of taking these wonderful pills is that I am now in perfect health. They have built up my blood and banished the headaches and other miseries. I feel and look years younger. For which I have to thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every woman and girl needs Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when bloodlessness attacks the system. These pills are compounded of invaluable ingredients that help to make rich red blood. This new blood, when infused into the body, drives away the miseries of anaemia, restores the nerves, improves appetite and digestion, and banishes breathlessness, palpitation, and flushes.

The benefits obtained from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are thorough and lasting, so if you are anaemic, nervous, tired out and miserable, start taking these pills without delay. At chemists and stores. 3/- bottle. Say "Dr. Williams'" and take no other.\*\*\*

## YOUR GREY HAIR

It tells the tale of advancing years, not always desirable in social or commercial life. Allen's Mexican Walnut Balm will restore the natural colour and lustre. The treatment is simple, private, rapid, and unfailing. You get the happiest results every time. Bring back youthful freshness and allure by using Dr. Allen's Mexican Walnut Balm. It is known as Black as all chemists, 4/- per bottle, made by Felton, Grimwade & Thordine, Ltd., Melbourne.

# GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 5

THE matter was allowed to drop. Towards the end of January the Taverners were in London again, only to set forth a week later for Osterley Park. Even Peregrine, who had plunged once more into the pleasures of town, thought an invitation from Lady Jersey too flattering to be declined. He raised no objection, and, indeed, after settling-day at Tattersall's, was inclined to think that a further stay in the country would be a very good thing.

"Yes," agreed his cousin dryly. "A very good thing if at the end of one week in town you can tell me you are floored."

"Oh, well!" replied Peregrine. "It is not as bad as that, I daresay. I have had shocking bad luck, to be sure. Fitz gave me the office to back Kiss-in-a-Corner. I turned the brute up in Betty's Calendar—a capital sleep-chaser! Yet what should win that particular race but Turn-About-Tommy, whom I'll swear no one had ever heard of! Never was there such ill-luck! I am not so well-up in the stirrups as I should like, but I daresay my luck will have turned by the time I am back from Osterley."

"I hope it may. You do not look very well. Are you in health?"

"Oh, never better! If I look a trifle baked to-day that is because Fitz and Audrey and I had a pretty batch of it last night." He pulled out his snuff-box, and offered it. "Do try some of my mixture! It is famous stuff, quite the thing!"

"Is this the snuff you were given at Christmas? No, I thank you! With Judith's eyes upon me I dare not be seen taking scented snuff."

"Well, you very much mistake the matter," said Peregrine, helping himself, and shutting the box. "Even Peterham pronounced it to be unexceptionable!"

"But I care more for Judith's opinion than for Peterham's."

"Oh, lord! That's nonsensical!" said Peregrine with brotherly scorn.

He soon took himself off to join Mr. Fitzjohn, and Mr. Taverner, turning to Judith, who sat quietly sewing by the fire, said: "Is he in health? He looks a trifle sickly, I think. Or do I imagine it?"

"He has not been in good health," Judith replied. "He had a troublesome cough—a chill caught on our journey to Worth, but I believe him to be quite on the mend now."

"You do right to take him out of London. Another run of bad luck, and he will be quite in the basket, as they say."

She sighed. "I cannot stop him gambling, cousin. I can only trust in Lord Worth. He is keeping Perry on an allowance, and I believe has an eye to him."

"An eye to him! If you had said an eye to his fortune I could more readily believe you! I have it on the authority of one who was present that Lord Worth rose from the macao-table at Watier's a couple of months ago with vowels of Perry's in his pocket to the tune of four thousand pounds!"

SHE looked up with an expression of startled alarm in her face, but was prevented from answering him by the entrance of Captain Audley. The captain had been walking down Brook St., and would not pass the house without coming in to pay a morning call. Miss Taverner made the two men known to each other, and was glad to see that no such formal civility had been the result of presenting her cousin to Worth was the outcome of this introduction. Captain Audley's manners were too easy to permit of it. A cordial handshake was exchanged; Mr. Taverner made some polite reference to the captain's wound; and the talk was directed at once to events in the Peninsula. The news of the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo had not long been made known; there was plenty to say, and half an hour passed apparently to both men's satisfaction. Upon the captain's departure Mr. Taverner acknowledged him to be a very pleasant fellow, and one whom he was glad to make the acquaintance of; and in discussing him the original subject of conversation was forgotten. It was recalled to Judith's mind later, and when she saw Peregrine again she repeated what their cousin had said, and declared to know the truth of it.

Peregrine was vexed. He colored, and said in a dispassioned voice: "My cousin is a great deal too busy! What concern of his are my affairs?"

"But, Perry, is it true, then? Do you owe money to Lord Worth? I had not thought it to have been possible!"

"No such thing. I wish you will not bother your head about me!"

"Bernard said he had it from one who was present."

"Lord, cannot you let it be? I did play macao at Worth's table, but I don't owe him anything."

"Bernard said Lord Worth has vowels of yours amounting to four thousand pounds."

"Bernard said! Bernard said!" exclaimed Peregrine angrily. "I can tell

you, I don't care to recall that affair! Worth behaved in a damned unpleasant fashion—as though it were anything extraordinary that a man with my fortune should drop a few thousands at a sitting!"

"That he—your guardian!—should win such a sum from you!"

"Oh, do not be talking of it for ever, Judith! Worth tore up my vowels, and that is all there is to it."

She was conscious of a feeling of relief out of proportion to the event. The loss of four thousand pounds would not be likely to cause Peregrine embarrassment, but that Worth should win considerable sums of money from him shocked her. She had not believed him capable of such impropriety; she was happy to think that he had not been capable of it.

THE visit to Osterley Park passed very pleasantly, and the Taverners returned to London again midway through February with the intention of remaining there until the Brighton season commenced. Nothing was much changed in town; no new diversions were offered; no startling scandal had cropped up to provide a topic for conversation. It was the same round of balls, assemblies, card-parties, theatres; with concerts of ancient music in Hanover Square, or a visit to Bullock's Museum, just opened in Piccadilly, for those of a more serious turn of mind. The only novelty was supplied by Mr. Brummell, who created a slight stir by the announcement that he was reforming his way of life. Various were the conjectures as to what drastic changes this might mean, but when he was asked frankly what his reforms were he replied in his most ingenuous manner: "My reforms—ah, yes! For instance—I sup early; I take a little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne about twelve, and my man gets me to bed by three."

Please turn to Page 34



## To STOP a Headache

Just take two tablets of Bayer Aspirin. There's no speedier way—and no safer way. And if you saw Bayer Aspirin made, you would know why it is of such uniform, dependable action. No disagreeable taste or odour. No harmful percentage of free salicylic acid to upset the stomach. Nothing to depress the heart.

You could take these tablets every day in the year without ill effects. Nothing else will give you the same quick, complete relief.

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## THIRD Time UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 18

"RATHER!" returned Harkness with enthusiasm. "I've fished near by. Well, a safe and pleasant run."

"Thanks. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," repeated Harkness as he hung up the receiver. Then he folded and slipped into his pocket the sheet of paper on which, during the conversation, he had jotted down a few notes, and rang for Rawlings.

"Look up the trains for Fulborough," he said, glancing at his watch. It said six o'clock.

Professor Harkness alighted at Fulborough Station within a few minutes of half-past nine.

It is doubtful whether his most intimate friend would have recognised him, because this was one of the very rare occasions on which he had resorted to disguise.

An ancient mit of shabby, baggy tweeds hung loosely on his spare frame; one of his old golfing caps covered his head; and his chin was partly concealed by a short, iron-grey beard.

It was a cloudless summer's evening, and, thanks to daylight saving, was comparatively light. The sun had set only an hour before, and the west was still flushed with its dying glow.

The Professor made his way to the inn outside the station and regaled himself with a pint of ale and a crust of bread and cheese.

At ten o'clock, when the house closed, he left the inn, passed under the railway bridge, and took the westward road to Fittleworth.

He calculated that Clarstairs was by now about an hour on his way—probably approaching Horsham. He assumed that the stockbroker would follow the Billingshurst and Fulborough route, and turn into the road

he was then traversing at about eleven o'clock.

Concluding, therefore, that he had about an hour at his disposal, he threw his shoulders back, lengthened his stride and swung easily on his way to Fittleworth.

Rather less than an hour's brisk walking brought him to the centre of the village.

By this time darkness had fallen. There was no moon and only a few dim lights showed in the upper windows of the cottages he passed. But stars shone brightly in the deep purple sky, affording light enough for the purpose he had in view.

Shortly after passing the church, he turned up a narrow, sandy lane, and came presently to a pair of white carriage gates. Looking closely, he was able to make out the name painted on the top bars. It was Beech Knoll.

A drive wound between trees to the house he could see standing beyond a lawn, about fifty yards from the road.

The lower windows were brightly lighted, and now and again he saw passing figures silhouetted against the glare. The music of a gramophone or radio floated out on the still night air, but otherwise complete silence brooded over the spot.

Satisfied with what he had seen, Harkness was about to turn and retrace his steps to the main road, intending to await, on the corner, the stockbroker's arrival, when he heard the sound of voices approaching from the house.

He stepped quickly into the dense shadow of the hedge in which the gates were set. A moment or two later the figures of a man and a woman reached and stood by the gate.

"I can't understand you, Dolly," said a man's pleasing tenor voice.

"Why on earth did you ask him to come down? We've few enough chances of being alone as it is; and yet, as soon as we've an opportunity of being on our own, you spoil it. It makes me wonder whether you really do love me."

"You silly boy!" replied the woman, whose voice Harkness instantly recognised. "That's exactly why I have sent for him—because I love you more than anything on earth, more than life itself, more than my own immortal soul!"

"Darling!" exclaimed the man. "I believe you, with my whole heart. But, even then, I can't make out why you should have asked him to come down to-night—of all nights."

"It was a gesture—call it a discreet move, if you like. But something tells me he'll not come."

"But you told me he said he would!"

"I know. But I've a feeling that something may happen to prevent him."

"But surely he'd have phoned if he'd changed his mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," returned the woman lightly. "You know what some men are. But come, let's go in. Mootyn. I feel a little shivery."

WITHOUT

further speech, the pair turned from the gate, and Harkness, peering over the hedge, watched them for a moment as they sauntered towards the house.

Then he swung away from the hedge and hurried at his fastest down the lane.

"You fool!" he muttered to himself. "You utter fool!"

It was three o'clock the following morning before Harkness got back to his flat.

With some difficulty, he had finally succeeded in hiring a car at Fulborough to bring him up to town. He had dozed a little on the way, but was glad to get to bed and sleep soundly until Rawlings, entering with the tea, aroused him at eight o'clock.

At nine, the Professor passed into his study, and a few minutes later there came a ring on the phone.

"That you, Professor?" Detective-

Inspector Garton speaking. "Good morning, Garton. What's barking you so early?"

"I'm on a queer case. A man found dead in his flat by the janitor early this morning."

"Murder?" asked Harkness.

"That's what I'd like to know," returned the detective. "I'm on the spot now. Praps you'd like to run over?"

"What address?"

"Munster Gardens."

"Munster Gardens!" repeated Harkness slowly. Then he spoke eagerly, urgently.

"Is it No. 1040?"

"How the devil did you know?" came Garton's astonished voice.

"Never mind that—just now. I'm coming over—at once."

Harkness hung up, and in five minutes was speeding across the Park in a taxi.

A uniformed constable stood in the entrance of the block of flats where the Constable had their suite.

Harkness raced up the stairs to the second floor. On the landing, two plain clothes men appeared to be guarding a door.

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Please turn to Page 31



# THIRD Time UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 30

"PROFESSOR HARKNESS?" asked one, as the scientist approached.

Harkness nodded.

"Inspector Garton's expecting you," said the man, opening the door.

Detective-Inspector Garton, who, with his hands clasped behind his back, stood gazing out of the window opening on to the well of the building, swung round as Harkness entered.

"Ah, Professor," he cried, stepping forward. "First of all, I want to know how you knew this address."

"That can wait, Garton," replied Harkness gravely. "This I fear, is a man named, Carstairs."

Garton stared at the scientist with wide eyes and open mouth.

"Don't talk," added Harkness. "Let me get my own 'depressions' first."

He dropped on one knee and gently uncovered the head of the dead man. The face was distorted and discoloured. Stamp upon it there was an expression of mingled anger, agony and fear.

Down the centre of the forehead, from where the hair started to within an inch of the top of the nose, was a deep scratch.

Harkness took a magnifying glass from his pocket and closely examined the mark.

With a slight shudder, the scientist drew the rug over the dead man again and rose to his feet.

Silencing Garton with a gesture, he stood beside the corpse and looked slowly round the hall.

On a chair stood a suitcase. Beside it lay a pair of pigskin gloves. Over the back of the chair hung a leather motorist's coat.

"He was either going or coming, from the look of it," observed Garton, who had followed the direction of the Professor's gaze.

Harkness made no reply, but allowed his glance to wander here and there about the room. Then he stepped across to the fireplace, in front of which stood a Japanese screen.

In the hearth lay a tweed cap, of similar material to that of the suit of plus-fours the dead man was wearing.

Reaching down, Harkness very carefully picked up the cap with his gloved right hand. As he did so, there came a faint rattle on the tiles of the hearth.

Pushing the screen aside, he sank to his knees and searched around. Then, with a smothered exclamation, he drew the handkerchief from his breast pocket, dropped it over a small object, and transferred the two to his pocket.

"Have a look at that cap," he said, rising. "While I look round."

The detective took the article, smelted it, turned it inside out, read the maker's name, and then, holding it well away from him, appeared to admire its shape.

"A nice cap," he threw over his shoulder at Harkness, who was examining a glass specimen case fixed to the wall beside the fireplace.

The Professor turned, and walked over to the detective.

"The cap of death," he said, taking the article from the puzzled officer's hand.

"Now, I'd like to help you in the case, Garton," he smiled; "but if you want me to assist you, I must do so in my own way."

"Well, I don't mind admitting it's paid me in the past," laughed the detective.

"So it will in the present," Harkness assured him. "I don't wish to interfere in the routine work. Let that go on as usual."

"But I want you to get in touch, by phone, with the dead man's wife. She's staying at a house called Beech Knoll, Pittsworth, near Fulborough."

"We should have to do that in any case," returned Garton, with an official air.

"I know," agreed Harkness. "But do it now. There's the phone. It's a toll call. Fulborough double-seven-double-seven."

Garton picked up the receiver, dialled for tolls and gave the number.

"Can I speak to Mrs. Carstairs?" he asked, after waiting a few moments.

"Right!"

"They're calling her," he whispered aside to Harkness.

"That Mrs. Carstairs? . . . Good. This is Detective-Inspector Garton, of Scotland Yard. I'm sorry to say your husband's met with a very serious accident . . ."

"Let me take the phone now," whispered Harkness, elbowing Garton aside.

"Mrs. Carstairs, this is Professor Harkness speaking also. Yes, it's more serious than the inspector has told you."

"Now, it's imperative that you should come up to town to-day. Can you do that? . . . No; not to your flat, or to Scotland Yard, but to my place."

"Why? Oh, I think it will be more convenient for all concerned. Can you arrange to arrive at eight o'clock?"

"Very well."

"Er—there's just one other suggestion. Persuade Mr. Mostyn Marchmont to accompany you, if you can."

"You don't understand? Well, I can't very well explain over the phone. But I strongly advise it. In his interests. That's right. Yes; eight o'clock precisely. Straight to my flat, please. The police are at yours. Good-bye."

"Who the devil's Mr. Mostyn Marchmont?" demanded Garton as Harkness hung up.

"You'll know—this evening. Now, I must be off. You'd better arrive at ten to eight at my place, with a couple of men—in case of need. Good-bye for the present."

At eight o'clock to the minute the same evening Rawlings entered the study to announce Mrs. Carstairs and Mr. Marchmont.

Harkness rose, but did not advance to greet his visitors.

"I'm glad you're punctual, Mrs. Carstairs," he said. "Please sit down."

Then he turned to the man.

"We've not met before, Mr. Marchmont; but, knowing the deep interest you take in this lady, I thought it advisable for you to be present at this consultation."

The young man—for he looked barely thirty—flushed at the Professor's words, and seemed for a moment at a loss.

"Rawlings request Detective-Inspector Garton to step this way," said Harkness.

Mrs. Carstairs, looking pale and strained, moved uneasily.

"Professor Harkness," she said in her low voice, "I'm naturally terribly anxious to know what has happened to my husband."

"Your husband, Mrs. Carstairs," replied Harkness impressively, "is dead."

At that moment Inspector Garton entered the room, bowed to the visitors, and took a seat near the door.

Marchmont had started violently at the Professor's words, and looked from him to the woman, as though astonished.

Mrs. Carstairs pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then looked across at Harkness.

"Since the receipt of those wretched threatening letters I've been more or less prepared for this, as you'll understand, Professor. Yet, I feel almost too stunned for emotion. How I wish he'd gone to Scotland Yard as I begged of him!"

Harkness merely glanced at her. Then he opened a drawer and took from it the three letters to which she had referred.

"For the information of Inspector Garton, and for your enlightenment, Mr. Marchmont, I will briefly relate the tragic story of Mr. Carstairs' untimely death," began Harkness, looking from one to the other of his auditors.

"A few days ago," he went on, "Mrs. Carstairs called upon me. She was a stranger, but had heard of certain successes I have had in the detection of crime."

"She informed me that her husband had received three anonymous letters threatening his life. I have them here."

Harkness held up the three envelopes and replaced them on his desk.

Please turn to Page 46

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As a result young children are left to their own resources, or to already-harassed neighbors, and to avoid this the City Council of Newcastle-on-Tyne has formed a new municipal service known as "Temporary Mothers."

THESE women are employed by the Council and paid out of the rates. They receive 25/- a week and their fares and petty expenses. They begin work in the household at 8 a.m. and finish at six. Their services are free to the family concerned.

A member of the Newcastle Health Committee on a visit to London explained the scheme to me. "The council," he said, "has recruited a number of local women over thirty and of irreproachable character. They have been trained as houseworkers, good plain cooks, child nurses, and economical managers of homes. In each case they take over the whole running of the household."

At first the mothers regarded the plan with suspicion, but now that many of them have tried it, they are enthusiastic.

Other municipalities are considering adopting the Newcastle plan, which has already proved a success. London, however, has already something on the Newcastle lines, but it is a private organization, and is more for middle-class families. It goes by the delicious name of Universal Aunts, and these worthy women help any household for a very modest fee. I had a chat the other day with a charming young woman who deals with applications for help and also interviews prospective aunts.

### On Their Mettle

"THIS is the sort of application we get," said this Chief Aunt, handing me a note which read, "Could you send a reliable young woman to meet my small son on his return from school. Tell her to take him to the Hotel, where I have engaged a couple of rooms for them. I want her to go through his clothes, mend those that need it, and go to So-and-So's stores and get him what extra things she thinks he may require for a Cornish holiday. Then on Saturday morning I want her to see him off on the Cornish Riviera Express."

"Will you be able to find a girl who can do all that satisfactorily?" I asked.

"Do you?" was the reply. "You've no idea how splendidly responsible the average girl is if she is put on her mettle and allowed to do things her own way."

At this stage a girl, quite young, well dressed, and pleasing looking, was ushered in, and the Chief Aunt, though obviously a disciplinarian when necessary, soon put her at her ease. "Now tell me what you really like doing," said the Chief Aunt.

### Ready for Anything

"I WANT to be a daily companion," said the girl. "You know, read to someone, arrange the flowers, do the dusting, play accompaniments, and take the dog out."

"There's a note here from a lady whom you might suit admirably," said the Chief Aunt. "But she writes that she must have someone who can drive the car."

"I can do that. I've brought my driving license with my references," and she handed them over. These were looked through and discussed, and then the Chief Aunt gave her the prospective employer's address, and she went off happily to try her luck. "They often have to have eight or ten interviews at first before they learn how to ingratiate themselves with people and get the job," the Chief Aunt told me.

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# Mandrake the Magician

The Characters in this Great Serial are:

**MANDRAKE:** The master magician, who, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has incurred the enmity of **PROFESSOR SORCIN:** An eccentric scientist, whose supreme achievement has been the production of a terrible monster, **KLAGE:** A gorilla to whom Sorcin has given the brain of an

executed human criminal. Living with Sorcin, and terrorised by him is

**MARINA:** His ward, whom Mandrake has already befriended. Maddened by the enmity of Mandrake and Lothar towards Klage, Sorcin has made several efforts to murder his unwelcome guests, using, in his last attempt, a giant serpent. This attack, however, has just been foiled, and Sorcin himself seized by Lothar. Now read on.





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## GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 29

THE Duke of Clarence, after one more attempt to win Miss Taverner, returned to the siege of Miss Tynney Long, but in the clubs his chances of success were held to be slim, the lady having begun to show signs of favoring Mr. Wellesley Poole's suit.

At the beginning of March all other subjects of interest faded before a new and scintillating one. One name was on everybody's lips, and no drawing-room could be found without a copy of "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" lying upon the table. Only two cantos of this work had been published, but over these two everyone was in raptures. Lord Byron, sprung suddenly into fame, was held to have eclipsed all other poets, and happy was the hostess who could secure him to add distinction to her evening party. He had been taken up by the Melbourne House set; Lady Caroline Lamb was known to be madly in love with him, as well she might, for surely never had such beauty, such romantic mystery, clung to a poet before.

"Confound this fellow Byron!" said Captain Audley humorously. "Since 'Child Harold' came out none of you ladies will so much as spare a glance for the rest of us less gifted mortals!"

"Do not level that accusation at my head, if you please," replied Miss Taverner, smiling.

"I am sure if I have heard you murmur rapidly: 'Adieu, adieu! my native shore fades o'er the waters blue' once I must have heard you murmur it a dozen times! Do you know that we are all of us growing white-haired in the endeavor to be poets, too?"

"Ah, his poetry! I could listen to that for ever, but pray do not confuse

my admiration for that with a partiality for his lordship. I have met him at Almack's. I will allow him to be as handsome as you please, but he has such an air of pride, and puts on so much melancholy grandeur, that it gave me quite a disgust of him. He fixes his brilliant gaze upon one, bows, speaks two words in a cold voice, and that is all! It put me out of patience to see everyone flock about him, flattering, admiring, hanging on his lips. Only fancy! he was asked to dine in St. James Place with Mr. Rogers himself, came late, refused every course that was offered, and ended by dining on potatoes mashed up with vinegar, to the astonishment, as you may imagine, of all. I heard it from one who was present, and who seemed to be much struck. For my part I think it a piece of studied affectation, and cannot smile at it."

"Excellent! I am delighted," said the captain. "I need not try to emulate his lordship, I see."

She laughed. "Emulate such genius! No one could do that, I am sure. You must know that my abuse of Lord Byron has its root in pique. He barely noticed me! You will not expect me to do him justice after that!"

Lord Byron continued to obsess the thoughts of society; his connection with Lady Caroline was everywhere talked over, and exclaimed at; his verses and his person extravagantly extolled; even Mrs. Scattergood, who was not bookish, was able to repeat two or three consecutive lines of "Child Harold."

PEREGRINE, as might be supposed, was not much interested in his lordship. He had thrown off his cough, seemed to be in good health, and had only two things to vex him: the first, that Worth could not be prevailed upon to consent to his wedding-date being fixed; the second, that not even Mr. Fitzjohn would put his name up for membership of the Four-horse Club. This select gathering of all the best whips met the first and third Thursdays in May and June in Cavendish Square, and drove in yellow-bodied barouches to Salt Hill at a strict trot. There the members dined, either at the castle, or the windmill, having previously lunched at Turnham Green, and refreshed at the Magpies on Hounslow Heath. The return journey was made the next day, without change of horses. Judith could not see that there was anything very remarkable in the club's performance, but for fully two months the sum of Peregrine's ambition was to have the right to join that distinguished procession to Salt Hill, driving the bay horses, which (though the color was not absolutely enforced) were very much de rigueur. He could never see Mr. Fitzjohn dressed in the club's uniform without a pang, and would have given all his expensive waistcoats in exchange for a blue one with inch-wide yellow stripes.

"No, really, my dear Perry, I can't do it!" said Mr. Fitzjohn, distressed. "Besides, if I did, who should we get to second you? Peyton wouldn't, and Sefton wouldn't, and you wouldn't have asked me to put you up if you could have got Worth to do it."

"I am pretty well acquainted with Mr. Annesley," said Peregrine. "Don't you think he might second me?"

"Not if he has seen you with a four-in-hand," said Mr. Fitzjohn brutally. "Anyway, you'd be blackballed, dear old fellow. Try the Beningtons; I believe they are not nearly so strict, and there's no knowing but they may have a vacancy."

But this would by no means satisfy Peregrine; it must be the P.H.C. or nothing for him.

"The fact of the matter is," said Mr. Fitzjohn, frankly, "you can't drive, Perry. I will allow you to be a bracing rider, but I wouldn't sit behind you driving a team for a hundred pounds! Cow-handed, dear boy! Cow-handed!"

Peregrine bristled with wrath; but his sister broke into low laughter, and later reproduced the expression, which had taken her fancy, to her guardian. She came up with his curlicue when she was driving her phaeton in the park, and drawing alongside, said prettily: "I have been wishing to meet you, Lord Worth. I have a favor to ask of you."

His brows rose in surprise. "Indeed! What is it, Miss Taverner?"

She smiled. "You are not very gallant, sir. You must say: 'Anything in my power I shall be happy to do for you,' or, more simply: 'The favor is yours for the asking.'"

He replied in some amusement: "I mistrust you most when you are cajoling, Miss Taverner. What is this favor?"

"Why, only that you will contrive to get Perry elected to the Whip Club," said Judith in her most dulcet voice.

"My instinct for danger seldom fails me," remarked his lordship. "Certainly not, Miss Taverner."

Please turn to Page 35



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SHE sighed. "I wish you might. He can think of nothing else."

"Recommend him to approach his friend Fitzjohn. He might put him up even though I shall blackball him."

"You are very disagreeable. Mr. Fitzjohn is as bad. He says Perry is cow-handed."

"I imagine he might, but I can see no need for you to use the expression."

"Is it very vulgar?" inquired Judith. "I thought it excessively apt."

"It is extremely vulgar," said the Earl crushingly.

"Well," said Judith, preparing to drive on, "I am very glad I am not your daughter, Lord Worth, for you are a great deal too strict in your notions, I think."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the Earl, looking thunderstruck.

"Yes; are you surprised? You must know I should not like to have you for my father at all."

"I am relieved to hear you say so, Miss Taverner," said the Earl grimly. Miss Taverner bit back a smile at having put him out of countenance, bowed, and drove on.

It was some time before Peregrine could recover from his disappointment, but by the middle of April his thoughts took a turn in another direction, and he began to urge Judith to approach Worth on the subject of their spending two or three months at Brighton. She was very willing; London, from the circumstance of the Regent having celebrated his birthday on April 12, at Brighton, was growing already rather thin of company; and from all she had heard they would be in danger of missing their chance of acquiring a suitable lodging at Brighton if they delayed much longer. It was arranged between them that if Worth gave his consent Peregrine would drive down with their cousin to arrange accommodation for a date early in May.

The Earl gave his consent with the utmost readiness, but contrived to provoke Miss Taverner. "Certainly. It will be very desirable for you to go out of town for the summer. I had fixed May 12 as a convenient date, but if you like to go sooner, I daresay it can be arranged."

"You had fixed—!" repeated Miss Taverner. "Do you tell me you have already made arrangements for our going to Brighton?"

"Naturally. Who else should do so?"

"No one!" said Miss Taverner angrily. "It is for Peregrine and me to arrange! You did not so much as mention the matter to either of us, and we will not have our future arranged in this high-handed fashion!"

"I THOUGHT you wished to go to Brighton?" said the Earl.

"I am going to Brighton!"

"Then what is all this bustle about?" inquired Worth calmly. "In sending Blackader to look over suitable houses there I have done nothing more than you wanted."

"You have done a great deal more. Perry is going to drive down with my cousin to select a house!"

"He may as well spare himself the trouble," replied Worth, "there are only two to be had, and I hold an option on both. You must know that houses in Brighton for the season are excessively hard to come by. Unless you wish to lodge in a back street, you will be satisfied with one of the two Blackaders has found for you. One is on the Steyne, the other on the Marine Parade."

"He looked at her for a moment, and then lowered his gaze. 'I strongly advise you to choose the house on the Steyne. You will not like Marine Parade; the Steyne is a most eligible situation, in the centre of the town, within sight of the Pavilion—the hub of Brighton, in effect. I will tell Blackader to close with the owner. Thirty guineas a week is asked for the house, but, taking into account the position, it cannot be thought excessive.'"

"I think it ridiculous," said Miss Taverner indignantly. "From what my cousin has told me I should infinitely prefer to lodge on the Marine Parade. To be situated in the centre of the town, in the midst of all the bustle, can be no recommendation. I will consult with my cousin."

"I do not wish you to take the house on Marine Parade," said the Earl.

"I am sorry to disoblige you," said Miss Taverner, a martial light in her eye, "but you will have the goodness to instruct Mr. Blackader to hire that and no other house for us."

The Earl bowed. "Very well, Miss Taverner," he said.

Judith, who had anticipated a struggle, was left triumphant and bewildered. But the Earl's unexpected compliance was soon explained. Captain Audley, meeting Miss Taverner in the Park, got up beside her in the phaeton, and said: "So you are to go to Brighton, Miss Taverner! My doctor recommends sea-air for me; you will certainly see me there as well."

"We go next month," replied Judith. "We shall lodge on the Marine Parade."

HOT HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal.

# GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 34

"Yes, I was present when Blackader came back from Brighton. The place will be full this summer. There were only two genteel houses to be had, and one was on the Steyne—no very eligible situation for you, Worth thought."

Miss Taverner's lips parted; she turned her eyes towards the Captain, and regarded him with painful intensity. "He wanted me to choose the other?" she demanded.

"Why, yes! I am sure he had no notion of your lodging on the Steyne. It is very smart, no doubt, but you would have your front windows for ever stared into, and all your comings and goings gazed by young bucks."

"Captain Audley," said Miss Taverner, controlling herself with a strong effort, "you must get down immediately, for I am going home."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Captain, in lively dismay. "What have I said to offend you?"

"Nothing, nothing! It is only that I have remembered I have a letter to write which must be sent off without any loss of time."

Within a quarter of an hour Miss Taverner was seated at her desk, furiously mending her pen, her gloves and scarf flung down on the floor beside her. The pen mended to her satisfaction, she dipped it in the standish and drew a sheet of elegant, hot-pressed paper towards her. After that she sat nibbling the end of her pen while the ink slowly dried. At last she nodded briskly to herself, dipped the pen in the standish a second time, and began to write a careful letter to her guardian.

"Brook Street, April 19.

"Dear Lord Worth," she began, "I am afraid that I behaved badly this morning in going against your wishes

in the matter of the house at Brighton. Upon reflection I am bound to acknowledge that I did wrong. I write now to assure you that I have no real wish to stay on the Marine Parade, and shall obey you in lodging on the Steyne."

—Yours sincerely, Judith Taverner.

She read this through with a pleased smile, sealed it in an envelope, wrote the direction, and rang the bell for a servant.

The note was taken round by hand, but the Earl being out when it was delivered no answer was brought back to Miss Taverner.

By noon on the following day, however, the answer had arrived. Miss Taverner broke the seal, spread out the single sheet, and read:

"Cavendish Square, April 20.

"Dear Miss Taverner,—I accept your apologies, but although your promise of obedience must gratify me, it is now too late to change. I regret to inform you that the house on the Steyne is no longer on the market, but has been snapped up by another. I have this morning signed the lease of the one on Marine Parade.—Yours, etc., Worth."

"MY love!" cried Mrs. Scattergood, coming suddenly into the room, in her street-dress and hat, "you must instantly drive with me to Bond Street! I have seen the most ravishing sea-coast promenade gown! I am determined you must purchase it. Nothing could be more desirable, more exactly suited to the seaside! It is of yellow crepe de mullin, confined at the bosom and down the entire front with knots of green ribbons; and bound round the neck with, I think, three rows of the same. You may imagine how neat!

Please turn to Page 36



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Judith sprang up and screwing the Earl's letter into a ball hurled it into the empty grate. "I think," she said sternly "that Lord Worth is the most odious, provoking, detestable creature alive!"

Worth's duplicity, Worth's despicable strategy, Worth's infamous triumph possessed Miss Taverner's mind for many days. In all the business of choosing muslins, gauzes, French cambrics, and crepes for the making-up of gowns to wear at Brighton, plans for revenge on him were revolving in her head, and her thoughts wandered even when she was engaged in choosing between sandals made of white kid, and Roman boots of Denmark satin. Mrs. Scattergood was in despair, and when Miss Taverner cast an indifferent glance at two hats displayed by a milliner (the one an enchanting Lavinia chip tied down with sarsnet ribbons, and the other a celestial-blue bonnet with a jockey-front edged with honeycomb trimming) and said that she liked neither, her chaperon, seriously alarmed, spoke of sending for Dr. Baillie to prescribe a tonic.

Miss Taverner declined seeing a doctor, but continued to brood darkly over Worth's enormities. Somewhat to Peregrine's disappoint-

## GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 35

ment the Fairfords were not going to Brighton, but to Worthing instead, a resort much patronised by persons to whom the racket of Brighton was distasteful. Nothing but the discovery that Worthing was situated only thirteen miles from Brighton reconciled him to his sister's choice of watering-place and with the smallest encouragement he would have forgone all the gaiety of Brighton and secured lodgings at Worthing instead. But Judith was adamant, and he was forced to be content with the prospect of riding over to see his Harriet three or four times a week.

The time for their departure from London drew near; everything was in train; all that remained to be done was to pack their trunks, and to decide upon the route to be followed. There could be little question: all the advantages of the new road, which was shorter and in better condition than any other, were felt. At the most four changes only could be thought necessary, and with her own horses posted on the road Judith might expect to accomplish the journey in five hours or less. Twenty-eight stage coaches a day ran between London and Brighton during the season, but Peregrine could not discover that any of them made the journey in less than six hours. He was of the opinion that a light travelling chaise-and-four might very well accomplish it in five, though he, driving his currie, had every expectation of rivaling the Regent's performance in 1764 when, as Prince of Wales, he had driven a phaeton drawn by three horses. Reduced tandem-fashion from Carlton House to the Marine Pavilion in four hours and a half.

"Though I shan't drive unicorn, of course," he added, "I shall have four horses."

"My dear, you could not drive unicorn if you wanted to," said Judith. "Those tandems are the most difficult of all to handle. I wish I might go with you. I hate travelling boxed up in a chaise."

"Well, why don't you?" said Peregrine.

She had spoken idly, but the notion having entered her head it took root, and she began seriously to consider whether it might not be possible, she very soon convinced herself that there could be no harm in it; it might be thought eccentric, but she who took snuff and drove a perch-phaeton for the purpose of being remarkable could scarcely regard that as an evil. Within half-an-hour of having first mentioned the scheme she had decided to put it into execution.

## CHAPTER 16

IN spite of having assured herself that no objection could be made to it she was not surprised at encountering opposition from Mrs. Scattergood. That lady threw up her hands, and pronounced the plan to be impossible. She represented to Judith all the impropriety of rattling down to Brighton in an open carriage, and begged her to consider in what a boydenish light she must appear if she adhered to the scheme. "It will not do!" she said. "It is one thing to drive an elegant phaeton in the park, and in the country you may do as you please without occasioning remark; but to drive in a currie down the most crowded turnpike road in the country, to be quizzed by every vulgar Corinthian who sees you, is not to be thought of. It would look so particularly upon no account in the world must you do it! That sort of thing can be allowable only in such women as Lady Lade, and I am sure no one could wonder at whatever she took it into her head to do."

"Do not make yourself uneasy, ma'am," said Judith, putting up her chin. "I have no apprehension of being thought to rival Lady Lade. You can entertain no scruple in seeing me drive away with my own brother."

"Pray do not think of it, my love! Every feeling must be offended! But you only wish to tease me. I know, I am persuaded you have too much delicacy of principle to engage on such an adventure. I shudder to think what Worth would say if he were to hear of it!"

"Indeed!" said Judith, taking fire. "I shall not allow him to be a judge of my actions, ma'am. I believe my credit may survive a journey to Brighton in my brother's currie. You must know that my determination is fixed. I go with Perry."

No arguments could move her; entreaties were useless. Mrs. Scattergood abandoned the struggle, and hurried away to send off a note to Worth.

Upon the following day, Peregrine came to his sister and said with a rueful grimace: "Maria must have split on you, Ju. I've been at White's this morning, and met Worth there. The long and the short of it is you are to go in a chaise to Brighton."

An interval of calm reflection had done much to soften Miss Taverner's resolve; she could not but admit the justice of her chaperon's words, and was more than a little inclined to sub-

mit gracefully to her wishes. But every tractable impulse, every regard for propriety was shattered by Peregrine's speech. She cried out: "What? Is this Lord Worth's verdict? Do I understand that he takes it upon himself to arrange my mode of travel?"

"Well, yes," said Peregrine. "That is to say, he has positively forbidden me to take you up in my currie."

"And you? What answer did you make?"

"I said I saw no harm in it. But you know Worth; I might as well have spared my breath."

"You submitted? You let him dictate to you in that insufferable fashion?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Ju, I did not see that it was such a great matter after all. And, you know, I don't wish to quarrel with him just now, because I am in hopes that he will consent to my marriage this summer."

"Consent to your marriage? He has no notion of doing so! He told me as much months ago. He does not mean you to be married if he can prevent it."

Peregrine stared at her. "Nonsense! What difference can it make to him?"

SHE did not answer, but sat tapping her foot for a moment, glowering at him. After a pause she said curtly: "You agreed to it, then. You told him you would not drive me to Brighton?"

"Yes, in effect I did, I suppose. I daresay he may be right; he says you are not to be making yourself the talk of the town."

"I am obliged to him. I have no more to say."

He grinned at her. "That's not like you. What have you got in your head now?"

"If I told you, you would run to Worth with the news," she said bitterly.

"Be damned to you, Ju. I would not if you want to put Worth in his place. I wish you luck."

She looked at him, a glint in her eye. "I will lay you a level hundred, Perry, that I reach Brighton before you on May 12 driving a currie-and-four."

His jaw dropped; then he burst out laughing, and said: "Don't! You mad-cap, do you mean it?"

"Certainly I mean it."

"Worth goes to Brighton himself on the twelfth," he warned her.

"It would give me infinite pleasure to meet him on the road."

"Lord, I would give a monkey to see his face! But do you think you should? Will it not be remarked on?"

"Oh," she said, curling her lip. "The rich Miss Taverner is expected to astonish the world."

"Ay, very true; so it is! Well, I am game. It's time Worth tasted our mettle. We have been too easy with him, and he begins to interfere beyond what is reasonable."

"No word of it to Maria!" she said. "Not a murmur!" he promised gaily.

To be continued

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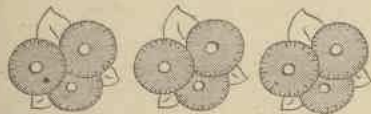
# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 21, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

37

## Every Little Girl Loves Pretty Frocks



SHEET OF SMALL applique designs for children's frocks. Transfer only. Measures 12in. x 12in. and gives six large bluebells, three quaint flower groups, and half a yard of border made up of a wee house, trees, and flowers. Price 1/-

CHILDREN, as well as grown-ups, are keenly alive to the charms of suitable clothing, new and fresh and well made; nothing is so heartening in the daily battle of school life, even in the kindergarten, as a really desirable frock. Now that knitting is set aside for a while during the warmer weather, it should be possible for every mother of a small maiden to add something beautiful to the little one's wardrobe.

The 3-way pattern shown here is of the utmost simplicity, and can be put together by machine in an hour or so. All the finishing and needlework touches can be added afterwards as pastime work; the result should be extremely gratifying to both the maker and the wearer. This is not mere theory; we know that it is true, because we have tried it. The three frocks shown can all be made from the one pattern. These are the quantities of material you will require, and brief directions for cutting and putting together.

The pattern costs 1/1 and is hand-cut in sizes to fit the 4 to 6-year-old. The hat pattern costs 3d., and the transfer 1/-.

### To Make the Frocks

IN order to make one of these delightful frocks illustrated here—also the hat—you will require 3 yards of 36-inch material and sufficient stiffened muslin for the hat brim. When cutting, allow for seams and hem.

There are 6 pattern pieces for the frock, half-back and front skirt, half-back and front yoke, sleeve, and sleeve band.

To cut the frock: Lay centre-back and front of skirt and centre-front of yoke to the fold of the material; cut sleeve and back yoke double. Place right-hand side of back yoke, sew opposite side between a wrap for placket; gather front skirt to fit front yoke, and stitch yoke down on to skirt.

Close placket and stitch right across back yoke to gathered back skirt; join underarm and sleeve seams; sew in sleeves.

Face lower edge of sleeve with a cross-way strip of material.

If the gathered sleeve is used, gather end of sleeve to fit armband, fold band in half, stitch one edge to end of sleeve, turn over, and stitch other edge down. Face neck with a cross-way strip of material. Turn hem to required length, sew press-studs down back opening.

To make the lace-trimmed frock, the lace at end of skirt and sleeves must be sewn one quarter of an inch in from raw edge, and then the material whipped at the back—this applies to the insertion at yoke. Stitch the insertion round skirt, then cut away material at the back, leaving enough to whip. Finish the neck with a neat edging of lace.

### To Cut and Make the Hat

THERE are two pattern pieces, brim and one section of the crown. Cut the brim from double material, then again from a piece of stiffened muslin. Cut the crown section four times. Tack

these pieces together, try on, and make any adjustments. Seam together.

Place brim lining on top of material brims, and stitch one quarter of an inch in from outer edge. Turn inside out, press, and machine close to outside edge; then add several more rows one-eighth of an inch apart.

Snip raw edge of brim equal distances apart to fit head, turn up edge of crown, and stitch down on to crown. Turn brim up all round.

### The Transfer

THIS measures 12 by 12 inches and costs 1/-. It gives six bluebells for dotting about a frock, three quaint

... And so that they may have them, Bertha Maxwell creates the sweetest 3-way pattern ... also a summery hat ... and a transfer sheet of the quaintest applique designs to decorate both hat and frocks

MATERIALS have never been prettier than they are to-day, and there are prices to suit every purse. Just a scrap of material, the patterns on this page, and this sheet of amusing applique designs, added to a few pleasant hours of needlework — and then a frock and hat of unusual prettiness for the 4 to 6-year-old... And thoroughly practical, too!

BELOW you see a sketch of the adorable little hat which can be made from linen, or the same material as that used for the frock. Hand-cut patterns of this exclusive design from The Australian Women's Weekly cost 3d.



EVERY little girl needs a few pretty frocks. They are so easy and cheap to make that it is rather astonishing that any little girl should be without them, for there must be someone who loves her and can sew a little. PETROV sketches Bertha Maxwell's exclusive party frock with lace, insertion and delicately tinted bluebells; play frock with border of wee house and trees, and school frock with quaint flower groups. Three-way pattern costs 1/1.

are green patches, the flowers are mere dots of odd colors, the ground lines are green or brown, and the houses may be blue or pink, with green doors and windows, and red or purple roofs. Fill in the roofs with some wavy stitches going across, and they will then be tiled beautifully. Put a thread of blue for the smoke.

All the designs are equally good for underwear.



**RESTORING TAN SHOES TO COLOR:** Tan shoes are very easily soiled, and often fade in parts to a lighter tan than the rest of the shoe. First wash the shoes in a solution of warm soda water, using a soft, dry flannel in the air, then rub with the inside of a banana skin, and afterwards polish all over with a dark tan polish. Copal varnish is the best thing to apply to make the soles waterproof, but it must be applied while the shoes are new or immediately after they have been resoled. Slightly warm the soles, also warm the varnish, and give two or three coats.

**BOTTLING PICKLES:** Before bottling pickles and similar preserves, boil the corks, and while still hot press into the bottle-neck. They will tighten up when they become cold and effectively seal the bottle.

**MILK BOTTLES:** Bottles that have had milk in them can be cleaned by putting a little rice inside and half-filling with water. Cork and shake thoroughly.

**TURPENTINE:** Grease stains can be removed from fabric by rubbing with turpentine. Begin at the outside of the stain and work inwards. Hang the garment out in the air to dry.

**AIRTIGHT TINS:** A tin can be rendered airtight by sealing around the edge of the lid with a length of adhesive tape. Done this way, the contents will keep fresh.

be worked on a band of plain material and stitched where required.

**The School Frock:** The quaint flower groups may be used on pockets or collars. If figured cottons are used, make colored appliques on plain pieces for collars, cuffs or pockets, keeping the colors in harmony with the main material; the result is very good.

### Applique Work

AS nearly everyone knows, this is merely covering bold parts of a design with a scrap of material of another color; small pieces of linen, cotton, figured prints or gingham may be used. There are several methods of applying these fascinating patch pieces.

The most usual method is to cut the patch larger than the design, turn in the edges, and buttonhole in position.

Another very good method, especially

for small patches, is to turn in the edges and then hem the pieces neatly and invisibly; this gives a very soft appearance.

The pieces may also be cut the same size as the pattern, pasted or tacked in place, run round with a padding thread just inside their outlines, and then satin-corded over the thread and the cut edges.

As Embroidery: All these small designs are equally good for stitchery alone. Outlining will give a very quick piece of work. Deep buttonholing and filling stitches may be used for more detailed effects.

The Bluebells may be in any shade of blue or mauve, with green leaves and stems. On semi-transparent materials, this applique may be placed at the back of the material, and stitched on the front, giving a quaint, misty finish to the work.

The Flower Groups may be in any shades or tones, or one blue, one rose, and one yellow, with black centres and green leaves.

The Border speaks for itself. The trees





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## BEAUTIFUL CHRYSANTHEMUMS Regal Lovers of the Sun!

If you want them in bloom at Easter,  
they must be planted now... advises  
THE OLD GARDENER.

It seems a long time to wait, watch, and care for chrysanthemums, but seven months is little enough homage to do the regal beauty.

The little time spent during then in planting them out, tending and nourishing them, we could not begrudge, for Easter will soon bring their glorious flowering. Then all gardens will be perfumed and glowing.

Read here what the Old Gardener, an ardent chrysanthemum devotee, advises on their growing, for now is the time they must be planted.

ALTHOUGH it will not be till next Easter time that we shall have the happy privilege of seeing chrysanthemums full in bloom, it is now time to plant them. It seems a long time between planting and flowering—a long time to wait, watch, and care for them. Yet I think every-one will agree with me that such a flower richly repays us for our watchful care and patience.

Many people think that only Japan and China can produce the best chrysanthemums, but now Australia can grow them equal to any in any other part of the world.

Every home garden can grow them, no matter how small the plot may be. Even in the heart of our large cities, those living in flats can have them in tubs, boxes, pots, or in any vessel that will hold a plant. Indeed, I have seen them growing in cramped cities, blooming more beautifully than in any big home garden.

To get the best blooms from your chrysanthemums, you must know a few simple essentials in their growing.



ANOTHER GARDEN enthusiast proudly displaying her successes: Lilian Harvey, petite Fox star, "snapped" on the terrace of her home. Observe, also, the potpourri of varied greenery at her feet. Very nice, don't you think?

An important thing to remember is that they are shallow-growers, and always look for plenty of food on the surface.

Therefore, see that the food value is kept close to the surface, otherwise your energy and trouble in carrying and manuring will be wasted.

### Where to Grow Them

CHRYSANTHEMUMS love the sun, so choose beds well out in the open for them. If grown in shady situations, rust, aphids, and various other diseases will attack them. Their growth, too, will be spindly and retarded, and the flowers small and miserable.

It is also advisable to select a position well protected from cutting winds if possible.

If you have not a natural protection, make a bed along the wall of the building facing north or north-east, or along a fence similarly situated. If protection of this kind cannot be found you can make an artificial hedge or fence of tea-tree, huanan, or similar material which will act just as well.

I have seen protections made of wire netting with tea-tree laced through, and a dolichos vine grown over it. These are two colors of this vine, white and pink, and when in flower they give a very charming appearance, and make a splendid background for the garden.

### The Ideal Soil

GOOD loamy soil, enriched with well-decayed manure, and a good handful of bonedust to every square yard, is the ideal material for chrysanthemums, and during growing period liquid manure from time to time.

Remember to divide the plants each year. If left in clumps year after year, as I have seen them done, they deteriorate to such an extent that the flowers are not worth cutting. One plant each year will, when grown under proper conditions, produce from 20 to 30 new plants for the coming season.

When dividing them, select the best each year, discard the useless ones, and you will always have a lovely bloom.

After transplanting out, whether in beds, tins, or boxes, keep them on the move. When about six inches high, nip them back by pinching out the top. They will then send out laterals or side shoots. These in their turn are nipped, and so the process goes on until you have a symmetrical bush. No chrysanthemum plant should be allowed to grow any higher than three feet. Tall straggly plants are hideous, and much harder to manure.



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# PUDDINGS.. Hot from the OVEN

Try them! New, enticing, different.  
Your menfolk will like them also!

**W**HAT kind of pudding will I make to-day? Daily, the housewife has to answer herself this question in the interests of her family. And she must please and satisfy each and every one.

Of course, she may have quite a bunch of staple recipes in her sleeve, but it is often impossible to think of the right pudding at the right time. But here is expert help in the form of tempting baked puddings. There is happy variety, too!

As you know, nothing can mar a meal more than an uninteresting, dull pudding. That calamity need not happen on your table, however, with these recipes just clamoring to be served. Many of them can be served cold if the weather be warm—another welcome note in their favor.

## BROWN BETTY PUDDING.

Apple, breadcrumbs, seeded raisins, sugar, spices, 1 cup golden syrup, 1 cup water.

Butter a pie-dish. Fill with slices of apple and breadcrumbs, scattering each layer with raisins and spice. Mix syrup and water together and pour over the apple. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour till apples are soft. Serve with boiled cream.

## DANISH APPLE CUSTARD.

Apples, strawberry jam, thick custard, cake crumbs, water, sugar, cinnamon.

Peel and core the apples, put into a saucepan with water, sugar, and lemon juice, and stew very slowly till soft but not broken up. Put carefully into a greased dish and spread with jam, then pour over the custard (see Custard Filling Recipe given in our issue of August 1). Sprinkle with cake crumbs. Place in moderate oven and bake till heated through. Dot the top with jam and serve either hot or cold.

## DUTCH PUDDING.

One cup rice, 1 pint milk, 4oz. currants, 1oz. butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar.

Wash rice well. Place in saucepan with milk and cook slowly till thick. Add sugar, butter, currants and beaten eggs. Pour into pie-dish. Bake in slow oven till set. Serve hot or cold.

## ICE-CREAM PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 pint milk, 1 egg.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk, lastly, sifted flour. Pour

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

centre with a generous layer of jam then cover with blancmange. Return to oven to brown. Serve hot or cold.

## SAUCER PANCAKES

2 ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. flour, 1 pint milk.

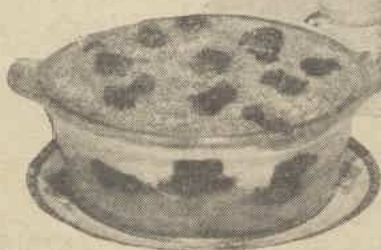
Cream butter, add eggs, then sugar and flour. Mix well, add milk and beat well. Pour on to buttered saucers. Place in a quick oven and bake for 20 minutes. Serve hot with jam or lemon cheese.

## SIMPLICITY PUDDING

Half pound self-raising flour, 1 pint milk, salt, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. sultanas.



DANISH apple-custard is one of the simplest and most delicious of all desserts. The rather handsome Carl Brisson, of Paramount, nominates it as his favorite dish. Try it on friends and husbands!



yolks 2 eggs, whites 2 eggs, sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Prepare apples and place in an enamel saucepan with sugar and as little water as possible. Cook slowly till clear. Beat till smooth, add the crumbs, yolks and butter, mix well. Place in pyrex dish. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar. Place over the apple. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.

## BAKED JAM ROLL.

Half pound short-crust, jam, water and sugar for glazing.

Make the short-crust. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into an oblong keeping edges square. Spread with jam, not quite to the edge. Moisten round the edge and roll up. Pinch the ends to prevent the jam from coming out. Glaze with water and sprinkle with

THE children's delight—Brown Betty. Recipe will be found on this page.

Sift flour and salt, add the sugar and fruit, add beaten egg and milk, making into a smooth batter. Pour into greased pie-dish. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Turn out and serve with custard or white sauce.

## BAKEWELL PUDDING.

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1lb. any kind of jam.

Sift flour and baking powder. Rub in butter, add sugar. Make into a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Grease a pie-dish. Spread the bottom thickly with jam. Cover with mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out and serve with jam sauce.

## COTTAGE PUDDING.

Half cup butter, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, and add well-beaten eggs, then milk, lastly, well-



DUTCH pudding will prove a boon to the busy housewife, who sometimes has to prepare a dessert with the minimum of trouble.

the mixture into a well-greased pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till set. Serve when cold.

## BAKED JAM ROLL WITH SYRUP.

One cup plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teacup sugar, 1 large cup water, 1 teaspoon baking powder, a little milk, 1 teacup butter.

Sift flour and baking powder, rub in butter, add milk, gradually making into a very dry dough. Roll out, spread with jam. Roll up, place in pie-dish. Put 1 teacup butter, sugar and water in a saucepan, bring to boil, then pour over roll. Place in moderate oven 1 hour.

## MARMALADE PUDDING.

Short-crust, marmalade, thin blancmange.

Make the short-crust. Roll into rounds and line deep plate—prick the centre to prevent rising. Bake in moderate oven till pale brown. Spread

## Suggested Menu For Any Weekday

BREAKFAST: Boiled Rice and Prunes, Meat Fritters, Tea, Toast, Honey.

LUNCHEON: Meat Loaf and Salad, Jelly and Custard, Tea, Bread and Jam.

DINNER: Baked Boned Shoulder Mutton, Baked Potatoes and Pumpkin, Brussels Sprouts, Apple Pie and Custard.

sifted flour. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Turn out and serve with boiled custard. This mixture may also be steamed taking about 12 hours.

## GRAFTON PUDDING.

Stale pound cake, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, essence. Slice the cake very thinly and place in a well-greased pie-dish, half filling it. Beat eggs well, add sugar, essence and milk. Pour over the cake, allow to stand 1 hour. Bake in a slow oven till set. Turn on to hot dish and serve with hot white sauce, or serve cold with custard.

## ORIENT PUDDING.

Six apples, little water, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup breadcrumbs,



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## WOULDN'T YOU Like to be ONE OF THEM?

### Prize-winners in Our Weekly Recipe Competition

*And it's so easy! For just the slightest effort of writing out and sending in, these readers have each won £1, 10/-, or a consolation prize—of which there are four—of 2/6. But you must admit that all the recipes are of a very fine standard.*

AND you, too, may win a prize. Sit down now and write out the very best recipe you know, and send it in to us. Then watch for results.

Here are this week's prize-winners:—

#### Lamb Scallops

Cut about 1lb. of thick scallops of meat from a cold roast leg of lamb. Melt 1lb. of butter in a stewpan, sift in 1oz. of flour, and heat together before adding 1pt. of clear white stock. Have ready 4oz. of mushrooms cut into strips. Add these with a pinch of grated nutmeg to the stock. Stir over heat for five minutes, add the meat, and thoroughly heat it in the sauce. Beat the yolks of two eggs in two tablespoons of cream, stir this into the sauce, cooking all gently without boiling. After three minutes, season with pepper, salt, and lemon juice, and serve with fried croutons of bread.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Sutton, 73 Crawford Rd., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

#### Triple Tart

Two-thirds cup butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, 6 to 8 tablespoons ice-water.

Sift flour and salt. Cut in butter. Add just enough water to hold ingredients together. Divide dough into thirds. Cut into rounds 1in. thick. Trim rounds to equal size. Cut centre out of one round to make a ring. Prick rounds well. Bake them on a baking-sheet in hot oven 10 minutes. Put rounds together like layer cake with cream filling between. The pastry ring goes on top. Fill the centre with jam (or fresh berries). Extra delicious when decorated with half cup sweetened whipped cream.

**Cream Filling.**—Heat 1 cup milk over hot water. Mix 1 cup sugar with 1/3rd cup flour and 1/8th teaspoon salt. Add slowly. Cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 3 beaten eggs. Cook 3 minutes. Remove from fire. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 4 teaspoon vanilla. Cool. All measurements level.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. E. McHugh, Swan St., Gordonvale, N.Qld.

#### Banana Sponge Roly-Poly

Beat one tablespoon butter and two tablespoons of sugar to a cream; add one well-beaten egg and one heaped cup of self-raising flour. Put one cup of milk in pie-dish and stand in oven to heat. Then knead pastry on floured board; roll out, and spread with mashed bananas; roll up, and put into boiling milk. Bake 20 minutes. By that time all the milk should be absorbed and the pudding light and well browned. Serve with hot golden syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Paff, Fire Fly, via Krambach, N.S.W.

#### Onion Cups

Six medium-sized onions, 1 cup chopped tomato, 4 tablespoons chopped bacon, herbs, pepper, salt, few breadcrumbs, and water to moisten.

Parboil onions; cut the tops off and remove the centres. Fill with mixture of bacon, tomatoes, etc. Bake in a covered dish about half an hour. Any other fillings may be used, e.g., ham, chicken, cheese, etc. Quite nice without the tomato.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. Cornelius, Smithton, Tas.

#### Vinegar Cake

Half lb. butter, 1lb. sugar, 3 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1lb. sultanas or raisins, 1lb. currants.

Beat butter and sugar to cream; add vinegar and dry ingredients, lastly beaten egg and soda dissolved in the milk.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Prigg, 192 Page St., Middle Park, Melbourne.

#### Prawn Toasts

(Appetising Savory for Supper)

Pound together a couple of tablespoons of prawn paste and the same quantity of finely-grated cheese, mixing with one tablespoonful of fine breadcrumbs. Moisten with a little slightly-whipped cream and stir in half a dozen fresh prawns chopped small. Season with cayenne pepper, and, if you think it necessary, a little salt. Pile up on cold buttered toast and surmount each with a whole-shelled prawn.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. R. Coates, Richmond Rd., Richmond, S.A.

HORT HULMROCK says: My Worcestershire Sauce will favour the Soup, season the Gravy, make the simplest meal appealing.\*\*\*

## "SLIMU"

★ SLIMU—brings slenderness and health. The guaranteed chemicals who prepare Slimu do not claim that it performs miracles, and reduce 50 or 100, in a couple of weeks. Slimu reduces weight in a healthy, normal way at the rate of two or three pounds weekly, without drastic dieting, which is detrimental to health. An important feature of Slimu is that whilst reducing you it provides a health tonic to the whole system, eliminating uric acid, stasis, a valuable cure for Rheumatism, flatulency, and indigestion.

Obtainable from David Jones' Ltd., Farmer's Ltd., All Leading Chemists, or direct from Bell's Products, 18 Margaret Street, Sydney.

## Here is the way to make fruit flavoured Junkets in 2 minutes



HEAT some milk lukewarm—not hot!—stir in sugar (one tablespoon to a pint)—remove from stove, add required amount of Hansen's Essence for making Fruit Junkets, and pour into glasses. That's all you do! It's set in five minutes, and after it's chilled you have a tempting delicious sweet simple enough for the children—gay enough for a party! Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence can be obtained in four real fresh fruit flavours and it never fails to "set." Order some to-day from your grocer—give the family something new for dessert to-night!

● If you prefer plain junket you can get Hansen's famous Junket Tablets at all grocers.

## HANSEN'S

Essence for making

## FRUIT JUNKETS

ORANGE—LEMON  
RASPBERRY—VANILLA



#### HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT

For a pure Irish linen Glasscloth, 23 x 43 ins., save 10 1-lb. labels or 2 5-lb. blocks. For a gaily-coloured Bath Towel, 21 x 42 ins., save 15 1-lb. labels or 3 5-lb. blocks. Only labels from 1-lb. and 5-lb. tins will be accepted. Take your labels to Lister Price Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opp. Town Hall), Sydney. If you cannot call or send someone, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing—(1) Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. (2) The number of labels enclosed. (3) The gift you require. Post to Lister Price Gift Depot, Box 4267Y, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on envelope.

IF THE RECIPE SAYS MILK USE TRUFOOD

TRUFOOD OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED  
30.79.30N

## When the honeymoon was over — He Dined Out!



#### AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK

is an invaluable guide to the preparation of daily meals. Over 400 recipes. Write for your copy today, enclosing 1/- plus 2d. for postage to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Kent & Liverpool Streets, Sydney.



Of course he loved his wife, but marriage had brought the discovery that she could not cook. His health and well-being, even his ability to keep his position, depended in a large measure upon good food, well-cooked. As he could not obtain it at home—he dined out.

Every woman should know how to cook; and after all, simple, appetising meals are not difficult to prepare. Thousands of housewives find Aunt Mary's Baking Powder a wonderful aid in making light, digestible, wholesome foods. Scones, cakes, pastries, biscuits, puddings and other foods are delicious and palatable when made with this pure cream of tartar leavener.

#### You can make this Delicious Rainbow Cake

**Ingredients:** 6oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 6oz. flour, 1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder, 2 eggs, third of a cup of milk, 1 tablespoon chocolate, 1lb. icing sugar, carmine, jam.

**Method:** Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, then milk. Sift in sifted flour and "Aunt Mary's" Baking Powder. Divide into 3 portions, have one plain, colour the second pink, the third chocolate. Bake in three sandwich tins about 15 minutes. When cool, join together with jam and cover with soft icing.

#### ALWAYS USE

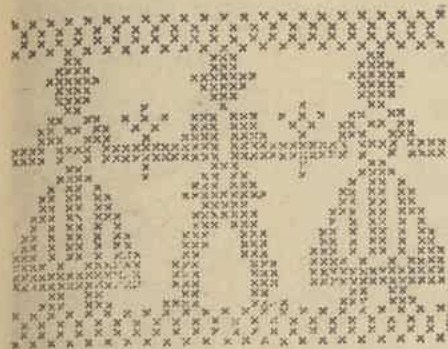
## AUNT MARY'S

CREAM OF TARTAR  
BAKING POWDER



# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EYE EYE

## Here is Novelty and Beauty for Your Table



SHOWING section of the exclusive transfer, measuring 15 x 20 inches. The figures are 7½ inches tall. Price, 1/6.

Quaint little cross-stitch people adorn an exclusive linen cloth measuring, with wide hem-stitched hem, 50 x 50 inches.

You may have this for 6/11

WHAT an opportunity for lovers of the unusual in table linen! The linen cloth offering is cream, and in a splendid, hard-wearing quality. Embroidered, it would make a thrilling Christmas gift, or, traced ready to work, it would make a fine gift for the girl with a "box."

Cross-stitch is the simplest type of embroidery—and its charm never grows less. The figures can be worked in Tudor-red, French-blue, and black for striking effect.

Apart from all this, the transfer,



DON'T YOU simply adore these quaint little figures? They are worked in cross-stitch on coarse canvas linen with lines of drawn-thread work to give a captivating finish. But note! You can buy a 50 x 50 cream linen cloth with hemstitched hem, traced with this cross-stitch design, for 6/11.

measuring 15 x 20, is available, so that you may use the quaint figures for corners of other purposes. This costs 1/6, post free.

For instance, you may feel inclined to copy the exquisite coarse-canvas linen cloth, shown on this page, with its rows of drawn-thread work. What fascinating color schemes suggest themselves for such a unique design? Imagine a cloth of daffodil-yellow with apple-green figures holding hands, their picturesque little costumes worked in black and

white. Green, black, and white could be worked alternately for the drawn-thread work.

Serviettes could be made with just one figure in the corner.

Of course, you could make it in any size you please. On a smaller cloth you would not require so many figures perhaps, or so much drawn-thread work. But, whatever size your cloth is, you can be sure of having something charming and original.

## You'll Adore This!

Vivid Scarf Jabot, which may be made from an Idle Scrap of Material ... Follow easy directions below

Vivid little collars, scarves, kerchiefs, sweet touches at the throat, will be the vogue for spring suits, and this tailored, up-to-the-throat scarf is a very lovely, very fashionable suggestion.

DIRECTIONS with diagrams are given below, so easy and simple that even unskilled fingers can make it delightfully. And if you have half a yard of material left over in your patch box, the cost will be nil!

From a man's collar and tie came its inspiration—the effect is undeniably smart, and suitable for young and old. The collar rolls down and fastens adorably at the back, while the jabot, becomingly shaped, is concluded in a point.

The completed article will look specially delightful peeping out from under your spring suit. Try it in a very fine plaid, and if you are going to wear it on a dress have cuffs to match.

And here are the simple directions:

Take about 3 yard of material. This is an excellent opportunity to utilise any left-over material you may have. Diagram "A" shows 8-inch wide material cut on the cross to fit the neck. Allow for turnings at the back.

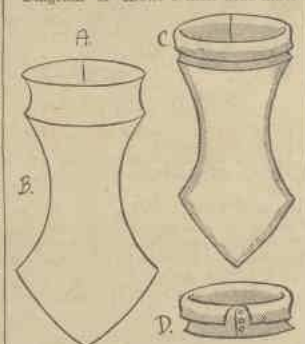


Diagram "A" shows 8-inch wide material cut on the cross to fit the neck. Allow for turnings at the back.

### Compare With Sketches

The scarf ("B") is cut from straight material, and shaped as a jabot.

Scarf is attached to front of collar, from shoulder to shoulder on the wrong side. Machine all round wrong side, then turn the material and machine-stitch all round collar and turn in edges of the collar material at centre-back.



THIS SCARF jabot can be made from the same material as a frock, in velvet for cooler climates, in matelasse, or satin, and will add chic to any frock or coat. An initial or monogram may be worked on the scarf, if made from plain material. Bertha Maxwell presented some charming initials and monograms on her page recently. These are obtainable in transfer form. Price 1/-.

The collar should now be about 4 inches wide.

Roll collar material to right side, as shown in figure "C," to form a roll collar about 3 inches wide. Place a row of small buttons and loops as in figure "D" to give a smart finish at the back.

An initial, as shown in picture, may be worked on the scarf in any contrasting shades.

## NERVE-WRECKING PRURITUS UNFAILING RELIEF

Few skin disorders undermine the health to such a degree as itching, maddening, sleep-destroying Pruritus. Thousands of adults live in misery through the torment of this scourge. Yet it is quite needless, as a trial of the Cuticura treatment will undoubtedly prove. Over fifty years use has established Cuticura as the supreme remedy for Pruritus and other stubborn skin diseases.

### Free, After Years of Torture

"For more years than I can remember I have suffered torture from Pruritus. The itching was terrible and many a night it kept me awake for hours. It was often bad enough during the day, but got unbearable at night. However, a friend told me of the benefit he had got from Cuticura Ointment and Soap and I determined to try them. I can honestly say they have been a godsend to me." F. W. B., —, Hampstead, N.W.3.

### How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching, and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic, Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

**Cuticura**  
OINTMENT

## Further Reductions in Electricity Charges

# 30% REDUCTION

ON ALL SECONDARY UNITS USED IN HOMES WHERE AN ELECTRIC RANGE IS INSTALLED

THE NEW REDUCED RATES

### Residence Rate:

Secondary k.w. hours (units) 1d. instead of 1.1d.

Homes with Electric Ranges: (4 k.w. and over). Secondary k.w. hours (units) .7d. per unit, instead of 1d.

### Commercial Rate:

Secondary k.w. hours (units) 0.7d. in place of 1.1d. and where the consumption is in excess of 5,000 units per quarter, 0.4d. instead of 0.7d.

### Factory Rate-Power:

Amendment of the scale of charges so that the commencing rate shall be 1.4d. in place of 1.5d. with a corresponding reduction throughout the scale.

### Points to Note:

Homes in which an Electric Range is installed will now secure ALL secondary units of electricity — whether used for cooking, lighting, heating, cleaning or any household purpose — at .7 (seven tenths) of a penny per kilowatt-hour (unit).

Cooking WITHOUT an Electric Range is now a waste of money.

## COOK BY ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Department - The Municipal Council of Sydney - Town Hall, Sydney

### FREE INSTALLATION OF ELECTRIC RANGES

The Electricity Department will pay the cost (up to £6) of installing an approved Electric Range in your home. EASY TERMS are available, through electrical retailers, to all purchasers of Electric Ranges.

Electric cooking is, to-day, more economical than ever and OWNERSHIP OF AN ELECTRIC RANGE NOW MEANS EXTRA SAVINGS IN EVERY BRANCH OF HOUSEKEEPING.

### ONE PENNY Spent in Electricity will now:

- ... do 3 hours ironing instead of 2.
- ... do 7 hours cleaning instead of 4.
- ... boil 17 pints of water instead of 12.
- ... operate a fan for 28 hours instead of 20.
- ... do 42 hours sewing instead of 30.
- ... cook 14 breakfasts instead of 10.
- ... toast 42 slices of bread instead of 30.



## Reduce and HIPS 10 DAYS WITH

WEAR IT FOR  
10 DAYS AT  
OUR EXPENSE



"I read an ad. of the Slimform Co. and sent for their FREE folder"

YOUR WAIST  
3 INCHES IN  
the SLIMFORM  
PERFORATED  
GIRDLE

"The massage-like action did it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Slimform for 10 days on trial."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds"

You can TEST the  
SLIMFORM GIRDLE and BRASSIERE  
For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE want you to try the Slimform Perforated Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself—in your Own Home—for 10 Days at Our Expense. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around WAIST and HIPS, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION  
REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY,  
and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these astounding Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL  
AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. There is no irritation, chafing or discomfort, it keeps the body cool and fresh at all times. It gives perfect freedom of action whilst walking, dancing, golfing, swimming, surfing and at all sports.

NO DIET, DRUGS, OR  
EXERCISES!

■ The wonderful part of the Slimform Girdle method of reducing, is its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take No Drugs—No Exercise—You Eat Normal Meals—and yet we Guarantee you will Reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will Cost You Nothing!

SEND FOR 10 DAYS  
FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this efficient Slimform Girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny, try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the results.

■ Do not wait any longer as the offer is limited. Send 2d. stamp for Leaflet Illustrating and Describing the Slimform Girdle and Brassiere and particulars of the 10 Days Free Trial Offer.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO.  
No. 20 National Buildings,  
250 Pitt Street, Sydney.

## OUR FREE PATTERN!



Pattern for These Three Modish Dresses  
and Coat is Free!

This week our amazing three-in-one free pattern provides for not only three different, desirable frocks, but also for a sweet, hip-length coat. Clip out the coupon provided on the opposite pattern page, fill it in, and either bring or send to our offices, and the pattern is yours!

FASHION'S happiest decrees are beautifully presented here. Note shirred neck and shirring introduced into the skirt of the first design, then the roll collar and full sleeves in the second style, and the Puritan collar, sobering influence on the gay, chic puffed sleeves of the third.

Pattern is for 36-inch bust.  
Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide.  
Collar: ½ yard, 36 inches wide.  
Coat: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide.



"Up to  
mischief"

But still they can't go far wrong. Their cooking should be a grand success for they are certainly using the finest ingredients. The kiddies love the way Cerebos pours; and it will go on pouring no matter how damp the atmosphere. It never cakes and none is ever wasted. Careful housewives have proved that it is a wise economy to pay the little more for Cerebos.

CEREBOS  
TABLE SALT

Saves in the long run



## Ashamed of your old furniture?

here's an inexpensive  
way to give it a  
SMART NEW APPEARANCE



Why long for new furniture when you can make your old look new with "DULUX"? "Dulux" is ever so easy to use, dries quickly, and its hard, lustrous surface will not crack, chip or peel. It's the ideal finish for home renovation—definitely superseding enamels. Try it on a chair or two.

THE  
MIRACLE FINISH  
—Supersedes  
Enamels

B·A·L·M  
Dulux

★ OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE ★

A Product of British Australian Lead Manufacturers  
Pty., Ltd., makers of the famous "Duco" Lacquers.

## Do You Launder the Right Way?

AN everyday household task like home laundering is apt to be looked upon with scorn by the average housewife, who considers that so simple a task could be done by anybody. Yet laundering is just as much a skilled job as anything else, and if you find the right way of doing it, you'll be surprised how much better your clothes look and how much easier is your task.

Remember, when using starch, use the best quality, as the inferior kind is frequently adulterated, and spoils the look of the material.

You can always tell good starch by the readiness with which it enters the material. When mixed with cold water, it will form a solid cake after it has settled.

The water should be added very slowly when diluting starch, and mixed in thoroughly if you would prevent lumpiness. Don't forget that thick materials require thin, and thin materials thick, starch.

Remember, too, that when starching white clothes, the blue may be added to the starch so as to save two processes. All white clothes, except woollens, should be steeped overnight before they are washed. This decreases labor, and improves color of the clothes. While steeping, do not put any soap or soda in, as this makes the clothes yellow.

Rubbing, after the twelve hours' steeping, is a very important process in washing white clothes. All the dirt that has been loosened during the steeping is removed in rubbing, thus greatly lessening the labor of washing.



YOUR  
APPLICATION  
IS  
REJECTED

Insurance Companies  
know the dangers of

CONSTIPATION

FOR years he had neglected constipation. Failing to realise that his system was being slowly poisoned because of faulty elimination, he paid the price when he discovered that he had become "a bad insurance risk". Famous medical men, including Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Surgeon to Grey's Hospital, London, insist that three daily bowel movements are necessary to health. Ensure correct

and regular bowel action with Nyal Figsen. It defeats constipation naturally, without pain or nausea, without purging or griping, without forming a habit. Figsen is the perfect laxative for young and old alike. It comes in handy tablet form, and is chewed like a lolly. It is pleasant and easy to take. Ask your chemist about Figsen, he will tell you it contains no harmful drugs.

NYAL  
FIGSEN  
FOR CONSTIPATION

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE  
The NYAL Co., 111 W. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
P.S. 3-25  
2/35



# OUR FASHION SERVICE

## PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State bust size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



**DEBUTANTE!**  
WW497A.—For evening wear it is a becoming, unsophisticated style, particularly lovely in georgette or soft flat

crepe. Note flattering V-shaped back and the shirring at the low back peak of the bodice. Material for 36-inch bust: 6 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**PRETTY EVENING WRAP**  
WW498A.—Smart evening wrap with short, very full sleeves shirred into the neckline. Swings loosely in swaggar coat style. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DESIGNED FOR THE MATRON**  
WW499A.—Cut on flattering lines, this style has full flared collar doubled with contrast, and side fastening—altogether delightful for a full figure. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 46 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**SIMPLE SCHOOL STYLE**  
WW500A.—For school, in cambric with pique collar and cuffs, or for "more important" occasions, the little girl will love this simple style. Note the unique panel continued from bodice to pleats, and the Peter Pan collar. Pattern for 10 and 12 years. Material for 12 years: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**TRIM BLOUSE**  
WW501A.—Truly a dainty, hot-weather jumper blouse with a very unusual collar. Wouldn't you like to make one

like it? Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## Our Free Pattern

FOR this week's splendid new three-in-one free pattern, see opposite page. Pattern provides for three unique and lovely dresses and a hip-length swaggar-coat.

## SWEET LITTLE FROCK

WW501A.—For hot summer days, sweetly bespangled in dainty material, this is an ideal frock. Note that the yoke and sleeves are in one, the latter being furnished with smart, flared insets. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material for 8 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## TRIUMPH IN CHIC!

WW502A.—Innumerable fashion points make this an ultra-smart frock: gathered square neck, flat collar, raglan sleeves softly puffed, and two quaint pockets gathered to a band at the top. Material for a 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## DRESS AND CAPE

WW503A.—This short cape with fullness from the dropped shoulder-line is very smart—particularly unique with the buttoned, cross-over effect. Dress is sporty and cut on straight, slimming lines. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Cape: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## YOU'LL LOVE THIS

WW504A.—This design is really unique and very lovely. It has the fashionable drop shoulder carried out with a rather uncommon button trimming. Skirt, too, is notable. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." in any of the following addresses. **PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED.** A change of threepence will be made for free patterns over one month old—  
**ADLAIDE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 288A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
**BRISSBANE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 602, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
**MELBOURNE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 155, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
**NEWCASTLE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
**SYDNEY**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 153X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
**TARANTANIA**—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathew and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-115 Liverpool St., Hobart. Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 21/9/35.



**TEMPTING LIPS**  
All Day Long

Those lips of yours! Are they fresh, ripe, inviting? Michel will keep them so all day long, for Michel lipstick is truly indelible. So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case.

**Michel**

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



**"I feel years younger since taking Schumann's!"**

The charming Mrs. Hilton Peller, of Sydney, writes:—  
"I was tired out and depressed and was continually haunted by the fear of premature old age. I was actually looking old, too, when a friend told me it was all probably due to Uric Acid in the system and recommended Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Before I had finished the first bottle the depression and depression had left me and I am now full of life again and feeling and looking years younger."

## Here's the reason why!

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs of Spas of Europe, and besides gently cleansing and purifying the entire system and blood stream of all impurities, they impart their stimulating tonic properties to all the internal organs. A regular dose of Schumann's dissolves the Uric Acid and will not allow it to accumulate in the joints. For NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RACHIC, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLE, and BAD BREATH, take a half-teaspoonful of Schumann's in a large glass of warm water. Remember, Schumann's Salts must be good to be the recommended purgative for these ailments. Refuse all substitutes and insist on Schumann's—which is packed in hygienic glass containers.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES AT 1/6 AND 2/6 PER JAR

**Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts**



## Free The "MAGIC" DRAWING-BOOK

A book full of sketches and rhymes that can be brought out from the pages with a few strokes of the pencil, by even tiniest tots. Get the children to post the coupon below, and the book will be sent by return post, direct from the makers of SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT—FAMOUS HEALTH FOOD, FOR INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, NURSING MOTHERS, INVALIDS and AGED FOLK.



Sold by All CHEMISTS, GROCERS & STORES  
**SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT**

All requests must be accompanied by a Coupon—otherwise Book cannot be sent.

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Trenory Crescent, Abbotsford, Melb., N.9.  
Please send me the "MAGIC DRAWING-BOOK." I enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

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Enclose  
2d. Stamp  
for postage  
only.

*You can feel it..you can see it  
..and so can others!*  
**it's Film on Teeth!**

● Film must be removed from teeth . . . for beauty and for health.

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

Film sticks like glue. To remove it you must use a special film-removing agent. Pepsodent is known throughout the world today as the special film-removing tooth paste.

### Due to Scientific Formula

Pepsodent's unique power to remove film from teeth is due to the formula. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. This material is far safer than any leading tooth powder—far softer than polishing materials used in any other leading tooth paste. Yet it removes film with striking effectiveness.

This special film-removing material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively—and in no other tooth paste whatsoever. That's why Pepsodent gives results not possible with other kinds.

### Dentists use Pepsodent

That is why thousands of dentists have told us that they make Pepsodent their personal tooth paste.

That is why millions of people will not risk their own teeth or their children's with harsh, abrasive pastes or powders.

Don't take chances on cheap tooth pastes, when Pepsodent leaves teeth brighter, gives higher polish. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.



## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mr. Hughes, Federal Minister for Health, is reported to have said recently that he had been going from city to city, like a wandering Jew, trying to find out what are the actual differences in the various modern schools of thought on the subject of infant feeding.

He had at least discovered that on the question of the amount of protein allowed in the milk-mixtures in artificial feeding there was divergence of opinion — one school maintaining that the maximum should be 1.7 per cent. (except in special cases) and another school asserting that it did no harm, in fact was preferable, to rise considerably over this figure.

AS it is desirable that all schools of thought should be unanimous on the essentials of mothercraft in relation to artificial feeding, it may be well to give the reasons why the Truby King school of thought has always advocated a protein content of, roughly, 1.5—1.75 per cent.

When, for some valid reason, a baby cannot have the milk of its mother, we aim to provide it with an artificial food approximating as closely as possible to breast milk in its percentage composition (i.e., the percentage of sugar, fat, and protein in the mixture), and its protein-ratio (i.e., the proportion of the total protein to the total non-protein calories.)

The name protein is given to the flesh-forming element of foods. Human milk has an average of 1.5 per cent. protein. Cow's milk has an average of 3.5 per cent. protein.

Why has Nature given the calf nearly three times as much protein as she has given the human baby?

For the very simple reason that the calf has to double its weight in less than two months while the human baby has six months in which to double his weight.

Why, then, should we ignore this difference in rate of growth and impose upon the human baby the amount of protein intended for the calf? This is what we do when we give the infant undiluted cow's milk or dried milk which is not suitably modified.

The drying of milk does not alter its fundamental chemical composition, or its protein ratio.

MOTHERS are misled by the fact that babies fed on unmodified dried milk often put on weight very quickly at first, on account of the excess protein; but sooner or later the digestive processes rebel against the added tax imposed on their strength, and we have falling off in weight, diarrhoea, constipation, and kidney trouble. Vomiting may also be present.

If baby remains fat, it is a soft, pale, flabby fatness with abdominal distension.

Such troubles do not occur if the baby is given raw or dried milk, which has been properly humanised, providing a correct proportion of sugar, fat, and protein, always taking as one's ideal the proportions to be found in average human milk.

Of late years, so-called "humanised dried milks," in which the sugar, fat, and protein percentages have been brought to approximately the standard in human milk, have made their appearance on the market, but these have the distinct disadvantage of being fixed formulae, making it almost impossible to alter the percentage of sugar, fat, and protein to meet the needs of the individual baby, as can be done so quickly when modification is made by dilution and the addition of sugar of milk and suitable fat-emulsion.

WE must take it for granted that Nature knew best when she gave the human baby 1.5 per cent. of protein in its natural milk, as against 3.5 per cent. for the baby calf, and 15 per cent. for the baby rabbit.

The rabbit has to grow nearly 10 times as quickly as the human baby. The rabbit would no more thrive on the milk meant for the human baby than the human baby would thrive on the milk meant for the rabbit or the calf.

One cannot give a single case in which one could rear any young mammal on the unmodified milk of another mammal.

Of course, there are individual cases in which it is advisable temporarily to raise the protein content above the human standard, but we are not speaking of these, but of the feeding of the normal average artificially-fed baby.

To those who would infer that Truby King methods are responsible for "protein-starvation" we would point out that during the 28 years in which this system has been put into practice in

New Zealand (where no other system is used), the infant death-rate has been reduced from nearly 8 per cent. to 3 per cent., New Zealand having had for many years now the lowest infant death-rate in the world.

End  
of  
the  
Quest  
FOR



Beauty...

The search for loveliness ends well when you decide, after much futile and expensive experimenting, to rely upon 'Facial Youth' Cream and 'Golden Youth' Powder. These twin aids are modern, but well-proven. They do their flattering work supremely well, but they do something else even more important—they help the skin itself. When you cleanse off the glamour of night—the glamour still remains! Don't experiment—RELY upon 'Facial Youth' Cream and 'Golden Youth' Powder, by KATHLEEN COURT

London Sydney Wellington Johannesburg New York

## A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



## Sow to-day and reap TO-MORROW

IF you are an average father of an average family you have spent some bewildering hours trying to plan for the family's future, and at the same time trying to plan for your own independence later on.

Every man worth his salt does this sort of planning. This advertisement is written to suggest that it can be done best with the aid of the A.M.P.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The man who sows A.M.P. assurance reaps a certain harvest, either for himself or his loved ones, or both. He runs no risk of failure.

The man who wants to reap a harvest of satisfaction and contentment should ask the Society to send to him an expert adviser—a confidential counsellor—to help him find the best way to solve his problems; an adviser who, out of a long experience, knows the way in which other men are sowing that they may reap in due time.

Write to-day for that adviser. Don't put it off. Even to-morrow may be too late.

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.,  
Actuary.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.,  
General Manager.

Head Office:

87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Branch Offices at Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth and Hobart

District Offices throughout all States

HOST HOLBROCK says: My friend is brewed just the same as 100 years ago. And a wonderful brew. #11



# LET Restful BEAUTY TAKE the FLOOR!

*Tired-looking floors mean tired-looking rooms . . . and ill-chosen coverings are never at home*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

WHEN the front door swings open, an impression of your home goes out. Is it dull or lifeless, or does it scintillate with brightness and cheerful hospitality? And since floors play a most important part in the picture presented, since they are so necessary to the happiness and well-being of every room, these few hints may help my readers.

GOOD carpets and rugs, and to say, are never cheap, though they are now inexpensive compared with the prices ruling in our great-grandmothers' day.

When you do buy a carpet or rug, however, the first thing to consider is its suitability to the room in which it is to be laid. It must match walls, curtains, and furniture, or happily contrast with the scheme of the room.

A wise point to keep in mind is this: The carpet should always be regarded as the base of a decorative plan. It should be darker in tone than other parts of the room: firstly, because it forms the background for the furniture, and, secondly, because it presents the largest mass of color.

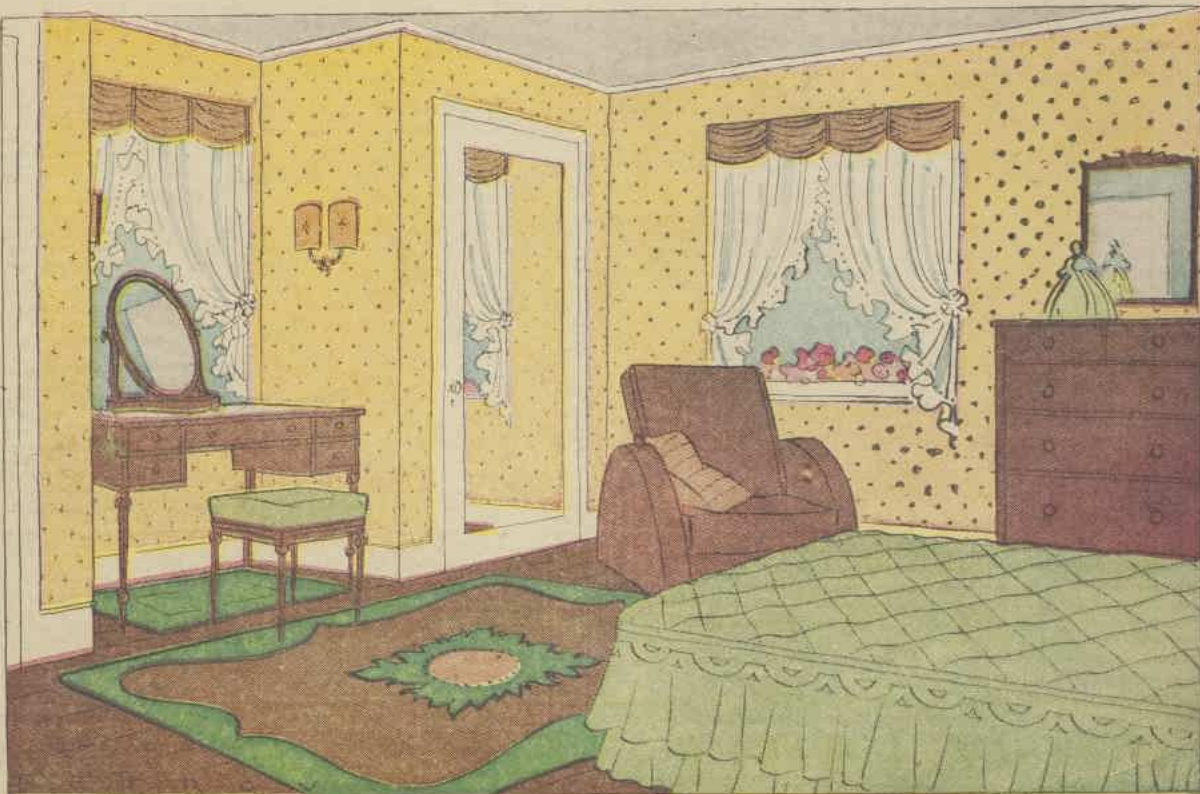
On the other hand, a room inclined to be dark will not carry a darkish, rich-toned carpet as well as a room that gets plenty of light. In this case a carpet that has a fairly light base color would be better inasmuch as it would help the lighting of the room by reflection.

## Contrasting Colors

THREE, or even four, harmoniously contrasting colors can be effectively employed in the majority of rooms, but it is not usually wise to employ three or four shades of the same color.

Of course, it is a matter of personal taste whether you select plain, self-patterned, or multi-patterned carpets or rugs, but common sense will tell you that a boldly-patterned carpet would never harmonise with boldly-patterned curtains and upholstered furniture.

A new carpet, by the way, should not be cleaned with a carpet sweeper or vacuum cleaner for about a month after



it has been laid. Brush it well with a clean, stiff carpet broom and work with the pile and not against it.

I think that rugs strown on a gleaming, polished floor are delightful—like exquisite place-mats on a richly-polished dinner-table—for the special charm of a wooden floor should be allowed to show. Even plain boards, if they are smooth and of good quality, can be surface-stained and polished to perfection. However, it's all a matter of personal taste, and many housekeepers look at it this way. Two or three good rugs cost as much as an all-over carpet, and polished floors require a goodly amount of elbow grease to keep them perfect.

Yet polished hardwood floors, on the whole, are undoubtedly serviceable, economical and hygienic.

Incidentally, in applying polish it is better to use a little polish and a lot of elbow grease—just in case of accident. A heavy layer of polish will naturally leave a slippery surface, whereas a burnished floor will possess the qualities of durability, comfort, and appearance.

## Treatment of Rugs

WHEN considering the treatment of rugs and mats here are pertinent points to remember.

Never shake a really good rug, and even the commoner variety should not

be shaken as often as they usually are.

Beating, contrary to what you may think, does not do nearly as much harm as shaking. Shaking loosens the threads at the back of the rug which form the foundation.

I have seen young housewives literally "cracking" them in their efforts to free them from dust. Moreover, shaking loosens both fringes and binding. Fortunately, in a great many homes, vacuum-cleaners reign and admirably solve the problem of extracting dust and grit.

## Harmful "Fresheners"

AND a word of warning about the use of damp tea-leaves and salt when you are sweeping rugs or carpets.

Tea-leaves should not be used at all, for, unless they are damp, they will not keep down the dust, and if they are damp they are extremely likely to leave stains behind on the rug or carpet.

Salt should not be used on any good carpet or rug as it works into the fibre and rots it. If you want to freshen up the color of your rug, and wish to use salt, it would be far better to dissolve a handful in a bucket of warm water, and with a clean brush dipped in this lightly sweep over the carpet.

Ox-gall is considered excellent for reviving the color of a soiled carpet. If you can get it, add a small quantity of water and after removing as much dust as possible from the carpet, wash it over with a wet cloth dipped in the solution, rubbing well. If necessary, use a small scrubbing brush on very soiled parts. This treatment will effect a wonderful transformation, provided the rug or carpet is left untouched until the surface is quite dry.

When you are sweeping or washing a carpet, always remember to rub with the pile, and not against it.

## When Accidents Occur

FRESH inkstains can be taken out of rugs or carpets if the mark is gently rubbed with a moist rag dipped in cream of tartar.

Soot smears will disappear if covered thickly with common salt, and then the salt swept with a stiff brush.

Grease stains can be removed this way: Make a paste of fuller's earth and magnesia, using boiling water. Spread on the grease stains and leave for a couple of hours. Then brush off with a clean stiff brush.

Tea, coffee, or jam stains will generally disappear after washing with soap and water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.—E.E.G.

HERE IS a harmonious color-scheme for a bedroom, which will have especial appeal for those home-lovers who do not favor a preponderance of blue, green, pink, or colorful rose shades. Observe how the floor harmonises happily with the general color-scheme of the room—walls, curtains, and furniture. Keep in mind that beauty begins with the floor.

## SKIN TROUBLES

### Beware of Septic Poison

Neglect of a small sore or abrasion may cause not only pain and discomfort—it can start virulent septic infection. You should act at once; apply Germolene Skin Ointment. Let this wonderful remedy remove all impurities. Germolene penetrates to the furthest point of danger, instantly killing every poisonous germ, soothing, cleansing and healing with remarkable speed. The treatment which is so successful over ulcers, eczema, burns and scalds and many severe forms of skin disease is perfect for slight troubles. Don't be without Germolene in your home. It isn't worth the risk.



Get Germolene for BAD LEGS, ULCERS, PSORIASIS, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ECZEMA

Obtainable from all CHEMISTS & STORES

# Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 & 4/- Per Tin

## POOR APPETITE

Why blame your STOMACH? Your Trouble is probably CONSTIPATION..

Poor appetite implies that your system is sluggish. You need BEECHAM'S PILLS to tone and regulate your stomach, liver and bowels, and thus remove the cause of those little ills from which you suffer daily.

# Beecham's

PILLS

## Travel Service

A Commonwealth Savings Bank pass-book disposes of all the money worries that usually trouble the traveller.

Money can be transferred to any point, and withdrawn or deposited at any one of the Bank's 4000 Branches and Agencies without cost.

Ensure the utmost convenience and safety by travelling, not with a dangerously large amount of money in your pocket, but with just your pass-book to see you through.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)



## THIS Beauty Secret GAVE HER LIPS Natural Loveliness



MANY beautiful women never realize that ordinary lipsticks give their lips a conspicuous painted look that men dislike! Of course, to be your loveliest you must use lipstick—but not paint. Sounds impossible, but it can be done by using the lipstick that isn't paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color in your own lips.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to rose. The one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. Tangee lasts all day too... and its cream base soothes and softens.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade, for evening use.

CREME ROUGE changes color to match your complexion. Waterproof. Greaseless. Its cream base protects skin.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched as yet to have a faded look—make the face seem older.  
PAINTED—Don't take that painted look. It's concealing and men don't like it.  
TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Ames Distributors, E. G. TURNLEY & SON, Melbourne.  
N.S.W. Distributors, TURNLEY'S LTD., Sydney.

## FRANKLY...I WANT A

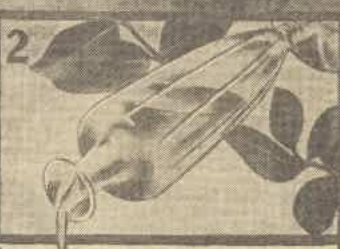
# Schoolgirl Complexion

### ALL OVER

### ...AND HERE'S WHY I RELY ON PALMOLIVE!



After all, who should know more about complexion care than a beauty expert? And when 20,000 of these experts say there's nothing like Palmolive for keeping a girl's skin fresh and young and lovely... why, I believe it!



I have no use for beauty claims that have no reason why! Palmolive tells me exactly why it's better for my skin... because it's made from olive and palm oils, scientifically blended. Just knowing that gives me a lot of confidence.



The Palmolive in your bath, as I do, and always for removing make-up. A few moments' massage every night with the gentle, pore-cleansing Palmolive lather will work wonders for your skin. It will look, feel and be—absolutely clean!



E.O. 35-12

It cleanses so deeply  
.. keeps complexions so lovely

## THIRD Time UNLUCKY

Continued from Page 31

THESE letters, she stated, had been delivered by some mysterious hand at the block of flats where she resided with her husband, and had been brought up to their suite, with others, ordinary correspondence, by the housekeeper.

"The problem she presented to me was twofold: first, to discover the identity of the writer of the letters, and second, to guard her husband against the danger that threatened him."

Harkness paused, and looked directly at Mrs. Carstairs. Then he went on again, speaking slowly and impressively.

"The first part of the problem I have solved. In the second, I have unfortunately failed. The criminal was too ingenious for me. Consequently, a fine gentleman, in the prime of life, has been done to death by a ruthless assassin."

Again Harkness paused, and his three auditors moved uneasily.

"Mrs. Carstairs and I," resumed the Professor, "discussed the probable sex of the writer of the letters. At the time, I was in doubt. Now I know. It was a woman."

Mrs. Carstairs flushed. "Ah!" she said hoarsely; "then my suspicions were justified. He'd had an affair when he was abroad—more serious than..."

"Please do not interrupt, Mrs. Carstairs," said Harkness sternly. "I have a good deal more to say. 'The sex of the writer of the letters was betrayed by traces of lip rouge on the gun of the envelope flaps. Chemical analysis has proved that...'

"Of course, I do not exclude the possibility of there having been two in the conspiracy—a man and a woman

—and that the woman may have sealed up the letters the man wrote. But, for certain reasons, I am perfectly satisfied that the murderess acted secretly, and alone."

HARKNESS had been watching Marchmont as he spoke, and saw him steal a furtive glance at the woman seated beside him.

"Now, it may seem strange to you, but only two of the letters were delivered in the manner described by Mrs. Carstairs. The third was introduced into the flat by some other method."

"My opinion is, that the writer herself placed the third letter among the general correspondence on the day it was received and opened by the dead man."

"Three is often credited with being a fortunate number. In this instance, however, it proved unlucky."

"I am fully aware of the extreme gravity of the charge I am about to make. Nevertheless, I say with absolute conviction that the woman who wrote and effected the delivery of the letters was—Mrs. Carstairs!"

With an incoherent exclamation, the widow sprang to her feet.

"How dare you suggest such a thing!" she said hoarsely. "You lie! You must be a madman—or a fool."

"I'll hold you to account for your vile accusation. You shall hear from my solicitors. Come, Mostyn," she went on in a broken voice, turning to Marchmont, "take me away, please."

"I'm afraid you can't leave—just yet—ma'am," said Garton. "Not until Professor Harkness has completed his statement."

"What is this?" demanded the woman. "Am I under arrest? If so, where is your warrant? I demand to see it!"

"All in good time, ma'am," replied Garton. "You'd best sit down—quietly."

With an expression on his face difficult to analyse, Marchmont drew his chair a few inches farther from the woman's, and sat down again slowly.

"Mrs. Carstairs came to me," resumed Harkness, after a few moments of painful silence, "to establish a sort of alibi for the crime she contemplated. She desired to be free of her husband. She had formed another attachment. Her affections were engaged elsewhere."

"She did not desire divorce, because that would have deprived her of the comfortable fortune she knew her husband intended to leave her. So she decided on murder, whereby she would be able to gratify both her passion and her greed."

Mrs. Carstairs looked up at the Professor for an instant with a face which terror had already made ghastly. Then, with a shudder, she resumed her former attitude.

"The weapon chosen by the murderess was this."



Do You Know?...

THAT self-heal (a hardy little flower of the field) gets its name because of the variety of ills which it is supposed to alleviate. Among the Germans it was long called *Prunella*, the German word for quinsy. According to an old writer, it is a cure for inflammation of the mouth, throat, and tongue.

deadly arrowhead, inflicted a deep scratch on his forehead.

"Wondering, hurt, and perhaps enraged, he watched that cap of death from his head and flung it violently from him. It fell on the hearth. It was there that I found it—together with this, the most foully murderous weapon on earth."

Harkness paused, and placed the arrowhead carefully on the table before him. Only the sound of his listeners' heavy breathing could be heard. Mrs. Carstairs, with her face still hidden, now sat rigidly erect.

"Within five minutes, but after intolerable agony, Carstairs was dead," concluded Harkness.

Then he stood up and, pointing an accusing finger, said loudly:

"I charge that woman with the murder of her husband!"

At his words, Mrs. Carstairs uncovered her bloodless face and rose slowly to her feet.

Stepping quietly towards Harkness, with her hands hanging loosely at her sides, she looked at him steadily—almost defiantly.

"You've been too clever for me," she said clearly. "I was a fool to come to you. I should have gone to Scotland Yard. But they never hang me—never!"

Her voice rose to a shriek and, with a sudden spring, she snatched up the poisoned arrowhead and stabbed it fiercely into her neck.

THEN, before anyone

could reach her, she flung the weapon violently across the room, and fell to the floor.

"Got an antidote, Professor?" shouted Garton, dashing forward and stooping over the woman.

"No," replied Harkness firmly. "Nor, if I had, should she have it," he added, but so quietly as to be unheard.

(Copyright)



REXONA

will clear your skin of ugly blemishes

Don't be discouraged if your skin is dull and blotchy. Treat it nightly with Rexona Ointment, and very soon you'll see a world of difference. Rexona's soothing, healing touch quickly banishes all skin troubles, and makes your complexion fresh and young again. There is no better remedy for—Blackheads, Abscesses, Cracked Lips, Rashes, Eczema, Ulcers and blotches.

**Rexona**  
OINTMENT  
the rapid healer

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

HOUT HORNBROOK says: Melbourne's Press. "Rexona is clear, brilliant and milky. Ah! it is a wonderful cure."



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## JOIN the Hair-brush BRIGADE

If You Want Lovely,  
Burnished Tresses!

**S**PRING, summer, autumn, winter—each season has its effect on the hair. It generally falls out in the spring and in the autumn. And so at these two seasons it needs a tonic and special care. Don't for beauty's sake say, "I dare not brush my hair, it's simply falling out in handfuls," and leave it at that! Get the best tonic you can buy from a reliable chemist. Treat your hair daily to very special care. And please do not forsake the brush.

**T**HE girl and woman with normally well-cared-for hair does not suffer from any chronic falling, excessive greasiness, or brittleness.

A peroxidized blonde, after a "permanent," wonders why her hair comes out in handfuls; why the ends split. I shudder for the future of that synthetic golden head of hair. For soon the scalp must revolt.

There are those, too, who, as soon as they get a permanent wave, immediately give up brushing the hair for fear of taking out the waves. It never occurs to them to massage their heads.

The only attention the maltreated scalp gets is when somebody rubs in a

little soap during a shampoo. While the hair is still wet the hair is plastered to the head, and on comes the drier.

Can you blame the scalp if, in due course, it revolts and has its revenge by producing grey hairs, greasiness, dryness, irritation, and dandruff?

When your scalp seems dry and your hair lifeless, a hot-oil treatment is indicated.



HAIR, like the human body, must be kept exquisitely clean to be kept healthy; exercised by means of frequent finger-tip massage, fed by regular brushing. The hair of Alice Fay (Fox player) looks lovely after a shampoo, don't you think?

You can give yourself such a treatment at home. Several hours before your shampoo warm a little olive oil, and massage it thoroughly into the scalp.

The essential thing is to get the oil on the scalp, not on the hair, so the hair should be carefully parted, the oil rubbed

on with a swab of cotton, and then another part made about half an inch from the first. And so for the whole

By EVELYN

head. Then massage it in well. Fix your fingers firmly on the scalp and rotate the scalp without moving your fingers from the spot where you have placed them.

When the oil is thoroughly massaged into the scalp, wrap the head in a warm towel and keep it wrapped up until time for the shampoo.

By the way, these hot-oil treatments are an excellent way of conditioning the hair for a permanent wave.

I have so often told you about the castle soap shampoo, and recently gave you an egg shampoo. Here is another home-made one, which I have tried. I rather like it.

### Home-made Shampoo

**G**ET a large tablet of lemon soap from your chemist (if small chemists do not stock the best kind, send to a reliable firm of city chemists), and shred half of this into two cups of water. Put into a vessel on the stove, and stir until it has melted. Remove. Just when it is cool, but not cold, whisk in the well-beaten white of an egg. Store in a close-topped jar.

You know how to shampoo your head. Two applications of this are necessary, and the hair should be rinsed in several waters, dried with soft, warm towels, and, after a thorough drying, given a thorough brushing.

### Back to the Brush

**D**AILY massage with the finger-tips will, too, stimulate the oil glands and give the hair back its sheen. Thorough brushing will keep the hair glossy.

One of the very best slogans for every one of us to adopt would be: "Back to the brush."

Many would find that five minutes' brushing night and morning with a really stiff whalebone brush would keep the scalp in good condition, and help to clean the hair; and, finishing off with a soft-bristled brush, will, or should, put waves (and conquering curls) back into a lovely and fitting frame for the face.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** My daughter aged 16 suffers greatly from pimples. They were only on her face at one time, but now they have come out on her back, and although ointments and lotions soothe the skin, they do not seem to cure the complaint. Will you advise me what to do for her, please?

**ACNE**, a name that doctors employ for pimples, is a condition that is quite common, especially during pubertal years. When it is present, it invariably makes its victim exceedingly self-conscious; often, indeed, it affects her attitude and course of life.

The acne victim, especially if she has tried many remedies and so far has failed to be cured, is very likely to feel that everybody notices her condition; in fact, she is under the illusion that she is being singled out for comment and ridicule.

It often happens, therefore, that such persons become seclusive and shut-in, avoid ordinary social contacts, and even

develop a distinct disinclination to go to school or to work because of their unsightliness.

To be sure, acne may not always be most prominent on the face, although this seems to be the rule. Pimples may also appear on the back and on other parts of the body.

First of all, it should be remembered by all acne victims that, unless the general health of the body is built up, no amount of lotions, creams or other purely skin remedies will suffice. In all cases the tone of the skin, which is poor, must be improved.

**OUT-OF-DOOR** exercise is beneficial, as is plenty of regular sleep, avoidance of excesses of all kinds. Special attention should be given to the diet.

The reason why so many youngsters have pimples, boys as well as girls, is often because these young people like and eat too many sweets. Pastries, pies, lollies and the like, help to produce acne.



...BY A DOCTOR...

Fried and made-over dishes, spiny foods, rich sauces and condiments—these also are prescribed.

Next, constipation, which is so often present in these cases, must be overcome. The best way, of course, is to eat plenty of fresh fruits and green vegetables each day. Water should also be drunk between meals, a total of about six glasses a day. A very good practice to establish is the habit of eating stewed prunes or other stewed fruit before retiring. Strong aperients are best avoided, unless it is absolutely necessary as a temporary measure.

Bananas, grapes and fried meats should be avoided. Meat that is broiled may be eaten once a day; fish may be eaten twice a week. Fried eggs are likewise to be avoided, but they may be eaten daily in any other form.

Milk should be taken daily. Butter-milk or any other similar preparation containing lactic acid bacilli is extremely beneficial.

**I**T is important that the entire skin be kept unusually clean. This can be accomplished with soap and water. The water, however, should not be "hard," and never should the skin be scrubbed or rubbed too hard. Besides, care should be exercised in the selection of a soap. This must be non-irritating soap such as castile.

When the fundamentals of the body are taken care of as outlined above, the use of lotions and similar concoctions is scarcely necessary. They may be employed, if necessary, for soothing or stimulating effects.

No sufferer from acne should, however, become discouraged. With the right treatment, and this may vary in different persons, and the major work being done by the patient in building up his health, hope for most cases may be entertained.



**THE FINEST, safest  
cleanser you can get  
for all your cleaning**

For baths . . . for sinks . . . for pots and pans . . . for all your household cleaning Bon Ami is the perfect cleanser!

Bon Ami doesn't scratch, and gradually wear away surfaces, as gritty cleansers do. Instead, it leaves what it is used on smooth . . . unmarred . . . and polished.

To suit your taste, Bon Ami comes in a long-lasting Cake or in a convenient sifter top can of Powder. Both are the same pure, scratchless, odourless, material.

**BON AMI**

. . . cleans quickly and easily  
doesn't redden your hands

"POWDERFEE"  
underthings . . . finished  
with beautiful French  
laces . . . perfect in fit!  
Five sizes are available  
in

Hand-cut Lingerie  
by Prestige





# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

CRAZED with terror after slaying Inca Hasta, chief of the Yaca Indians, Gable Zane, treacherous white aviator, has seized Princess Cuycha, of Amaru, and has dashed to the topmost pinnacle of the palace, holding her as hostage. Manco, Emperor of Amaru, and his soldiers, are helpless, but Brick Bradford, Manco's comrade, volunteers to go to the rescue.



## Gonnie's Letter

MY DEAR PAUL—  
How many of you can tell me which animal it is that has a brown coat, bushy tail, and a white waistcoat? A squirrel! Yes, that's right. Can you now tell me something more about him? Of course you can—he's a good jumper, and jumps from branch to branch in the trees.  
But perhaps you don't know how necessary it is for him to be able to jump so well. It is to escape his greatest enemy, the hawk. He jumps so fast and hides so well that if he gets into a hollow of a tree he looks as if he had the hawk become tired of trying to find him and goes away.  
The squirrel eats nuts, and stores them up in a little cupboard; then, when winter comes, he goes back and takes up only now and then to have a good feed.  
In the spring he and his mate build their nest. This nest is rather like a bird's nest, only bigger, and is lined with moss.  
So now I have told you all about the squirrel, and I hope Ted Walker, at Ashfield, has read his letter, for he was one of the little boys who asked me to write something about the squirrel.  
The price of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to ELISE SMITH, Braxton St., Gretna, N.S.W.  
Good-bye until next week,  
Gonnie.

## The Life of a Tree

BY REG TINDALL.  
I AM a very crooked oak tree, and I grow by the side of a beautiful river.  
Each year new leaves come with care and awe, and cut my friends down and chop them up. As they grow, I often hear them say, "What a crooked tree! It wouldn't be worth while cutting that down!"  
So here I am, year following year, making friends and losing them, but having nothing starting happens to myself.  
I am the starting river, starting its banks in flood-time, and, in a drought, see it nothing but a chain of pools.  
If only I were straight and could go on adventures like my comrades! Now I wish, I could, but since Nature has made me crooked and so good for making anything I suppose I shall remain where I am till I die.  
Two Price Cards to REG TINDALL, 55 Hazell St., Stodge, N.S.W.

## About Competitions

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and names must be original. Prizes must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded. Each fortnight a painting competition is held. Prizes may select any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Any picture may be chosen, but it must reach our office within 21 days after the paper is dated. Mark envelopes "Painting Competition," etc.  
Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Combs, Box 10318, G.P.O., Sydney."

## Wattle, Wattle!

By DORRIS KELLY.  
Oh, sweet, fluffy balls of gold,  
Dotted on your foliage green,  
And when sweet spring comes around,  
You are the prettiest ever seen.  
When the breezes dance around  
In the early morning hours,  
The dainty blossoms open up,  
Among their leafy bowers.  
You dance in the playful winds,  
You sway in each leafy bower,  
A golden shower.  
Price of 5/- to DORRIS KELLY, 121 Old Kent Rd., Bankstown, N.S.W.

## FUN FOR ALL

A PASSENGER in an aeroplane was far up in the sky when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.  
Passenger: What's the joke?  
Pilot: I'm thinking of what they'll say at the airport when they find out I have crashed.  
Price Card to JACK RUTLER, 12 Ferry St., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.  
"You have very fine saddle-horses, but you do not ride—that is very strange!"  
"I don't think so much of horses—one and they bite, the other and they kick, and the middle is as slippery!"  
Price Card to MAVIN CARTHEW, Rensselaire, N.S.W.  
Teacher: Now, class, who can tell me the meaning of the R.O.S. signal?  
Johnny (from back of class): Yes, miss, it means "shoot or surrender!"  
Price Card to ALLAN STEWART, Footscray P.O., via Geelong, Vic.

Butcher (talking with boy constantly whistling outside his shop): What are you making all that noise for, you young scamp?  
Boy: I've lost my dog.  
Butcher: Well, do you think I've got him?  
Boy: I don't understand, but every time I whistle these sounds come.  
Price Card to ANN NORMAN, 28 Fultons St., Brighton, S.A.  
Dinner: Oh, waiter, I have only a shilling.  
What do you recommend?  
Waiter: Another restaurant.  
Price Card to JACQUE SMALL, 2 Grosvenor St., Parkside, S.A.



A MAN AND A PIG. Two Price Cards to NORMAN BARRETT, 121/57, Eight-Mile Plains, Brisbane, Qld.

## Just Chatter



Introducing JILL CLARKE, of Maroubra.—Falk.

JACK NEWELL, of Sans Souci (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; RUBY PASCOE, of Raywood (Vic.), writes a delightful letter; JOYCE GIN, of Toorak: BEZ (Vic.), is fond of jokes and riddles.

JOYCE WILSON, of Rockdale (N.S.W.), likes painting and sketching; RUTH THOMPSON, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), always reads our section every week; JOYCE KIRBY, of Leyburn (Qld.), has a pet kangaroo called Mickey; EDITH KAUFMAN, of Waverley (N.S.W.), does nice drawings; NANCY SIMPSON, of Oatley, is welcomed as a new pal; PETER LAWSON, of Adelphi (N.S.W.), has for his pets two dogs, a cat, and a terrier.

MURIEL JENSEN, of Memerambi, Kingaroy Line, is fond of reading nice books; MONA PALMER, of Yerrongbilly (Qld.), is another new pal; DESMOND LEWIS, of Nundah, Brisbane, is fond of jokes; MAY VERRALL, of Ararat, via Kalbar (Qld.), writes clever stories; KATHI HOWLAND, of Glenview (N.S.W.), does nice drawings; MURIEL GORMAN, of Geelong West (Vic.), writes pretty verse; NOREEN BOYD, of Geelong (Vic.), always buys The Australian Women's Weekly.

BETTY EMERY, of Couburn (N.S.W.), is fond of jokes; PHYLLIS WEBB, of Couburn (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter; GRACE FAIRBROW, of Tempe (N.S.W.), does nice paintings.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL.

FRED'S eyes sparkled. He was looking at some booklets at the Mushroom Grove Tourist Bureau, and Wunderlust was busy talking to the manager, and trying to decide which place he and Fred would go to.

Wunderlust had said the night before that he intended going on a holiday for about three weeks or so and taking Fred with him. He was tired of piloting his plane, and certainly would not think of driving his car anywhere. In his own words, "It was not a holiday at all if there was a machine of any kind to look after."

"These islands look great," said Fred excitedly, hurrying over to where Wunderlust stood, and pointing to a leaf in the booklet which showed a lovely beach scene, with tall, picturesque coconut trees scattered about it.

"No," said Wunderlust decisively, "it is not the right time of the year to visit such a place. In the middle of summer, maybe, but not now. I suggest we go to some more place, such as Shimboko. There'll be plenty of skating, and it will be such a change from here."

"Oh, that would be wonderful," said Fred, instantly forgetting the islands, "will we start to-morrow?"

"No," said Wunderlust, "that all depends upon the tourist bureau. If they have a car going there to-morrow, we shall go."

"Yes sir," was the instantaneous reply of the manager, "we have cars running every day, and for special occasions we often put an extra car on."

"Well, book us two more seats for to-morrow," said Wunderlust, "we must not waste any time, must we, Fred?"

"Oh, no," smiled Fred.

"We have had some very impudent boys staying here lately," she said, looking very hard at Fred, "and I personally object to boys in the house. To-night the little rascals wouldn't stop calling me names and throwing snogals at me. So I don't feel at all the welcoming another boy into the place."

She cast a suspicious look at Fred.

"Oh, you need not worry about Fred," said Wunderlust, smiling very nicely at her. "This boy is wonderfully well behaved. He would not misbehave himself I am sure."

The old lady looked at Fred once more.

"Perhaps not, but I don't like taking chances."

"Oh, really," said Wunderlust, still smiling, "aren't you a little unreasonable, when we are to stay if you won't have us? Yours is the only boarding-house here which, to really a most boarding-house and which has such excellent service."

"That was all that was needed. The old lady became almost silent, and beamed upon them. 'We you know about my boarding-house?'"

"Of course," answered Wunderlust, "everybody in Mushroom Grove knows about it."

"That is very nice," she smiled. "Just wait a moment and I'll get a man to relieve you of those bags. You may have the two balcony rooms."



PRICE OF 5/- to MARIE YASKE, 8 Whitewater Rd., Brookvale, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.



# ON the TELEPHONE

Continued from Page 7

**TO-MORROW.** Eleven o'clock. Failure and Garth with nothing to live for; neither the woman he loved nor the work to which he had given his life.

Everything hung on his being able to convince Sir James Riley and his co-directors that Eastern Electric could win through even if the Rumanian company refused to come in.

He would not sell, whatever the price. That he had said definitely to Cynthia and that he had meant it, and he must convince his rivals that Eastern Electric was able to compete with them.

But Garth Carey lay half-conscious, unable to see anyone or know anything, and business would not wait for his recovery.

With the unconscious guilt of a sleepwalker, Sarah Kent moved over to a chair and sat down looking before her with unfocused eyes.

After, perhaps, fifteen minutes, she glanced at her watch and saw it was half-past ten, and going to the telephone she rang up Vale Court. While she waited her right hand was busy making memoranda on the telephone pad. When at last Vale Court answered and she asked for Cynthia, her voice was steady, her mind made up.

"Is that you, Miss Lane? This is Sally speaking. I want you to tell me whether anyone outside your household and the doctor knows of Mr. Carey's illness."

"Why, no!" Cynthia's voice came back, "certainly not. Why should they?"

"Listen!" Sarah's voice took on a new note of authority. "No one must know. No one. Even if you aren't going to marry him you like him well enough to want to save him big business worries, don't you?"

"Of course I do. I promise. What are you up to, Sally?"

"Business. But it's known he's ill nothing will be any good. Tell your father, Promise me!"

"Sweetie! He's sleeping and going on all right. Dr. Roberts says. You're a marvel, Sally, and I'm a little beast."

"Better be a little beast now than later!" Sarah said cheerfully. "Good-night."

She rang off, took a hot bath, made herself some coffee and sat down for an hour with pencil, paper, the memoranda; but when that hour was finished she sat for a while thinking.

Her thoughts were not of business at all, out of a certain play she had seen a year or two before and a memory of Seymour Hicks alone on the stage at the telephone—and a conversation that held the audience for five minutes.

"GOOD morning, Sir James. Good morning, Mr. Skelton. Good morning, Mr. Hasperides."

Sarah Kent greeted three of the most important business men in Europe quite composedly, and with a proper air of regret informed them that Mr. Carey had not arrived.

"He was called into the country by illness of a very near relative," she said. "And this morning, coming up by car, he has had a slight accident. He is detained and asks me to express his intense annoyance and regret, but he will be here by one o'clock and in the meantime he has given me instructions and I can speak for him on the telephone if you, gentlemen, will be kind enough to tell me what you wish to say to him."

They all knew her. Sir James for some years knew her steadiness, her efficiency, Garth Carey's rightly-placed trust in her. Only Mr. Hasperides frowned and expressed some faint annoyance.

Her face was, perhaps, a little pale, but she was quite composed and sure of herself, and sat waiting for the proposals which now must come.

"Well, Miss Kent as you have Mr. Carey's instructions, perhaps you would be good enough to read them now and we can tell you our answer which you can then put before him on the telephone."

There was one moment's pause, then Sarah rose to her feet and in a voice that was quite steady and free from haste, though to her own ears it sounded more than strange, read from the memorandum in her hand.

She had not called upon all her knowledge in vain, the statement, even to her critical eye, bore the impress of Garth Carey, as it summed up briefly the facilities which could be commanded by the two companies acting together.

There was a complete and attentive silence as she read, and when she laid down the paper Sir James was the first to speak.

"An excellent statement of Mr. Carey's opinions," he said briefly. "There is, however, no mention of the more practical points such as shares and expenses."

"I have that here," Sarah said as briefly. "This—leaving a little forward, wondering with one section of her conscious brain why they were not

all laughing at her as she handed a folded paper to each of the three men—"this is a draft agreement of a few paragraphs only. Mr. Carey has asked that you should read it now. It sets forth the chief points as to the exchange of shares, the adjustment of expenses, the voting trust, and the moderate, but not too moderate—she permitted herself a faintly ironical smile—"demands of the Eastern Electric Corporation."

Each man took his paper, each man glanced at it and at each other, then, before one of the three spoke, Sarah pushed her chair a little back from the table.

"You will probably desire to consider this document alone, gentlemen," she said. "I will go in the next room and tell Mr. Carey on the telephone that I am waiting for your decision."

She gave no one of them time to answer but turned and walked to the door.

She heard the door close behind her and felt her head swimming, but the time for thinking of herself had not come; she dared not risk one iota of relaxation, and going to the telephone she held down the arm, picked up the receiver and called a number, asking, when she had allowed time for getting it, for Garth Carey.

She remembered hearing once that, to play a part convincingly or to carry out a masquerade, one must make one's self believe it to be true; and now, acting upon this memory, she carried on the conversation just as she would have done had Garth Carey been at the other end of the wire.

IT was just a quarter of an hour later when the door was opened and Mr. Skelton asked her to come back, and for the first time feeling a little cold and sick, Sarah, outwardly calm, obeyed and sat down in Carey's chair as Sir James Riley got to his feet.

"Miss Kent, you may tell Mr. Carey that we will accept his proposal if he will concede the control of the Eastern Dairies section to the trans-Arabian, which will enable us to arrange more easily the actual working rates of transport. That is, I think—it not, gentlemen?—the only point we wish to raise."

He sat down, and Sarah got up and this time she kept hold of the edge of the table.

"Mr. Carey anticipated that request, gentlemen," she said, "and he is prepared to agree on the condition that an option to purchase one-third of the shares of the trans-Arabian at to-day's price is given to Eastern Electric for one year."

She sat down rather quickly. Sir James, a little startled, looked from one to the other. Skelton passed a scribbled line to Hasperides; he nodded almost unnoticeably and Sir James rose again.

Please turn to Page 50

## DAIN'S MASTER



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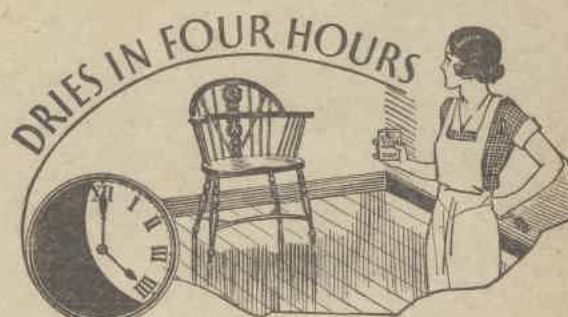
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And all these stains—because they are chemically different—will not yield to any one cleansing action.

But the TWO cleansing actions of Colgate's get every last one of them off. An emulsive action dissolves and washes away some of the stains. A fine polishing action cleans away the others. Together, they get your teeth clean right down to the bright, sparkling enamel.

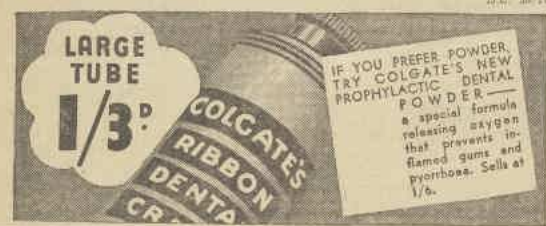
Try it! Get a tube of Colgate's today. Brush your teeth with Colgate's—night and morning—for ten days. Then look in the mirror—and you'll get a thrill.

### The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods. Group No. 2—Sour foods. Group No. 3—Fatty foods. Group No. 4—Fruit. Group No. 5—Beverages. Group No. 6—Dust. Group No. 7—Colours.

Colgate's removes all seven.

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UNDAUNTED by fear, Children take many chances with the things they eat. Pastries, Puddings and Mystic Confections still lure them to their undoing.

But Mother, watchful Mother, is ever at hand with a small wineglassful of the genuine Kruse's Fluid Magnesia.

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The large family size is relatively cheaper.

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**FLUID MAGNESIA**  
BY FELTON GRIMWADE PTY. LTD. MELBOURNE

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macquarie House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

WE agree, Miss Kent. Mr. Carey has done a good stroke of business for his company, but we have confidence in his judgment and in his capacity to make it into an equally good piece of business for us all. Convey my congratulations to him for so pleasant a deal. I understand Mr. Carey will be here within the hour and we shall receive the signed document by one o'clock."

"Without fail, Sir James. He will have already started and he should be here almost at once. I myself will bring the document to Kingsway and deliver it to your secretary."

"Good. I must congratulate you, Miss Kent, on the efficient way you handled a difficult task. I envy Mr. Carey his secretary."

A difficult task! How difficult no one but herself would ever know, or how well earned was the great financier's compliment. And as the door closed behind them she clenched her hands on the back of a chair and fought for steadiness and control, for the last and crowning act was yet to come, and for it she would need all her nerve and will.

After a minute or two she rang the bell for one of the typists, dictated one or two letters that needed attention, then gave orders that she was not to be disturbed for a quarter of an hour.

"I have an important memorandum to prepare of this morning's meeting," she said. "Don't put any calls through and don't let me be interrupted for anything whatever. You understand?"

"Yes, Miss Kent."

The girl withdrew, wishing she were in the position to give orders and run the business from Mr. Carey's private office, and Sarah Kent sat down at Garth Carey's desk, drew a sheet of paper towards her and a pile of cheques sent last Friday from the bank.

Finally she took the document. Sir James had laid before her, dipped her pen in the ink and, with firm, quick fingers, signed Garth Carey's name below that of the other three men.

"HULLO, Miss Kent—it's good to see you. How are you?"

"It's how are you, I think," Sarah Kent said quickly, taking the hand Garth Carey held out. "It's useless for me to say how anxious and sorry we've been—and how glad I am to be allowed to see you."

He smiled, gave her hand a close, friendly grip, and leaned back on his pillows watching her, surprised at his own pleasure at seeing her again.

After fifteen days of physical misery and slow convalescence it had been a relief to lie here at ease with only a faint weakness to conquer. But with the increased consciousness came the beginnings of anxiety, and at last the doctor, seeing the state of his patient's mind, had permitted him to send for Sarah Kent.

Here she was—only more attractive, different somehow from the quiet, quick, efficient secretary he remembered.

"Miss Kent," his voice had become the voice she remembered, impersonal, authoritative, almost as vital as ever. "What happened that Monday? What steps have been taken against us?"

Here it was at last. Sarah Kent felt her heart jump and plunge.

"None," she said, "they are not taking any."

"Not taking—but, excuse me, that's nonsense. The Persian and Southern men to have us out of business. They must, for their own sake."

"I think not," she said quietly, wondering why he did not hear the thudding of her pulses, feeling her mouth a little dry. "You see, they have amalgamated. At your price."

"What on earth do you mean?" he demanded. "How could they? I wasn't there—they were going to fight."

"They did. And I fought, too. You see I—I felt you must not have two disasters to face—it was her only slip and she hoped he did not notice—and I met them and said you had been detained in the country by illness of a close relative, that you had had a minor accident on your way up, and would give me instructions and receive their offers."

"I—I remembered seeing Seymour Hicks once hold the stage in a long telephone conversation that at the time entirely convinced the audience that he was speaking to a real person at the other end of the wire. So I tried to do the same."

"I sat at your desk and talked to you and listened and repeated your words to them—and they believed it. And at last, after an hour and a half or so, they agreed."

"I have the terms here in my bag. It was just what you wanted, all except the control of the Eastern Danube Section. I couldn't get them to concede that, so I let it go. I thought it was what you would do."

She paused a moment, but all he said was an abrupt:

"What about the signature?"

"I forged it. You have often told me to sign your name. So I did. And delivered the document by one o'clock."

"What if they had asked to speak to me themselves?"

"I thought of that," she said, rather low. "It was the chief thing I feared."

## ON the TELEPHONE

Continued from Page 49

But there was the gamble—it was worth it. And it came off."

FOR an instant longer Garth Carey stared at her, then he dropped back on his pillows.

"My God!" he said, and was silent. It was Sarah who at last, finding the silence unbearable, broke it.

"I knew you'd stand by what I'd done. If I have gone beyond your wishes, I can ask you to accept my resignation—I should quite understand if you did. I've taken an appalling liberty, I know—but Eastern Electric is safe."

He nodded, never taking his eyes from her, incredulity, perplexity, laughter, chasing each other across his face.

"You did it! You! Of all the astounding bluffs! By Jove, you're a genius! Resignation! Don't be a fool—why—"

He stopped suddenly, a different expression coming into his eyes, and suddenly stretched out a hand towards her.

"There's something else I want to know," he said. "Something you said just now about facing two disasters. What was the second?"

For one second Sarah looked at him, forgetting the mask she wore, and Garth Carey experienced a sudden strange feeling of surprise that was by no means unpleasant. Then, hardly above her breath, she spoke.

"Miss Lane had told me—of her engagement to Lord Vale."

"I see. And you knew that would hit me pretty badly."

"Yes."

He made no immediate reply, and Sarah sat very still. For once she was ill at ease, not knowing whether to go or stay. She had seen a glimpse of a different Garth Carey, but whether that difference pleased her or not she was unable to decide.

"I must go now," she said quietly, giving no sign of the weariness that had seized her. "Dr. Roberts said only twenty minutes. When you want me will you let me know?"

He started, turned his head, and looked at her, then, seeing she was on her feet, suddenly smiled.

"Sarah, do you remember what I said to you just before I left the office that last night?"

Sarah . . . Sarah . . . desperately holding on to her self-control, she shook her head.

"No."

"Well, I do. I said, 'Pity you're not a man!'"

He paused, and, pulling on her gloves, she managed a quite creditable:

"Did you?"

"And I was quite wrong. I'm glad you're not a man, Sarah. Very glad . . . will you dine with me very quietly on Tuesday? I've some things I want to say." (Copyright)

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(Miss) M.D.

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# ENCOURAGING Sports Talent in SCHOOLS

The value placed on school sports as a means of developing Australia's future champions is indicated in the decision of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association last week to give greater attention to coaching young players in the schools.

*This is of special importance in view of the fact that Australian teams of women cricketers will be touring abroad in future.*

**S**PORT plays a very important part in the recreation provided for the youngsters these days.

Within recent years the public has had an opportunity of applauding world's champions who have graduated from the ranks of school championship.

Australia has at the present time two champions in Miss Clare Dennis (swimming) and Mr. Jack Crawford (tennis) who have come from the school championship class to that of world renown.

Miss Joan Hartigan, our present woman tennis champion, first won fame on the courts as a schoolgirl when she won the schoolgirls' singles championship and the mixed doubles with Vivian McGroth, who was then a schoolboy champion.

Fifteen-year-old Pat Norton, of New South Wales, who so closely pressed the English champion swimmer, Miss Joyce Cooper, when she visited here last year, is perhaps the most promising Australian youngster in the sporting world at present.

If her swimming form can be maintained this season, there is not the slightest doubt that she will be a strong contestant for inclusion in the Olympic Games team.

Although the English women's cricket team that recently visited Australia, was composed of members over twenty-one years of age, all the players had learnt their cricket when attending school as pupils.

## "Spoon-fed"

**W**HILE tennis, hockey, and basketball champions are usually well known before they leave school, few of the promising athletes go on to interstate fame after they leave. This is the considered opinion of both Miss Edna Collinson, school coach and leading tennis player, and Miss Lorna Ryan, who is another well-known coach and secretary of the Secondary Girls Schools Sports Association of South Australia.

Miss Ryan suggests that most of the



A CHARMING HOME STUDY of Mrs. Roy Cozens, formerly Miss Lorie Bickerton, the well-known Australian tennis player. Mrs. Cozens is leaving this week for England. This is the first published picture taken of Mrs. Cozens since her recent marriage.

—Women's Weekly Exclusive Study.

private schools spoon-feed their athletes, or else the girls turn to golf and other games when they leave — and do not wish to try for interstate honors in athletics.

All of which goes to show how the schoolchild has been asserting herself in the field of sport within recent years. The Victorian Women's Amateur Swimming Association believes swimming stars must start young, and the only way to start young is at school.

Frances Butt used to swim for Pirbank School.

Norma Hancock, of Hampton High School, promises to be a future Frances.

Lesley Thompson's sisters, Alice and Isobel, who are twins, aged 12, follow in their famous sister's footsteps. They dive for Williamstown High School. Isobel won the Victorian diving championship for under thirteen, with Alice

the runner-up for two years running. Irene Denmet, last year's High Schools' diving champion, promises well.

Amy Brunner, Victoria's athletics star, was sports champion of Rosbrough V.W.A.A. She runs in the schoolgirl championship every year.

Golf may not be generally learned at school, but sports training in other games often helps girls to excel at golf. Betty Nankivell, the Victorian who did so well in the international golf match recently, was one of the best all-round sports and champion tennis player when at Pirbank School.

The time is not far distant when the only sports players will be those who are recruited from the school-rooms, and who are guided through the elementary stages of sport through the assistance of their teachers.

# WILL Hockey Fashions Change? Divided Skirts Not Popular

Australian sportsgirls will be very interested in a move made recently in England to have the women's hockey uniform altered. It was considered by the prime movers that the present-day uniform was too bulky and clumsy as compared with the sports clothes worn by women in other branches of sports.

Despite the lead given by the Old Country the change is not greatly favored in Australia, judging from the opinions of hockey leaders.

**T**HE alteration in the costume, as suggested to the All-England Women's Hockey Association, was a divided skirt similar in design to that worn by the present-day tennis player, with stockings turned down below the knee and a tailored, long-sleeved, high-necked jumper.

The change is advocated on the ground that the present costume is too bulky and clumsy by comparison with clothes worn by women in other branches of sport.

The hockey tunic, however, has been the recognized uniform for hockey players over a great many years, and although one must recognise the change of times, and that the sportsgirl must keep in line with the alterations in fashions, it is not likely that Australian players will change their mode of uniform for some time to come.

The Australian Women's Weekly has been able to ascertain the views of quite a number of hockey women enthusiasts in Australia on the subject of uniforms, and, judging by the opinions expressed, it is unlikely that the Australian hockey uniform will be considered "out of date."

"I think nothing looks nicer for a

sports uniform than the hockey tunic, blouse with sleeves, shirt, collar, and tie. The times are changing, and I suppose we must consider some change in this direction later on, but I hope it will not occur in my time," said Mrs. P. J. Davy, the secretary of the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association.

A country player voiced the opinion that the present-day uniform was most suitable for the Australian climate. "As it is, we get so hot that we have often to undo our collars, so a high-necked jumper is quite out of the question."

It is interesting to note that Miss H. M. Light, the president of the All-England Women's Hockey Association, thought that the present uniform was smart and most suitable for all types of figures.

Speaking as a player, the secretary of the Victorian Women's Hockey Association, Miss Alison Farway, said that she thought the English women cricketers looked smart in their divided skirts, but for hockey she can think of nothing more suitable than the tunic at present worn. Apart from their businesslike appearance, the fact that there is no break at the waistline makes them extremely comfortable.

**A**USTRALIAN girls do wear their hockey tunics too long to be really smart, according to Miss E. Masarey,

## BRITISH GOLFERS IN SYDNEY MATCHES

**T**HE British Women's Golf team, which arrived in Sydney at the week-end, will devote only two days to match play here. Play takes place at the Royal Sydney Links, Rose Bay, on Tuesday, and the Australian Club, Kensington, on Thursday.

The four matches are due to commence at 9.45 a.m., and the singles at 1.45 p.m. each day.

Sydney people will no doubt centre their interest on Pam Barton and Phyllis Wade, the two youthful members of the team, who appear to be playing their best golf at present.

The seven N.S.W. players originally selected to practise were Mesdames Robinson, McKay, Clements, Yulle, and the Misses Hammond and Green. From these were selected the members of the team to play the visitors.

The South Australian Association's secretary, who has travelled with the S.A. team for several years. But, at the same time, she thinks that the players would have to be of the fashion-plate variety to keep their skirts or jumpers neatly tucked into the waists of the proposed divided skirts while they were rushing round the field.

"They must have a waistline somewhere, to look tidy," she said, "but I fear the jumpers would be straining everywhere if the girls just had to tuck them in. Hockey is not like tennis, when shorts look really smart. It is a winter game, and therefore, I think the rolled-down stocking idea will not be very popular. Besides, it is untidy."

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## SEEING the Clock Round at 2GB

### A Day in the Life of a Broadcasting Station!

*The world and his wife listen-in to a broadcasting station, hear entertainment as varied as the affairs of man can be, now and then notice some slight fault, and probably think things ought to be run better.*

But, spend the day at that broadcasting station, and there will be a realisation that, with all the detail that requires attention, it is amazing that so few irregularities occur.

Let us put in a day at 2GB—condense seventeen and a half hours into a few minutes...

IT'S 6 o'clock in the morning, and that cheery-looking person saying "Good-morning" into

the microphone is Jack Davey. But he's not the first up. A peep through the glass wall of the studio reveals the control operators, who have been checking over the transmitting mechanism to make sure the broadcasting will be perfect.

An hour later Jack Lumsdaine and Cyril James join Jack Davey. Jack Lumsdaine is "Father Time" for the occasion.

Then Albert Russell and Reg Morgan arrive. They always work in the big studio on the other side of the control room. A signal through the glass gives them the word to start. The Breakfast Club is launched with a song...

George Edwards and Neil Stirling are presenting "Breakfast with Darby and Joan"—an imaginary breakfast. These two have been up an hour or so and breakfasted, and there is no truth in the rumor that George Edwards and Neil Stirling broadcast direct from their home in Haberfield.

So the broadcasting goes on. Nothing is haphazard. It has all been arranged the day before. Records have been

### 2GB Highlights

**SATURDAY, September 21.—**  
11.30: The Hall of Song. 7.45: An Evening with Darby and Joan.  
8.35: Happy Days. 9.30: "A September Morn."

**SUNDAY, September 22.—**2.15: Glen Southern. 7.30: A. J. Daisiel: "Sydney's Unsuspected Slums." 7.40: Norman Cowper: "Personalities in Politics in England." 8.45: George Edwards in "Abyssinia."

**MONDAY, September 23.—**11.45: Dorothea Vantier: "People in the Limelight." 6.35: "Old Monty." 7.30: "The Laughing Cavalier," with George Edwards. 10.0: The Trial of J. A. Dickman.

**TUESDAY, September 24.—**2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 4.15: Lucky Birthday Song Session. 9.15: The Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James: Russian Love Songs.

**WEDNESDAY, September 25.—**2.30: Dorothea Vantier: Feature Session. 8.0: The Lady's Maid. 9.0: Donald Novis. 9.30: Travel With Music.

**THURSDAY, September 26.—**7.15: Pinto Pete. 9.15: "Robert Bruce of Scotland."

**FRIDAY, September 27.—**9.15: Jack Lumsdaine. 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

placed ready for use. Copy has been written, sound effects carefully rehearsed.

Auntie Val and Bimbo are next to arrive. Now leave them at the microphone and take a peep out the window. Dorothy Jordan and her daughter, Kath, have just drawn up in "Lizzie the Lady." Soon Mrs. Jordan is in the studio. "Good-morning everybody. This is Dorothy Jordan calling."

### Everybody Busy

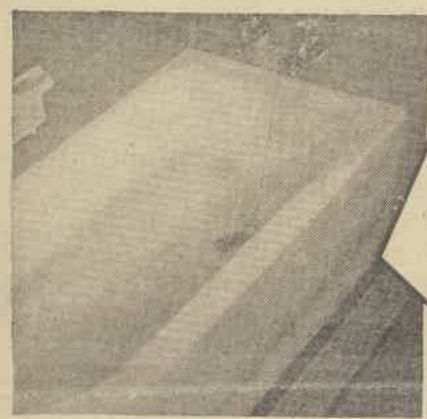
Meantime George Edwards presents "Casanova." Listening to him over the air is one thing, but watching him reveals his amazing flair for changing instantaneously from one character to another.

The children's session is on the air. Hundreds of letters have been sorted in the office ready for Uncle George to read and answer.

George Edwards and his Players are back at the microphone again, and will be there, intermittently, until 10.15 p.m. The night announcers, among control. Some of them, notably Eric Colman, have already done a day's work. But somehow, although radio means arduous work and long hours, the glamor does not wear off. Like the stage and the Press, the romance is not lost through being behind the scenes.

HORST HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal...

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By Elizabeth York Miller

Author of "Forbid Me to Love," "The Runaway Wife," "A Cinderella of Mayfair," etc.

## CHAPTER I



JOHN RAYNES at the age of 50 was a man who had every reason to be contented with what life had given him and, indeed, on the whole, he was contented.

To-night his lifelong friend, as well as business partner, Thomas Tremlett, was coming to dine with him—as was their weekly habit—and after the port and nuts had been savored leisurely they would settle down for a session at the chessboard. They did not see each other in a social way as often as they liked, for John Raynes presided over the city offices of the Raynes and Tremlett Shipping Line, his old Tom held the fort at Tilbury docks. It was distinctly a family firm, for the young lieutenants were sons and sons-in-law, and the elder Raynes and Tremlett, both widowed, now looked forward with some reason to the happy day when their long association should be even more closely knit by the marriage of Jim Tremlett and Meriel Raynes.

Jim and Meriel—Jim and Meriel. Nothing else had been thought possible for years, ever since Jim the toddler had taken shy Meriel from her cradle and rocked her in his arms, giving to her then and there the whole love of his life. Now Jim was 24 and Meriel had but recently celebrated her 21st birthday, and in the opinion of the fathers it was high time they were thinking of the wedding. Yet as far as he knew, they were not even betrothed.

As he waited for his friend in the library of the old house in Bloomsbury Square, John Raynes' mind dwelt a little sentimentally on the past. It was in this very room, no doubt, that his own father had ailed for the news of his arrival in this world, and it was where he himself had ailed on several similar and anxious occasions. This room, the house, his solid, old-fashioned business, and above all his family, were infinitely precious to John Raynes. The children were all so well settled in life and had been such a credit to him. All settled except Meriel, of course, and she was as the apple of his eye. The case might be a little empty now, but he had grown used to the gradual elimination, and, besides, some of them were always coming back for visits and he was never really lonely.

The short October dusk was closing in,

and presently Edith, the middle-aged parlourmaid, entered to draw the heavy velvet curtains and switch on the lights. She brought with her the tray with sherry and glasses, and as she set it down on the table near the fire she said: "Miss Meriel's compliments, sir, and she will not be dining at home to-night."

A curious expression came over John Raynes' face, a mixture of anxiety and displeasure. This sort of thing had happened last week, but he had been busy with some correspondence at the time, and hadn't thought much about it. Why should Meriel send her messages through Edith?

"Give Miss Meriel my compliments, please, and tell her that I'd be grateful if she'd spare a moment for me before she goes out."

"Thank you, sir," the maid replied. There was a little glint in her eye that arrested his attention. He received an impression that—as one says—"something was up," and that Edith did not approve of it.

"I suppose Miss Meriel is dressed?" he added.

THE maid turned at the door. "Why, no, sir. She's still resting."

"What?" demanded Meriel's father. He looked at the clock which announced the hour to be within ten minutes of eight.

"I don't think they dine until half-past nine, sir," said Edith with prim disapproval.

"Upon my soul, I never heard of such a thing!" blustered John Raynes. "It's not—it's not decent." In his excitement he forgot to be formal, and indeed formality was scarcely necessary since Edith had been as one of the family ever since Meriel was born. "You tell her to dress herself at once and be quick about it, and come down here as soon as she can. If Mr. Tremlett arrives before, show him into the drawing-room."

"Very good, sir," Edith replied, displaying distinct relief in her voice and manner.

John Raynes poured himself a glass of sherry and sipped it thoughtfully. He must not show temper or even alarm. Well enough was he aware of the fact that he was old-fashioned. Yet in appearance he was not at all old—just a hint of silver in his dark hair and a certain affectation of the picturesque in his flowing neckwear and the velvet dinner jacket he always wore on home occasions. Very handsome he was,

too—a father to be proud of, as his children never tired of saying.

Of course he had spoiled Meriel, a pleasant process which her sisters and brother had escaped. She was his baby, his little ewe-lamb. Oh, how he hated the age into which she had been born!

He frowned to himself about it while he waited for her, but she did not keep him waiting long.

"WELL, Daddy?"

"You've dressed pretty quickly. Edith said you were lying down."

"Oh, that didn't matter. I'm a quick-change artist."

"Are you, indeed! Come here, let me look at you. Um—I don't suppose it did take long to get into that thing."

"It just slips over the shoulders, Daddy, and there you are," she replied with a grin.

Nothing so lovely in all the world as this girl-creature of his, thought John Raynes, and had more reason for his opinion than the average fond parent. Hair like gold satin, sparkling eyes of a blue so dark that you'd call them violet, and a complexion which needed not the artifice it had received. He frowned at the too-red lips and at the cigarette the braven child was fitting into a holder.

"I got your message," he said, "and I'd like to know what it means."

"Oh, Daddy, are you going to be Victorian?" Meriel cried in pretended dismay. "I'm dining at the Bric-a-Brac with a party Aunt Angel is bringing. She's going to call for me, herself, at nine. Edith said she thought you were annoyed at our dining so late. But why not? It's a dancing party."

"Oh, I don't know that I was annoyed," replied John Raynes, being slightly treacherous to Edith. "But I was surprised, and you know I don't care for the people Angela goes about with. She's always picking up wrong 'uns."

"How stuffy of you, darling. Your beautiful neckerchief's slid a little to one side. Shall I fix it for you?"

He let her rearrange his stock, the perfume of her hands, the sweet nearness of her, the tenderness of her youth filling him with such an access of paternal emotion as nearly brought tears to his eyes. If only her mother was alive. His sister, who had married into the war nobility, was just about the one person in the world he would have rejected as a chaperon for Meriel.



Yet what could he do? Meriel, perversely, was fond of Angel, as she called her aunt. "Is Jim going to this party?" he asked abruptly.

A faint color glowed through the bloom of powder on Meriel's lovely face.

"Good lor, no! Angel's fed up with him. He got into such a wax with her over something that happened last time that she'll never ask him again."

"What happened?" The color deepened. "Oh, Daddy, it wasn't anything much. You know Angel's rather fond of cocktails. I mean, she sees no harm in them—"

"I do know. Meriel, you haven't broken your promise to me?"

"Honestly, not, Daddy." The dark blue eyes met his with perfect candor. "I don't break my promises."

"Thank God for that, anyway." John Raynes gave a deep sigh of relief.

"So when Angel insisted on my having one I took it, not intending to drink it, but for the sake of peace, and Jim—he's as stuffy as you are, darling—saw fit to make a row."

John Raynes looked as glum as he felt. "I wish you'd stop going about with these people, my dear," he said miserably. "Heaven knows I don't want to be a kill-joy, but I don't like it. See here, Merry-my-own, when are you and Jim Tremlett going to get married?"

The girl looked at him in that queer way she had, honesty mixed with something else. There was a little catch in her voice as she replied: "Would it disappoint you too much if I said 'never'?"

John Raynes stared blankly at her. Was this just one of those jokes of hers which he sometimes found difficult to understand?

"Because" she plucked coaxingly at his sleeve, "you wouldn't want me to marry Jim if I don't love him—would you?"

"But, bless my soul, you do love him!" her father exclaimed.

"Of course I do, but not in that way," she murmured. "Jim's a dear, I've known him all my life, and if anything happened to him I'd be just as unhappy as if it was Hal or—or even you, darling."

"What's happened, then, to make you suddenly regard Jim as a brother? I think you'd better tell me."

There was a note in her father's voice which Meriel had never heard before directed towards herself.

"Nothing has happened," she said breathlessly. "Only I do think I've got a right to say whom I will or won't marry. It's my life, isn't it, Daddy?"

"Yes, it's your life, a very precious thing, Merry-my-own, and it's my business to see that you don't smash it."

At this rather tense moment the door opened and Edith presented herself.

"Mr. Tremlett's arrived, sir, and I've shown him into the drawing-room as you said. But Mr. Jim is with him and would like a word with Miss Meriel, if she can spare the time."

This intervention seemed a masterpiece of fate to John Raynes. Here was a chance to shift the responsibility for Meriel's wilfulness to shoulders better fitted to support it.

He was cheerfully brisk as he bade her go to the drawing-room to see Jim, and told Edith that she might show the elder Tremlett in here without delay.

MERIEL went with obvious reluctance. Old Tom Tremlett kissed her affectionately, exclaimed upon her devastating loveliness, then winked at his son and followed Edith with that agile, sprightly gait often affected by elderly men of nimble wits and habits. He assumed that all was well between Jim and Meriel, although Jim's clouded eyes and set young face told a different story.

"Jim, I'm dining out and haven't much

time," Meriel said with an assumption of ease which she did not exactly feel. "Was it something important?"

"Rather important—at least to me," the young man replied.

She ought to have seen how miserable he was; she ought to have known now what she was to know in after years, that Jim Tremlett—handsome, fine young Jim—was the true mate for her; perhaps the one man in all the world who answered to that description in every way. But for the moment, Meriel was blind.

"Look here, Merry, I've got to tell you something, although I'd—I'd give everything I possess not to."

"Then why do it?" she asked, cruel as only a lovely girl can be.

"Because—I must. You'll probably say I'm a jealous cad—"

"You never could be a cad, Jim."

"Thank you. Well, I'll prove you wrong. Tell me one thing, is that fellow Saunders coming to this party to-night?"

"How should I know?"

"You do know. Is he?"

"Well, what if he is?"

"Merry, he's not fit to touch your hand. He's not fit to breathe the same air—"

"How heroic!" She swallowed a lump of rage and scarlet spots blazed in her cheeks. "Yes, you are a bit of a cad, Jim. I wouldn't have believed it. What have you got against Captain Saunders?"

"Captain be blowed! The man's reputation won't bear thinking about. I'm awfully sorry, Merry. I—I've had to do this for your sake. Please don't think I enjoy rum-maging in dust-bins."

"Oh, thank you very much. I'm sure you must hate it. Have you warned Aunt Angel against this—this monster?"

"Lady Pelbury can look after herself. It's her business if she chooses to keep a fellow like that dandling about as a sort of glorified dancing-partner, but it's mine if she stands by while he makes love to you."

"That's quite enough," said Meriel. "I don't suppose I can stop you running to Daddy with your silly tales, but I'm not going to listen to them myself. Captain Saunders, at least, is a grown-up man, and you're only a boy, Jim. Forgive me, but you seem quite pitifully young."

She had touched him on the raw, but Jim Tremlett did not wince. Nor did he haul down his flag.

"You know how much I love you and until this fellow came along you cared for me, Merry. You've got your head turned—that's what it is. You're flattered because Saunders will never see forty again and has deigned to single you out for attention. Why? I'll tell you. You're an heiress. When your father dies, I suppose you'll come into the spending of four or five thousand a year. Neither your father nor mine has lived up to anything like his income. It's all being conserved for us. Saunders knows what he can get his teeth into. Yes, I certainly shall run to your father with my tale, unless you cut that fellow clean out of your life. Trust Johnny Raynes to find out for himself how silly you are. He'll lock you up in your room, and serve you jolly well right."

A motor horn sounded in the street below, three short hoots.

"That's Angel come for me," said Meriel. "Afraid I must say good-night, Jim. Thank you so much for all your good advice."

## CHAPTER 2

THE Eric-a-Brac Club, as everybody knows, is of the utmost respectability and frequented only by the best people. The dancing floor is not too restricted, the band is perfect, and the food reasonably good. Had it lacked any of these vital particulars, Lady Pelbury would never have given it her patronage.

Angela Pelbury was a happy-go-lucky woman of forty or thereabouts, determinedly

young, possessed of a long purse and frivolous tastes. She had never in her life meant harm to anybody. She loved her husband, but he could not dance; and her affection for dancing almost equalled that which she felt for him. Her addiction to cocktails was not in excess of any of the others who gathered round her, but certainly wine—in the generic sense—flowed at the table where she was hostess and there often came a stage in the evening's hilarity when Lady Pelbury, herself, retired into a cushioned corner, smoked her cigarette, and let the world glide by in the happy consciousness that she had done what she could to brighten the night life of London and had now earned a rest.

LOUNGING in her corner, conscious of a slight weariness and a swelling of the feet, which made her long to cast off her tight slippers, she became aware of the fact that her niece was dancing continually with Captain Saunders. And she became aware of more than that.

Lady Pelbury knew nothing of the man, but she was sufficiently a woman of the world to divine that there was something not quite pukka about him, although he was certainly very charming. She had felt his charm herself, but she hadn't wholly believed some of the stories he told her about his affairs. There was, for instance, the tale of the wealthy uncle in South Africa who had sent him to investigate certain trade conditions in England. Eric was this person's heir, according to his story. Yet might it not be true? For on one occasion when the engaging captain had borrowed £50 from Lady Pelbury—a sum which she never expected to see again—she was pleasantly surprised to have it returned to her by cheque on a South African bank signed S. Saunders.

Still, one had to be careful about men, particularly when a girl like Meriel was concerned.

Lady Pelbury extinguished her third cigarette and decided it was time to go home. That sweet, flowerlike face, raised to her partner's was getting on Angela's nerves. If Meriel wasn't careful she'd be imagining herself to be in love with Eric Saunders. Lady Pelbury sent somebody to find the absorbed couple, but it took a little time, since quite suddenly they had disappeared from the dancing-floor.

In a more or less secluded nook on the balcony a little love scene was being enacted. No one who witnessed it could have doubted either Eric Saunders' or Meriel Raynes' sincerity. The girl's face glowed and her lips were soft with emotion when he stole a kiss as opportunity offered.

"Now I know—" the man was saying, "why I have waited all my life—it was for you." His voice shook with genuine feeling. "My lovely Meriel, promise, swear to me that nothing shall be allowed to part us. Oh, I know I've been a rolling-stone—nothing seemed to matter. But now, it's different. I'll speak to your father to-morrow."

"Yes, I think you'd better," Meriel replied unsteadily. "There'll be an awful row, I'm afraid, but in the end I'll get round daddy. When he sees how it is—how much I care for you—he'll give in. When he sees you—"

"I wonder," mused Saunders. He knew well enough that his popularity was confined to the fair sex. He dreaded the necessity of asking John Raynes' permission to marry Meriel. The answer he would get was scarcely in doubt. Meriel's father would most certainly want to know all about him, and there were things he did not care to mention. Nothing really discreditable, he told himself, but which might be regarded as undesirable in the past of a husband for one's daughter.

"Darling Meriel, if your father doesn't



see eye to eye with us, then what will you do?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, but he will!" she cried. "It's only because he'll be disappointed about Jim that we're apt to have any trouble. Jim has been rather a beast." She looked into her lover's eyes with blind adoration. "But, of course, he's only a boy. He'll get over it," she sighed.

Saunders had a flare of intuition. "This Jim of yours—I suppose apart from natural jealousy, he doesn't approve of me."

Meriel became miserably self-conscious. "I didn't pay the least attention," she said quickly. "It was really only jealousy. He says you're too old for me, but that's one of the reasons why I—I like you so much, Eric."

There was no time for anything more, for at that point they were discovered by Lady Peabury's emissary and told that she wanted to leave this scene of gaiety although the night was still so young.

**B**REAKFAST time seemed inopportune for Meriel to break the important news to her father, but she had no choice about it. Eric was coming at five o'clock to ask the great favor, and naturally one could not expect Daddy to be pleased if he was kept in the dark until the last moment. It simply had to be mentioned at breakfast.

Meriel was so tactful as she knew how to be, and her manner was so engaging, so really pussy-cat, that John Raynes observed from behind his newspaper: "I suppose you've overstepped your allowance again, eh? How much is it this time?"

"Oh, no, Daddy! Indeed I haven't—I've been such a good girl ever since you read me that last lecture. Why, don't you remember, I promised."

"So you did, to be sure."

"Daddy, I want to get married."

"Eh?"

"It's not Jim, darling. It's another man. I can't help it, Daddy, because you see I care such a lot for him and he does for me, and he's a man, not a boy like dear Jim, and anyway, I—I know you'll let us when you see him. He's coming to see you this afternoon. We couldn't help it, Daddy. Love's like that, isn't it?"

John Raynes dropped his newspaper and sat as one stunned.

"I'm old enough to know my own mind," Meriel added a little defiantly.

"Who is this man? Where did you meet him?" John asked when he felt he could control his voice.

"His name is Eric Saunders. He was a captain in a volunteer regiment in South Africa. That's where he comes from, I believe. Anyway, his uncle is a wealthy business man out there and Eric is his only relation and—"

"Wait a minute." John Raynes' face looked wintry as he fished a notebook from his pocket. "Let me put some of this down. Now where did you say you met this young man?"

"He's a friend of Aunt Angela's," Meriel replied.

"Oh, well, that's something anyway. Does Angela know anything about this?"

"No, no—not really. She was a little cross because I danced so much with Eric last night."

"Last night," murmured John to himself. "And what about Jim? I didn't see him after you left. Somehow I got the impression that he went out with you, after all; that you'd changed your mind about him. Oh, this is ghastly!"

"But, Daddy, darling, it's nothing of the sort." By now Meriel was perched on the arm of his chair and exerting all her blandishments. "You do want me to be happy, don't you?"

"It is the only thing in the world I care about," her father replied.

"Then—"

"No, no, not so fast." He got up, push-

ing her aside a little coldly. Then he glanced at the clock. It still lacked half an hour of his usual time for leaving for the city.

"If you go around to Aunt Angela's now you won't find her up," said Meriel in a tone which missed being sulky by a narrow margin.

John Raynes made no reply to this observation, but ringing for Edith asked her to get a taxi for him. Then he turned to his daughter.

"I've let you have your own way too much. It's more my fault than yours that you've had the bad taste—the bad manners—to engage yourself to a man who is a complete stranger to me, to a man who so far as I know has never set foot inside this house. It was a mistake to trust you, but the mischief's done now. All I can say is that there must be something very queer about this fellow, since you've loved so much as mentioned him before."

John Raynes was not prepared to be answered in a voice as hard as his own. It was flint against flint now.

"It is scarcely fair to start out with a prejudice against Eric. Shall I ring up and tell him that you do not wish to see him?"

"Certainly not. I do wish to see him."

The door opened. "Taxi's here, sir."

"Thank you, Edith," John struggled into the overcoat which the maid was offering him and snatched his hat and gloves.

It was the first time in the memory of them both that he had left the house without taking a loving farewell of his little daughter. He did not even say good-bye.

Meriel waited a moment until she was sure of the taxi's departure, then she went into library, and seating herself at her father's desk drew the telephone towards her.

"Hello—hello. Is that Mayfair 060051? . . . Oh, is that you, Eric? This is Meriel. I don't want to talk too much. Somebody may be listening. I spoke to Daddy and he's bitter. . . . Yes, he wants to see you, but you'd better bring your birth certificate and a recommendation for good conduct from your schoolmistress and—and anything else useful like that." She laughed unashamedly. "Oh, I'm only joking. He'll be all right, I expect. He's got all day to shoo the shock."

Meriel herself grew increasingly uneasy as the day dragged on. It seemed as though five o'clock would never come. She was in a state of fever when a little after four she heard her father's voice in the lower hall rapping out an order to Edith. She rushed down the stairs in fearful apprehension.

Had she heard correctly? . . . "Shut the door in his face, Edith. Simply say you have orders not to admit him, and shut the door."

Beyond all doubt these orders were to be applied to Eric. Yet only this morning her father had accused her of bad manners.

Suddenly her fever left her and she was as cold as ice.

#### CHAPTER 3

**F**ATHER and daughter faced each other in the dimness of the hall while the parlourmaid sped away with John Raynes' overcoat and hat, and wearing an air of triumph that was far from secret.

Meriel stood white-lipped, anger, humiliation and a burning sense of injustice rendering her dumb for the moment. That her father seemed to have added ten years to his life since she parted from him that morning was scarcely apparent to her.

"Merry, come in here. We must have this out," he said a little wearily, as he held open the door of the library. It was on her lips to refuse, so furious was her feeling of rebellion, but after all there were a few things she had to say, herself, so she passed him with a quick step and her head held high.

"I have seen this man Saunders," he began, "and after quite a lengthy interview

persuaded him to believe that I will in no circumstances tolerate any further attentions from him to you."

Meriel was surprised out of her dignity. "But I heard you tell Edith he was not to be admitted—that she was to close the door in his face!"

"Quite. I didn't attempt to persuade Mr. Saunders that you shared my opinion, and he announced his intention of coming to receive your reply in person."

"Sit down and listen for a minute, Merry. Why should you and I quarrel about this? Won't you believe that I have your happiness at heart? Answer me that question."

"Oh, I don't know what to believe! It's so cruel. You think I ought to care for Jim whether I can or not, because he'll inherit his father's share of the business, and the business means so much to you."

"It doesn't mean anything to me compared with your happiness, Merry-my-own," John Raynes said sadly. "This man—the Captain Saunders as he calls himself—is 40 if he's a day. No, wait. That's the least of it. I've spent pretty well all day looking him up. His references, so to speak, are unsatisfactory. He can't even give a straightforward account of himself. He was black-balled when he put up for the Junior Squadron and asked to resign from the Moberly Sports. He has a bad reputation at cards, and is suspected of getting money out of silly women who imagine themselves to be in love with him. I think that's almost enough, Merry."

"I don't believe a word of it," Meriel protested. "Aunt Angela's jealous—like Jim. Of course, poor Eric's almost a stranger in London. You might give him time to send to Capetown for his 'references.' Daddy, I never thought you were unjust."

"I'm not," John said grimly. "Merry, I want your promise that you'll never see this fellow again, nor hold any communication with him."

There was a breathless silence, then Meriel said with a reluctant sigh. "I'm afraid I can't give you that promise, Daddy."

"Meriel, please—please, for your own sake, I know I could trust you to keep it—"

"That's just the point."

"Then you mean to defy me?"

"I wish you wouldn't put it like that. But I must see him again. I can't let him go out of my life believing—thinking that I don't care. After all, I'm twenty-one and I've a hundred and fifty a year of my own from mother."

"Merry, if I do allow you to see him just once, that's to say with my permission, will you promise—"

"No, I can't promise anything, Daddy."

"My God, is there no way I can appeal to you! Have you no feeling for anybody but this worthless adventurer—no trust in anything but your own immature lovelessness? Can't you see, you poor little fool, that all I want is to prevent you from wrecking your life?"

Meriel stiffened under these humiliating thrusts. Never again was she to come so near to hating her father. He seemed a stranger to her, filled with malice and cruelty.

"If you've finished, I'd like to go now," she said, fighting down her sobs.

"Merry, please take a little time to think it over."

"There's nothing to think over."

"Indeed there is," John Raynes pleaded. "You're angry and your pride is hurt. I didn't mean to speak so unkindly. Listen, Merry, why not go down to Rosegate and stay with Julia for a little while?" Julia was one of Meriel's married sisters. "Talk it over with her."

"I don't think I care to," Meriel replied coldly.

**A**LL the time her mind was on the fact that the hour of five was approaching. Would Eric come, if he had been forbidden? She felt sure he would.



To be treated with such contempt, to be lied about, to be made to feel that he was a fortune-hunter—he would fight all that. She could see him, with his head thrown back, sword in hand, fighting the whole world.

Quietly she left the library, closing the door behind her. Her father said nothing more, but she carried away with her a vision of him sitting at his desk with head bowed in his hands. She didn't want to hate him. He had always been so good to her, and until now never denied her anything she had set her heart upon. This was the very first time he had said "No," but after all it was the only important thing she had ever asked of him.

She glanced along the hall, its silence emphasized by the measured tick of the grandfather's clock. Where was that sly Edith? Helping to get tea, perhaps. If the bell should ring? Suddenly Meriel sped up the stairs as softly as a fleeing cat, snatched a hat and coat from her cupboard, and came down again putting them on as she ran. In another moment the Yale lock clicked behind her and she was outside in the frosty twilight.

It must be quite five o'clock now, but there was still no sign of Eric. The square seemed singularly deserted.

Slowly she walked along in the direction from which she thought her lover might come and tried to peer into the depths of a passing taxi. Sure enough it pulled up before the house and a plump amote Meriel's heart as she recognised Eric's figure emerge and ascend the steps. She felt sick for the insult he was about to be dealt and covered against the railings with a miserable lump in her throat.

Smug Edith answered the bell: "No, sir, neither Mr. Raynes nor Miss Meriel is at home." Slam the door in his face.

And so it must have happened, for almost immediately he turned away, but paused on the steps to light a cigarette. This taxi having made off, he descended slowly and Meriel hastened to meet him.

"Darling, I know—I know!" she cried, her voice choking. "Please don't be angry with me, Eric. I wouldn't promise not to see you again, either. I was waiting for you."

Never had he held her heart so closely nor filled her with such fierce pride as at that moment.

**T**HEY had to talk—but

where? Saunders lived in an hotel in Kensington. He had told Meriel he was looking for suitable rooms, but meanwhile keeping on a small suite which he had taken in Folkestone for the summer and where he kept the bulk of his personal belongings. They finally decided upon a tea-shop and secured a corner table which promised a certain amount of privacy.

Her lover looked white and haughty. "If your father would only permit me a little time," he said, "I could clear his mind on one or two points. Unfortunately for me I have a cousin whose name is Saunders, and who resembles me to some extent. He's given the family a lot of trouble—particularly me. One of my jobs in London was to clear up Edward's peccadilloes, but naturally we didn't care to make the affair public property. I will write to my uncle at once—cable him. But I'm afraid, Meriel, that your father has set his mind against me. He's got other plans for your matrimonial future."

"I'll never marry Jim—never!" Meriel declared passionately. "I'll die an old maid."

"Oh, no you won't, my darling," Eric regarded her with a tender, proprietary air. "You'll marry me."

"But if Daddy disowns me? I've only got a hundred-and-fifty a year of my own."

"Do you think I want your money?"

"No, of course, I don't think that."

"And make no bones about it, when the

deed's done, your father will forgive you. They always do. He'll make the best of it, then. We'll have to elope, Meriel."

**F**LAME swept her cheeks. "Oh, Eric, I'm a little afraid. It—it seems such a treacherous thing to do."

"Don't you love me?"

"You know I do."

"Do you want me to go out of your life now—forever?"

"I don't believe I could bear it," she whispered.

"And I couldn't bear it, it will kill me. Everything will be all right if we stand firm."

"Daddy wants me to go to Ramsgate. Julia, one of my sisters, lives there. He believes if I gave myself time to think things over—"

"Ramsgate? By jove! Would you go alone?"

"I suppose so, but of course Julia would meet me."

"I've thought of something. It's simply leapt into my mind ready made," the man said excitedly. "What would you think of this, Meriel—?"

He outlined a plan which was the perfection of simplicity, and to an older head than Meriel's would have gone a long way towards confirming her father's opinion that Eric Saunders was a master of intrigue.

He would go down to Folkestone and take out an ordinary wedding licence. A special licence might be too conspicuous. He would do this to-morrow. In three weeks Meriel must agree to visit her sister, but in writing to Julia there must be a slight slip of the date. Her sister would be expecting her on the day after she really left London.

Even the railway schedule helped out this plan, for the same train which could take one to Ramsgate—by the Maidstone line—could just as easily take one to Folkestone. To get to Folkestone you simply got out at Maidstone and shifted yourself and your luggage from the rear to the front of the train and squared the difference in your ticket with the railway officials.

Saunders made a note of the dates in his pocket diary, tore off a leaf and set down a memorandum for Meriel. She was to take the 10.15 from Victoria on Tuesday, October 30, change at Maidstone as he had described, and he would meet her at Folkestone. They would be married immediately upon her arrival, and cross to Boulogne by the evening boat, from which safe vantage point she could send a wire to her father. It would be very pleasant to spend their honeymoon in Paris—didn't Meriel think so?

If the girl hesitated, it was not because she doubted her love for Eric Saunders.

Her anger against her father had limits which she had not quite suspected. It seemed meant to deceive him. To Meriel this simple plan was a web of complicity. She knew that in her heart of hearts she hated deception and the ugliness it implied.

And then suddenly she remembered Great-grandmother Raynes who had eloped to Gretha Green with one of her father's humblest employees, a lad who was little more than a shipwright, yet who lived to establish what now was the Raynes and Tremlett Line and thus lay the very solid foundations of the family fortune.

No doubt there had been a terrible fuss when that lovely child, then Gudrun Peters, had run off with the first John Raynes. Yet not only was posterity high in her praise but her own parents had accorded her royal forgiveness and taken the shipwright into their firm. So it might be with Eric, Meriel's brother and brother-in-law and Jim Tremlett all shared the firm's continued prosperity. The South African boats were most important. Daddy was always talking about the

dominions and the increased shipping they ought to expect.

"Meriel, what's it going to be?" Eric's voice was low and plaintive. "Because I shall have to go right away if you won't marry me. There'll be a war somewhere—China or the Balkans. I'll just throw over everything and clear out if you won't marry me. And you see, darling—don't you?—that there's only one way. As long as he thinks he's got the upper hand, your father won't give in. He's determined upon your marrying Tremlett, and I admit that from his point of view there's reason in it, but

"I'll do what you want, Eric," Meriel interrupted with a little gasp. "Yes, I will. I don't like it, but it is the only way. And Daddy will forgive us. He'll see clearly enough that what's done can't be undone." So it was arranged and when Meriel stole back to her home, Eric leaving her at the corner, she had in her pocket the slip of paper on which was set down her little time-table: Victoria Station, October 30, at 10.15, to . . . Folkestone.

She had brought no key and Edith answered the bell. Meriel walked straight past the maid and up the stairs, pausing half-way to say, "I don't want any tea, and will let you know later about dinner."

That would make Daddy smart. He'd be dreadfully worried if she refused to eat.

#### CHAPTER 4

**I**T was curious, however, that life appeared to settle back to normal after this extraordinary flare-up. It might almost seem that nothing had happened.

John Raynes felt considerably more easy in his mind when he learned through his sister that the fascinating Captain Saunders had left London. By a careful espionage over the incoming post he satisfied himself that Meriel was not receiving letters from any correspondent whose identity might be in question, and her subdued manner encouraged him in the belief that she had seen the folly of her ways. Also, John deluded himself that he had frightened Eric Saunders. The fellow must have got the wind up pretty badly.

Meriel stopped going out to dances, but she still continued to spend as much time as she could with her Aunt Angel.

Quite unconsciously, Lady Pelbury fanned what might otherwise have been a dying flame, and after these talks, which always seemed to centre about Eric, Meriel came away more enamoured than ever with the portrait they evoked. Quietly she did a little shopping and overhauled her wardrobe.

"I think I will go to Julia's for a visit, if you still want me to," she said to her father one evening as the three weeks drew towards a close. She hung her head as she spoke, feeling utterly wretched to be obliged to resort to such methods. Still, great-grandmother must have behaved just as doubtfully.

"It would do you good," John Raynes replied with a cheerful heartiness that touched her conscience on the raw. "Come home, Merry-my-own. Been moping a bit, haven't you? Forgiven your stern, old dad?"

She burst into tears, covering her face with her hands for very shame.

"Come, come, you've put that fellow out of your mind, I'm sure. That's my brave girl."

"I haven't—I haven't!" she cried.

Well, perhaps he had expected too much of her all at once. He wished he'd held his tongue. Still, it was something that this time she had, herself, suggested going to Julia's.

"How long do you think you'd like to stay?" he asked hastily.

"Oh, I don't know—for ever. I—I hate London. It's all so ghastly."

John controlled a smile. What a child she was! He wanted to suggest that it



might be reasonable for Jim Tremlett to spend his week-ends at Ramsgate, but John was suddenly tactful. Any mention of Jim might easily stir up another storm, and while it was clear enough to this fustious parent that Merry was getting over her madness, he had better let well alone for the time being.

Meriel wrote to Julia as Eric had instructed her to do, slipping the date from the 30th to the 31st, and finally the fateful Tuesday arrived.

When she woke on this, which was to be her wedding day, the heavens were pouring rain with the single-hearted purpose of flooding the world.

"I'll wire Julia, or telephone," said John Raynes at breakfast. "It's too miserable for you to think of setting forth in this weather."

"But I'm all packed — everything's arranged," protested Meriel in dismay. "And I—I simply couldn't bear putting it off."

"Oh, well then. You aren't eating a thing. What about a crisp morsel of this bacon?"

"No thank you, Daddy. I'm not hungry." She glanced at him wistfully, an ache in her heart. Her great-grandmother Raynes felt like this on the day she ran away with the shipwright? Meriel had always supposed that to have been an impudently easy enjoyment. Surely the sun had shone!

"I'VE half a mind to come with you," said John when the station had been achieved and he stood under the thunder of the rain on the great glass roof and waited for the train to bear his beloved child away. But set habits vetoed the impulse. If he stayed the night, at Julia's he'd need things that he would hate to borrow or even buy. As for example, he played with a set of old-fashioned razors, one for each day of the week, and his pocket-handkerchiefs were all of a pattern. He couldn't bear unfamiliar things.

"Well, you're off. Be a good girl!"

"Good-bye, Daddy. I—I'll wire you, or something."

She clung to him for a little longer than the prospect of their separation seemed to warrant.

Then the train glided out with Meriel Raynes in a carriage all to herself, the windows streaming with rivulets that blotted the landscape, and nothing much to console her but the fact that she had outwitted authority and was fairly assured of attaining that upon which she had set her heart.

Of course she loved Eric and she was going to him. In a few hours she would be his wife. She looked at her left hand. Would he remember to buy a ring? Where would they be married?

Under her mackintosh she wore one of her new frocks and had a little crush hat to match in her suit-case. Perhaps it would not be raining at Folkestone. This hope gained ground as the journey proceeded, and after the change at Maidstone, was effected, a pale shaft of sunlight cut across the squidding clouds. It was like a promise.

The first glimpse she caught of Eric on the platform as the train drew in, gave her a faint shock of apprehension. He was looking eagerly at the carriage windows but Meriel saw him before he discovered her. Could he have been ill, she wondered?

For it was almost as though she saw a stranger, that middle-aged man with the lined face and mottled skin, who—catching sight of her finally—raised his hat disclosing scantier locks than she had imagined.

The explanation of this seeming alteration did not dawn on her, but it was simple enough. Meriel had never really seen Eric Saunders before by daylight. Artificial light must needs adjust itself to the favor of the evening in the haunts of London's social life.

"There you are, my darling! I've been

in a panic ever since we parted for fear you'd let me down," he cried as he helped her from the carriage.

"First I'm going to take you around to my rooms. We'll leave your bags there. I've been expecting a rather important telegram, but up to half an hour ago it hadn't come. It may be there now. Then, my darling, we're going to stroll across to the Town Hall and settle some important business we have on hand. Afterwards, a little banquet to celebrate the occasion—just ourselves. Does the programme sound all right?"

A slight trembling seized her when they were in the taxi, and she was glad that he took her hand.

This strange new life with Eric; to what was it leading?

"Are you happy, my darling?" he whispered, his lips close to her ear.

"Yes—yes!" she murmured faintly. But she knew it was not quite the truth. How dishonest she had been. Could real happiness ever come of such deception as she had practised?

Then a wave of reaction carried her into a sort of haven of uneasy quiescence.

After all—think of great-grandmother Raynes! It was going to be horrid for Daddy when he opened that telegram to-night, but she'd mention great-grandmother in it and beg him to remember how well that runaway match had turned out.

#### CHAPTER 5

AT the front window in the half-basement of one of those tall houses on the cliffs of Folkestone, sometimes styled the Leas, a young, clever-looking woman sat working on a job of dressmaking. She had dark eyes and glossy black hair, and her lips were sulky and very red. There was also just a suspicion of red about the edges and lids of her eyes, but that was in no wise due to artifice and she had done what she could to cover it up with powder. In short, you would have said that at some time during the course of the morning this young woman had given way to a violent fit of weeping.

In the window was a card bearing the inscription: "Miss L. Begby, Court Dressmaker," for Miss Begby was well up in her trade and had had the honor of making the presentation dresses of two important young ladies of the district. In the bow-window directly above the semi-basement was another card, and this said, briefly: "Apartments."

The distinguished dressmaker's widowed mother was Eric Saunders' landlady.

At the present moment, Mrs. Begby, a buxom woman, dark, like her daughter, and with French blood in her veins, had repaired to Captain Saunders' sitting-room where she was putting the finishing touches to a bright little luncheon table set for two.

She regretted losing the dashing captain, but the circumstances of his marriage stirred her sense of the romantic. Eric was on familiar terms with Mrs. Begby and her daughter and had told them everything—that is to say, nearly everything. They knew that the bride's name was Meriel and that it was a runaway, match because her father wanted to marry her to a man she did not love.

Fortunately for Mrs. Begby's peace of mind she did not know that her own daughter had wept bitterly that morning, and not for the first time. The reddened eyelids, when noticed at all, were attributed to overmuch needlework, combined with the fact that Leonora would not get herself fitted with the spectacles she so obviously needed.

They had appeared briefly at the house, the romantic couple, and were now at the Town Hall, pledging their troth before the clerk of the register.

Hark, was that the door-bell?

"All right, I'm going," Leonora's voice called up.

"What was it?" Mrs. Begby asked over the banisters.

"A telegram for Captain Saunders. I expect it's that one he's been so anxious about all the morning," the girl replied. She retired again to the basement, taking the telegram with her, and Mrs. Begby went down to the kitchen to keep an eye on the poulet casserole and prepare a concoction of mushrooms and foie gras which was a favorite dish of the captain's. Mrs. Begby was something unique in sea-side landladies.

Leonora folded up her sewing. It had suddenly become hateful to the point of intolerance. By this time they were married. Ah, well, no use weeping over something one could not help. Yet last summer Captain Saunders had been so attractive. Those dances in the Leas Pavilion ball-room. Those moonlight strolls along the promenade and down the twists and turnings of the cliff-side gardens. Had they meant nothing to him at all? Apparently they had meant too much to Leonora Begby. Her face hardened as she looked at the flimsy brown envelope in her hand. Congratulations probably; or perhaps a promise of money. The captain had often been short of funds in the past, and was generally hanging on the receipt of a letter or a cablegram.

Ah, there they were—the bridegroom and his bride.

MERIEL was very lovely in the new frock and hat bought for this great though secret occasion, and the sun was almost shining. At least the rain had stopped. The sea looked uncomfortable, though, brown and choppy, with the big cross-channel steamer which was to take them to France to-night just backing into its berth from the morning crossing. A cloud of swooping grey gulls followed its oily wake.

Ever since Eric had met her at the station, Meriel had been fighting against a strong inclination to play him false at the last moment. She loved him just as much as ever—there was no doubt in her heart about that—but misgivings had heaped upon her until the burden was almost too heavy. They ought to have waited a little longer. If they had been patient, Daddy could have been won over in time.

"Sweetheart, are you happy?"

Eric's whisper startled her. They were going up the stairs now and he had put his arm around her waist. She felt uncomfortably aware that someone was watching them from the shadowy hall and wished he wouldn't do it.

"I hope I am," she replied with a nervous laugh. "Yes, of course."

He followed her into the bedroom where she went to remove her hat and tidy herself.

"Oh, Eric!" She turned a little red.

"But, my darling, you're my wife now. Don't you realise that? Come, I must have a kiss."

Without knowing why she did such a thing, Meriel backed away from him and placed her hands against his breast. Her breath was coming hard and fast.

"Eric, I—I haven't got used to being married yet. It's all so strange. Why only three hours ago I was saying good-bye to daddy, and now—and now everything's altered."

"My foolish little love! What did you expect?" His voice was a trifle rough and he turned and left her.

When she went into the sitting-room he was mixing cocktails and Mrs. Begby had brought up a bottle of champagne in an ice-bucket.

Eric himself drank the cocktails, although he tried to persuade Meriel that she had



graduated from the schoolgirl curriculum imposed by her father.

"I should have ordered a lemon squash," he said a little derisively.

The lunch, however, could scarcely fail to claim Meriel's appreciation, and to please Eric she sipped a little champagne. Mrs. Begby served them and was made to drink their health. Presently Meriel felt considerably more cheerful.

Yet—wasn't Eric drinking more than could be good for him at this early hour of the day? The mottled color she had noticed was intensified, and his thin hair had got slightly ruffled.

"Funny thing," he said, when Mrs. Begby came in with the last course, "I haven't had that wire. Still, no news is generally good news."

"There did a wire come," said the landlady. "Leonora took it in." She went to the stairs and called down: "Lee, where's that telegram that came for the captain?"

Leonora appeared with the brown envelope. There was a curious expression on her sallow face as she handed it to Eric: an expression of guarded triumph, as though to say, "Here's your bad news, you traitor!"

"Now then, Leonora must drink our health, too," said Eric, blind to the girl's hostile manner. "Fill a glass for her, Meriel. And please excuse me just a moment."

He went into the adjoining room, the telegram still unopened in his hand.

Mrs. Begby, carrying a trayful of dishes, left the two young women together.

"Your very good health, I'm sure, Mrs. Saunders—long life, prosperity, and happiness," said Leonora Begby.

Meriel blushed furiously. "Thank you so much. It sounds strange . . . I mean, you're the first one to call me Mrs. Saunders."

The dark girl smiled in a sour fashion. "Yes, I expect it does seem odd. That's a smart frock you're wearing. Please forgive my saying so, but dressmaking's my trade. I'm thinking of setting up in London next year. Perhaps you wouldn't mind my sending you a card."

"No, not at all," Meriel replied. The girl puzzled her. Miss Begby, though her manner suggested hostility, did not seem to be wholly unfriendly. Perhaps she was shy. Shy people often seemed rude when they were merely trying to appear at ease.

"I hope you're a good sailor," observed Leonora, fixing her gaze upon the sea, "because the Channel's going to be rough to-night."

Meriel shuddered delicately. "I'm not, very," she confessed.

"Perhaps you'll put it off until the weather clears."

"I don't think we can," Meriel replied. No matter what the Channel was like, she must get on the other side before she sent that fatal telegram to Daddy.

**L**eonora left her conversation between them having languished, and a moment later Eric Saunders returned to the room.

His face was still mottled, but underneath it had gone white, which was even a little more unpleasant than when it was flushed. He had yet another drink before he spoke—neat brandy it was this time from a decanter on the sideboard.

"What has happened?" Meriel exclaimed in alarm. It was easy enough to see that he was profoundly disturbed.

"Dear," his hands and voice were shaking—"I scarcely know how to tell you. This—this ghastly thing has knocked our honeymoon on the head." He crumpled the telegram into his pocket. "One of those things that just happen, I suppose—only they seem always happening in my life."

"But, Eric—what is it?" Their honeymoon knocked on the head! A curious sense of excitement amounting almost to hysteria

took possession of Meriel and she wasn't quite sure whether she would give way to laughter or sobs.

"Come here, sweetheart—sit on my knee and I'll try to tell you."

Reluctantly she obeyed him, but the fumes of the brandy disgusted her and she held herself away as much as she could.

He mentioned that uncle of his in South Africa who, it appeared, had been seriously ill for some time, and now—in answer to anxious inquiries—had come this telegram. Eric took it from his pocket, smoothed out the creases, and showed it to Meriel.

"Most grateful for sympathetic messages. Unfortunately Sid very low. Doctor thinks may last few weeks. Asking for you; presence urgently needed; please come—Aunt Laura."

"I shall have to go," Eric said quietly.

"Not only am I fond of the old fellow, but our whole future may depend upon this. Whether we like to think of it or not, money is rather important. Besides, my aunt will need me to help settle the estate."

"Yes, of course you must go," said Meriel.

**A** WILD confusion was in her mind. What did he intend to do about her? She was suddenly very apprehensive.

"I'm afraid I can't take you with me, sweetheart," he said reluctantly. "To be quite honest, I haven't got the ready money for both of us. It's an expensive trip, and my allowance isn't likely to turn up for a week or more. Besides—"

"When I come back I'll be in a better position to claim you. We could say nothing about this little adventure, eh?" and have a proper wedding with bells and bridesmaids and all that sort of thing."

"I don't think I quite know what you mean, Eric."

She seemed rather done to him. "Why, it's perfectly simple. We're only about 30 miles or so from Ramsgate. A taxi can take you there well inside a couple of hours. Tell your sister that she made a mistake about the date, or that you did. Who's to know whether you came direct from the station or not? I'll fix up a bargain with the taxi-driver and pay him in advance and, if anything's happened—that's to say if they've found out you left this morning, you can say you changed into another carriage at Maidstone because somebody got in you didn't like the look of, and found yourself in the wrong part of the train. It's not very difficult, is it?"

No; as Eric said, it was almost too simple. She wondered why her heart felt as light as air.

"How long do you think you'll be gone?" she asked.

"It might be six months. Oh, my darling, how am I to live without you! You'll be true to me—you'll be patient?"

Meriel nodded. It seemed wicked to feel this sense of relief. Of course it was because in the end everything would come right and they could be married straight and aboveboard. Daddy need never know how cruelly she had deceived him.

"Meriel, you'll keep this to yourself, won't you?" he asked anxiously. "It would only give your father something else to go on if he ever knew I'd persuaded you to run away. Promise?"

"Yes, Eric, I promise. I won't tell anybody." She slipped the new ring off her finger. "You'd better keep this for me until—until you come back."

He put the ring into his pocket. "You're an absolute brick, Meriel."

Suddenly he clasped her in his arms and, in spite of herself, she gave a little scream and wrenched away.

"No—no!" She was laughing and crying both now. "I don't want you to kiss me—I mean I must go at once, mustn't I? Daddy may have rung up Julia. It

would be just like him—to find out if I'd got there safely."

Eric shrugged his shoulders, but the rebuff had chilled him.

"All this!" he exclaimed, indicating the remains of their wedding feast. "If that cable had only come yesterday. Forgive me, Meriel, if I seem a bit of a brute, but I'm rather shaken and the disappointment has hit me hard."

"Poor Eric!" She ventured a timid caress, and mercifully didn't realise that she had to force herself to touch him. That he had become more and more a stranger to her. That ever since they met that morning she had been moving away from him slowly, but irrevocably, in spite of that small but binding ceremony in the Town Hall.

## CHAPTER 6

**I**T was well for Meriel's peace of mind that some time was to elapse before it became clear to her what a tragic mistake she had made.

Mrs. Begby and her daughter were unaware that anything extraordinary had happened. To them it appeared merely that the newlyweds had changed their plans about going abroad for the honeymoon. They were going to London instead. They departed together with their luggage, and at the station Eric arranged for the taxi to take Meriel to Ramsgate.

Their good-bye was almost formal. He kissed her, but it was quite a tame peck on the cheek.

"Be a good girl. Don't forget. And wait until you hear from me again."

Then the taxi slid away into the Cheriton Road, and the man who watched it go stood biting his lips for a moment, whether in sorrow or anger it would be impossible to say, before he turned back to the station. He had loved and for the time being lost something that was infinitely precious to him. Eric, however, may come to judge Eric Saunders; the fact remains that he was more in love with Meriel than with her father's money, and in his own curious way he proved it.

The girl lay back in the cab and closed her eyes. She felt faint and ill now that reaction had set in. Already the shadow of her secret cast its gloom upon her soul. At first she had felt a relief so intense that she could scarcely endure it, and now . . . this shadow.

Eric hadn't seemed himself to-day. So different from in those twilight causeries over the tea-cups when Angel often left them together while she scribbled letters neglected until the last moment, or held lengthy telephone conversations. So different, too, from the Eric of the gay dance clubs and the sparkling supper-parties.

Meriel forced herself to recall that other Eric and how desperately in love with him she was. He was her husband.

The taxi speeded over the great new road that presently ran very flat through wide stretches of corn-land now in stubble, with the Isle of Thanet like a hazy mirage in the distance. And then it seemed no time before they had passed through the toll-gates and reached the seaside town, breasting the hill where the big hotels spread themselves and on, along the esplanade, to the smart residential section where Sister Julia lived.

Of course, Julia was surprised to see Meriel, but not suspicious.

Extraordinary, thought Meriel how easy it was to deceive people. She was so self-conscious herself that it seemed impossible no one noticed. It wasn't even necessary to use that story Eric had provided her with about getting carried off to Folkestone by mistake. Julia questioned nothing, but she was bubbling with curiosity in another direction. The whole family knew about Meriel's love affair with a distinctly intelligible "man-about-town," and Julia was hungry for confidences.

"Poor little Merry! But you'll get over



"it," she said cheerfully. "Believe me—you will. Now we'll just have time to run up to the nursery and say 'hello, twins' before tea, and then you must tell me all about it."

**L**IFE at Julia's was pleasant, and each day removed a little further the fear of discovery. Ernest Bentley, Meriel's brother-in-law, was a thoroughly good sort, and they possessed a host of pleasant friends. But these friends of Ernest's and Julia's—young married couples for the most part—were not the sort of people who flocked to Lady Polbury's parties.

Indeed, Aunt Angel would have voted them dull, perhaps some of them even a little dowdy, but their clean, wholesome vigor, their sincerity and frankness claimed Meriel's interest on the rebound. She began to see how false was the life she had found so exciting. How like dust and ashes in the mouth when its savor had evaporated.

"Merry's been hit hard," said Julia to her husband one evening in the privacy of their bedroom. "She isn't a bit like herself. I wonder if that Captain Saunders was so awful as Daddy seems to think?"

Ernest made a wry face. "From all accounts I should say he was the limit. A jolly good job Dad knocked it on the head. I say, Julia, do you think we might ask Jim down for the week-end?" "Oh, I don't know, isn't it a little too soon? I mean, Merry might not like it a bit."

Ernest grinned sheepishly. "I'm afraid I've put my foot in it, then, because I've already asked him and he's accepted. I'll keep him out on the links all day if you like. Anyway, I don't see why Jim Tremlett has to let Meriel interfere with his usual habits. You know he always comes down to us for the first week-end every month."

So Jim came and it was not until he was almost due to arrive that Julia Bentley found courage to break the news to Meriel. To her relief, the girl took it indifferently.

"But why not? You needn't make any difference on my account," she said. "I'm as fond of Jim as you are. It wouldn't do me any harm to brush up my golf either."

"That's splendid," gushed Julia. "We'll make up a foursome for Saturday morning." She just stopped herself in time from calling it a family foursome.

Yet when they set out for the links that sunny autumn morning, the hope was in Julia's heart that Meriel's young fancy would turn again to her old sweetheart.

It turned out a glorious day, and a close match, with Jim and Meriel winning by the skin of their teeth. Then home to hot baths, a little dinner-party, and afterwards dancing to the gramophone and wireless.

Meriel wondered at herself. She was enjoying it all so thoroughly. Suddenly, just as she had seen Eric Saunders with new eyes, so she began to see Jim Tremlett. Perhaps it was due to thoughtful deliberation on her part to discover for herself why she had not fallen in love with Jim instead of with Eric.

Julia had asked a few unmarried people to come in that evening, and there was among them a young girl who appeared to be on very good terms with Jim.

A little pang shot through Meriel's heart as she watched them dancing together. It couldn't be jealousy. No, no—it was only that Jim was such a dear boy and only the best was good enough for him. Meriel found herself criticising this girl, who was really quite charming, and wishing that Jim wouldn't dance with her so frequently.

It also piqued her that he showed no sign of being broken-hearted on his own account. He was merely jolly and

brotherly, and hadn't betrayed the least symptom of wounded love. "Just as well—" thought Meriel. "I'm glad it's been so easy for him."

But was she glad? That night she forced herself to think of Eric, on the high seas now, bound for Capetown. In six months, or it might be less, he would come back to claim her and they would be married—or remarried—with bells and bridesmaids.

She sat up in bed, pressing her hands to her forehead. "What am I going to do about it?" she cried softly. "Oh, what a fool I was—what a fool! Daddy was right when he called me that."

It was nearly a month later, however, before the full extent of her folly burst upon her like a bombshell out of what was in one respect a clear sky.

#### CHAPTER 7

**M**ERIEL stayed at Julia's until shortly before Christmas, a festival which was always celebrated by a gathering in the old house in Bloomsbury Square. John Raynes could not divide himself amongst all his family, so it was only right that they should come to him. He was a great believer, too, in pantomimes and visits to the Zoo, and these recreations were only to be had in town. The children of his son and of his other married daughter, Cecilia, were old enough to share their grandfather's tastes, as did old Tom Tremlett. Meriel, too, had shared them until quite recently.

And now, heaven be thanked, Meriel was herself again.

Never since the days of infancy when Daddy had been a sort of god to her, had Meriel shown him such simple affection. It seemed to come from her heart, pure and wholly untainted by any hope of personal gain.

Aunt Angel's star appeared to be waning, much to her brother's secret joy. How wise it had been of him, thought John, to let Meriel have her head to a certain extent. The girl had displayed high spirits to be sure, but she wasn't wild as he had feared at one time. In short she had come to her senses and, John decided, discovered for herself what things in life truly mattered and what did not.

But John Raynes' deductions were a little premature. Meriel was on the way to such discovery, but she had not yet quite arrived. Her sweet manner towards him was born of remorse. By now she would have given anything in her power to undo that brief but, oh, so binding ceremony which had made her Eric Saunders' wife. Already he was becoming as a man in a dream to her, and the dream was not pleasant. He was returning to claim her some day. The months were slipping away and she did not doubt but that all too shortly he would come back. Perhaps, she hoped it would be so, that she would find herself in love with him all over again; but whenever she thought of it a little shiver ran over her. It scarcely seemed possible.

On Christmas Eve they had the usual children's tea-party, followed by present-giving and games, but for Meriel this was not at all a happy occasion.

Sister Julia, who in the ways of her sex, had seen fit to invite the girl to whom Jim Tremlett had seemed so attentive in Hamagate. And now, with a terrible pang of self-revelation, Meriel was forced to acknowledge that she could not bear to see this girl and Jim disporting themselves so enjoyably; that in fact she was bitterly jealous. Why? She could not have Jim herself. She didn't even want Jim, did she? A choking sensation came into her throat. Yes, she would be a dog in the manger! She didn't want that other girl to have him, anyway.

Suddenly she saw Jim just as he was, fine and splendid, young to match her own youth, the boy whose heart had been all

hers ever since she could remember. And was she to lose it now?

He found her in tears in the old school-room where they had all been so happy as children. Meriel the baby of the noisy pack, always looked after more tenderly by Jim than by the others, and firmly protected from their teasing.

"I say, what's the row?" he demanded when he had tracked her down. "Anybody been beastly to you?"

There he stood, his hands in his pockets, his dark hair rumpled from the exciting contacts of blind-man's-buff, just as it might have been in the days of childhood, which now, alas, seemed so distant to Meriel.

"You have," she replied defiantly, rubbing her knuckles into her eyes.

"Here, take my hanky. Your face is all smeary."

"Thanks. I've got one of my own." Meriel sniffled.

"How have I been beastly to you?" Jim asked.

**J**ULIA would have noticed a little smile twitching at the corners of his lips. He wasn't quite such a boy as he had seemed to Meriel in the days of Eric's wooing.

"You know," she said darkly.

"Oh, but I don't."

"Yes, you do, too. You've been flirting all the afternoon with that silly Grace Peabody. I saw you actually hug her when you caught her in that blindfolded game, and once in musical chairs she deliberately sat down on your lap when you got the last chair. It simply disgusted me."

"Oh, did it?" explained Jim. "Well, it's a children's party and—"

"You aren't a child."

"I thought I was—from the way you talked a few months ago."

A quiver passed over Meriel's face and Jim knew that he had hurt her although he was very far from guessing the reason why.

"I'm sorry, Merry. I've just been waiting—hoping—believing that some day you'd come back to me." He went close to her and put his arms around her shoulders which suddenly began to heave with uncontrollable sobs. "Darling, you know I could never love anybody but you. No matter what happened. Why, if you'd run off with that Saunders, I'd have just gone on waiting and believing that some day in some way you'd come back to me. There's nothing you could ever do, Merry, to kill the love I have for you. It's—it's just a part of myself. That's why in my heart of hearts I'm so sure of you. Why, you're a part of myself. Don't you know it yet, Merry?"

She lifted her head and looked at him in an agony of bewilderment. "Jim—" she whispered hoarsely, "I can't bear it. I daren't—oh, I don't know what to say!"

"Say you'll marry me. Come, let's spring a jolly surprise on them all. By jove, can't you see the old boys whooping it up when we tell 'em the news! Give me your hand, Merry."

But Meriel put both hands behind her back. She was as pale as death and so cold that her teeth chattered.

"No, Jim—I can't."

He stared at her in blank dismay.

"Have I made a mistake? You really mean you don't, you can't love me?"

"Give me a little time, Jim."

"That's a queer thing to say. Just now I could have sworn you did care. I never thought you were a flirt."

The taunt stung a little color into her pale cheeks.

"It doesn't matter what you think of me," she said miserably. "The worse you think I am, the better it will be for you."

"You talk like a blooming idiot. I wonder if you'll answer me one straight question?"

"It depends what it is."



"Well, then—do you still imagine yourself in love with 'Captain' Saunders?"

Meriel's flush deepened until it stained the whiteness of her throat. She did not know how to answer, for to say that she was still in love with Eric would be an untruth, and to say that she was not would be disloyalty to the man who was her husband.

Her husband! What an extraordinary thing that she was a married woman—like Claire and Julia. Only nobody knew. And a married woman had no business to be talking like this with Jim Tremlett. She had to get away, out of it somehow; send him back to that silly Peabody girl if only to stave off this menace to her own conscience.

"Can't you answer?" he pleaded. "Perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps, when I said that I felt you were a part of me, Merry, just as much as my own heart is, I took too much for granted. What I mean is, I do feel that way and I'll go on to the end of my days without changing, but I expect there have been cases of hopeless love. Only, it seems to me, they're unnatural. Merry, give me a chance. I won't worry you, darling. I think I can be patient a little longer—forever, if you say so."

"Oh, Jim—Jim— You are breaking my heart," she cried.

He gathered her in his arms and she lay passive; her head on his shoulder, her eyes streaming with tears.

"You blessed darling, you do love me! Why all this fuss over nothing?"

"It isn't over nothing," she whispered. "I gave Eric my promise. I said I would wait for him until he came back."

There was something ominous in those words. Meriel was noted for a peculiar and sometimes stubborn sense of humor. In deceiving her father she had kept to the letter of her code if not strictly to the spirit. She had broken no promises. She would never do that.

Jim Tremlett was a little awed by what she had said and released her. He was also considerably puzzled.

"What if Saunders doesn't come back?" he said.

"It wouldn't make any difference."

"How long do you expect to go on waiting for him?"

"It might be to the end of my days. I don't know."

"I can't imagine anything more insane. Do you hear from him? When does he expect to 'come back'?"

"Not for several months yet. He had to go to Capetown because of his uncle's dying. He can't come back until he's settled up his affairs there. No, we don't write. I can't explain fully to you, Jim, but there was a very strong, a very solemn pledge between us."

"I see," Jim said thoughtfully.

The truth was he didn't see at all, but he was trying very hard to control the blaze of fury he felt towards Eric Saunders. That old protective instinct for Meriel which had caused Jim to wage war with her brother and sisters in the schoolroom days when they tried to tease her, was up in arms now against this villainous interloper who had dared to trifle with her young affections.

"I think we ought to go downstairs," Meriel ventured.

"Yes, I suppose we ought," Jim replied. His quietness hurt her.

"You're not angry with me, Jim?"

"I don't know whether I am or not," he replied with a rueful laugh. "I'll tell you later when I've had more time to think it over."

#### CHAPTER 8

HAD any girl ever got herself into such a tragic position before! Human nature being what it is, Meriel found it impossible to conceal from her own heart the nature of the mistake she had made; but worse than that, she could not

conceal from Jim nor from the searching eyes of her father that she was in love with Jim.

Whenever Jim spent a week-end at Ramsgate there was sure to follow a cheerful gossip letter from Julia in which the hated name of Grace Peabody was mentioned.

John Raynes bought his unhappy little daughter a beautiful two-seater car, and made himself her companion for country jaunts.

He wished he knew what was bothering her, and Meriel was well aware of his solicitude. If only she could tell him, confess everything, but she had promised Eric to keep silent. The calendar stretched out and as spring advanced it seemed certain as each day dawned that she would hear from Eric.

But as it came summer again and there was no sign from him, a faint hope grew in Meriel's heart. Yet how could she cherish it?

"Yes, Daddy, I just think I'm going to settle down and be an old maid," she said with a brave smile when John, with assumed playfulness, twitted her. "We can't all leave you in your old age. Somebody must stay at home to look after you, and there's only me left. It's my job."

"Thank you, I'm quite well able to look after myself," her father protested. "Old age, indeed! I never heard anything so absurd."

BUT it was impossible to probe Meriel's reticence.

John Raynes, in desperation, went to Jim, and that interview had a most momentous result as regarded Meriel's future.

The Tremletts, father and son, lived more smartly if less commodiously than the Raynes' in one of those splendid blocks of service flats. Each had his own sitting-room although their suites connected, and John Raynes took some trouble to ensure that Jim and he should be strictly alone. Old Tom Tremlett, by this time laboring under the pleasant delusion that the young people were betrothed, must not be worried by a consultation over the fact that they were not.

"It's this way—," said Jim, when John explained the reason for his secret visit—"I feel sure that Merry does care for me. Somewhere a fellow knows how a girl feels without being told. But that confounded Saunders has got some hold on her conscience. She promised to wait for him."

John Raynes pulled at his pipe till the sparks flew. "If ever I can lay hands on that cad I'll wring his neck for him," he said furiously.

"My idea is," Jim went on, "that Merry wants to be able to say she's kept her promise. That's all it amounts to. What she doesn't seem to realise is that there isn't the least likelihood of his ever showing his face in England again. He ran away because he was frightened. He didn't like your digging up gossip about him. There was probably a lot that hadn't been discovered, and he bolted for fear it would be. Getting Merry to give him that promise was a subtle form of revenge on you and me. He's just left her high and dry, and her faith would be touching if it were in a better cause."

"I never thought of Merry being afflicted with more conceit than the average girl," said John, "yet it looks as though she were. Why, the man hasn't even written to her. She doesn't really know where he is."

"Perhaps—," Jim said slowly, "he's dead. From the look of him I'd say he'd be likely to drink himself into the grave in less time than this."

A queer, secretive expression came into John Raynes' eyes and he threw the side-glance of a conspirator.

"Couldn't we kill him?" he asked softly. Jim started. This worry over Meriel was sending poor old Johnny off his head.

"Well, sir, I hardly think—"

"As easy as easy," purred Meriel's father. "Good heavens, why didn't it occur to me before! Once Saunders is dead Merry doesn't have to bother about her stupid promises any more. It would be an act of simple mercy. Yes, Jim, you and I must kill Eric Saunders, and I'll start the good work to-morrow."

"Well, sir, I shouldn't be at all sorry to hear that he was dead in the ordinary way, but—"

"And you shall hear it, Jim, I promise you that you'll hear it to-morrow."

"Going to murder him by wireless?" Jim asked, still considerably alarmed but thinking it best to humor this gentle lunatic.

JOHN wagged an impressive forefinger at him. "To-morrow the Atlanta docks, doesn't she?"

Quite well aware of this, the Atlanta being one of the Raynes and Tremlett Line's cargo steamers in the South African service, and his duty it was to be on hand representing the owners when she drove into Tilbury Docks.

"Captain Pears is among my oldest and most trusted friends," Johnny Raynes went on. "What more natural than that I should get him to do a little favor for me?"

"Such as—murder?" queried the mystified Jim.

"Well—yes. You see it would work out something like this: I'd have got Pears to do a little scouting for me in Capetown. You'll remember the Atlanta was thrown out of her schedule by that trouble with the dockers. Pears had ten days to loaf about in. That ought to have given him plenty of time to look up this person, Saunders, and discover that the fellow had died."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jim with enthusiasm and relief. "That's not so bad."

"I think it's jolly good," said John, rubbing his hands together gleefully. "But we mustn't let him die a martyr's death. That would never do. Something quite unheroic. What about measles?"

Jim chuckled. "I second the motion," he said.

"Carried! There remain only a few details to work out. I'll ask Pears to dine with me to-morrow and you're invited, too. We'll leave your father out of it, because he's inclined to be garrulous and might turn it up as a joke some day, which wouldn't do at all. I'll have a word in private with Pears and get him to give me a sort of written report on how he traced it, and all that. A bit of 'documentary evidence' will do no harm. Merry will understand that I made inquiries because I was worried about her. There's logic enough in that."

John's idea was really noble and daring and worthy of his sea-faring ancestors. You must be a bold buccaner when it comes to handling destiny. He looked at his watch. It wasn't nearly ten o'clock yet and he had rushed away directly after dinner, leaving Meriel alone, pretending that she was settling down to a novel. He knew that she would be sitting there in the big drawing-room with the book on her lap and her mournful, musing gaze fixed on the infinite.

"Come back with me, Jim," he said. "Merry will be glad to see you, although she'll try to hide it. The child's puzzle if ever there was one."

Jim did not need persuading, and twenty minutes later he was with Meriel.

The sight of her pale fragility smote him to the heart. Every time he saw her now, even although but a few days might have intervened, it seemed to him that she had grown more ethereal until surely it would not be long before a breath could blow her away. Any qualms he may have felt for John's daring scheme fled before this and-eyed wraith of the beautiful girl he loved. He sat beside her and took her little



hands in his, holding them tenderly in his warm clasp.

"Darling, I wonder if you know how unhappy you're making me?" he said. "I think if you did know you'd have a little pity on us both."

Meriel's lips quivered, but it seemed as though she could not speak. "Do you remember Christmas Eve when I found you in the schoolroom and asked you if you'd answer a straight question?"

She nodded. "Yes—I remember," she whispered.

"I asked you if you still cared for that man and you didn't really answer. But now I'm going to ask you something else. Am I wrong in thinking you care for me? I said I'd be patient and wouldn't worry you, but that was months ago. I have been patient. Now will you say, dear, whether or not you do care for me? Because if you do, I can go on being patient."

There was a wild, trapped expression in the girl's eyes. If she told the truth and admitted that she did love him with every fibre of her whole being, what could such a confession lead to but the most cruel unhappiness? Yet they were unhappy now—both of them.

"Dear—," he urged, "if Saunders came back—"

"Don't—don't!" she cried. "No, no, I could never go to him. You wouldn't let him take me, Jim? Swear you wouldn't. I don't have to go to him, do I—whatever he says? I mean, I promised to wait, but I can't give him myself, can I, when I—I almost hate him."

Jim was shaken to the depths. He took her into his arms and held her close. She hadn't answered his question in so many words, but nevertheless she had answered it. He had been right. She did love him, and this other man was simply an obsession who by some diabolical means had taken possession of her brain and destroyed its balance.

The sooner Eric Saunders died of measles, the better for everybody.

But, of course, he was "dead" now! By to-morrow this time they'd know all about it.

In the circumstances it might have seemed surprising to Meriel that Jim Tremlett did not press her further: that he did not again beg her to name their wedding-day. For, surely, she had betrayed herself to the uttermost.

#### CHAPTER 9

LADY PELBURY had sent out invitations to one of her more dignified dinner-parties, a concession to her husband's business interests, and at the last moment an important woman guest had failed her. To fill in the gap she rang up her niece, and Meriel responded. It would be helping out Angel, for whom she had great affection, and perhaps the change from the quiet life she had been leading of late would do something to ease the great load of worry she was bearing.

"Come early," said Lady Pelbury over the telephone, "because I want to have a little chat with you before the others arrive."

It would be quite an event dressing for so special an occasion. Lately it had seemed to Meriel that her social life in Aunt Angel's house was a thing of the past. Only twenty-two, and the lighter side of life well behind.

"You don't mind, do you, Daddy?" She asked with that new meekness which made John Raynes so miserable. "It's not a rowdy party. Mostly old married couples, I gather. Some of Uncle Monty's directors and their wives."

"How dull for you!" said John. "No, of course I don't mind. I've got Jim and Captain Pears dining with me to-night. You remember old Pears, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! He used to bring me such

funny presents when he was on the West Indies service." There was a note of regret in her voice. Too bad that Angel needed her to-night, but she could get away soon after her duty of filling in at table was over.

John tried to speak casually. "Pears is on the Cape service now, the Atalanta. She got in this morning." He wanted to give Meriel a little hint, prepare the way, as it were, for that scheme of his. "They had some trouble this last trip with the dockers and the Atalanta was held up overtime at Capetown. I'm expecting some interesting reports."

Meriel made no comment, although her very silence was eloquent. Having planted his little seed, John Raynes left it to take root. She could not be taken by complete surprise when she learned what one of those "reports" concerned.

Meriel chose her frock very carefully that evening, bearing in mind the fact that when she got home again Captain Pears and Jim might still be with her father. Last night she had told herself that she must not permit any more such scenes with Jim as had occurred. That, in fact, she ought not to allow herself to see Jim Tremlett any more. It might be easy enough for the immediate future, for her father had more or less planned a cruise in Norway in August.

Yet while the determination not to put herself in Jim's way was still so fresh in her mind, Meriel found herself weakening. "Only once more—," her heart pleaded. Her heart knew well enough that the battle was lost.

WHEN she arrived at the big mansion overlooking Regent's Park which housed the Pelburys, she was shown up at once to her aunt's dressing-room. Lady Pelbury had reached that stage in her toilette when the services of her maid could be dispensed with, and was now occupied in putting a few artistic touches to her eye-lashes and complexion. A cigarette was balanced perilously on the edge of the dressing-table, and an iced cocktail stood ready for refreshment.

"My dear, that green frock is too deliciously cool and refreshing to look at," she said, when Meriel appeared, "but you do need a touch of rouge to liven you up."

And certainly, beside Lady Pelbury's beauty, which was of the florid order, Meriel was forced to admit that she herself had rather a washed-out look.

They chatted for a few moments on matters connected with the dinner-party, Angel overflowing with gratitude for her niece's amiability in consenting to fill in the gap, but all the while Meriel had a consciousness that her aunt had asked her to come early for some special purpose. And so it proved.

"I've been wondering," mused Angel, "if you ever hear from that charming Eric Saunders we were both so fond of." She was moving about the room now, collecting the little bag and the ornaments to see her comfortably through the evening, while Meriel sat at the dressing-table dallying with the paint-pots.

"No, I've never heard from him since he went away," Meriel replied. She felt like a play-actress and wondered if she were doing her part well or ill. "Have you?" she added.

"Not directly," Lady Pelbury replied. "Now where did I leave my jade holder? Ah, here we are!"

"How do you mean?" Meriel asked quickly. "Have you heard indirectly?"

"Yes, in a way. It's rather curious. I've got an idea he may be dead."

Meriel wheeled about and looked at her. "Dead? Eric dead?" she whispered.

"My dear, surely you're not still in love with him!" Lady Pelbury cried.

"No—only I—it seems so queer. Please tell me, Angel."

"Well, I had occasion to write to him,"

Lady Pelbury said slowly. "It was to an address in care of a solicitor he had once given me as a reference in a small financial matter. I'd loaned Eric a little money, which, in course of time, was repaid through this solicitor. . . . Well, Eric called to see me in London the day before he sailed. That would have been last October—no, it was early in November. About the time you went to stay with Julia, if I remember rightly."

Meriel felt as though she was suffocating. Angel mustn't see—mustn't suspect how deeply this was affecting her. She turned again to the mirror and began to rub away some of the rouge she had put on. It seemed superfluous now.

. . . And he borrowed another small sum from me then." Lady Pelbury went on. "Well, not such a small sum either. It was two hundred pounds. I guess I was a bit of a rascal to let him have it, but as he'd paid back the other time I thought it would be all right. . . . A couple of months ago I wrote to him about it and the solicitors must have opened the letter, for the answer came back from them that the Saunders estate had been settled, and no further claims against it could be admitted at this late date! Monty says that can be taken in two ways—either Eric is dead, or else it refers to the estate of his uncle—whom he said was dying—which means that his uncle had taken full legal responsibility for Eric's personal debts and obligations. A tricky and not too nice point of law which Monty says wouldn't hold water for a minute in any court, but would cost about ten times the sum involved to recover it. Besides, I've only got Eric's I.O.U."

"Eric wouldn't be dishonest," Meriel said in a stifled voice. Let her at least give him what tribute she could.

"I don't think he would," replied Lady Pelbury. "That's why I feel he must be dead. Particularly as neither you nor I have heard from him. I didn't tell you, Merry, that when I saw him the last time he told me how madly in love with you he was, and how he meant to come back to England just as soon as he could in the hope of persuading your father that he was good enough to marry you. I discouraged him, of course. He wasn't quite the sort of man we want in the family, and, although he didn't see it himself, he was far, far too old for you, Merry."

Insensibly Angel had lowered her voice. Meriel was not a great success at play-acting. The girl looked positively ill. How foolish, thought happy-go-lucky Angel, to have brought up this subject at such a moment! But she hadn't dreamed that Merry still cared for Eric Saunders. Merry, herself, had said that she had quite got over it. Still, girls are so queer that you never can tell about them.

"My dear—! Look at the time! We must go down to the drawing-room at once. I wonder Monty hasn't sent up one of his sweetly sarcastic messages."

The reason why Uncle Monty hadn't done so was quite clear to Meriel. It still lacked ten minutes to the time when Angel could reasonably expect the first of her guests. But Meriel understood the sudden change of voice and subject. Poor Angel was afraid that she had been upset and would in consequence upset the party more than the gap in the table would have done. She rallied, made a brave effort to pull herself together, and almost succeeded in convincing Lady Pelbury that everything was all right.

THE bearded scientist on Meriel's left, whose life's work had some synthetic resemblance to that of the silk-worm, and the smooth-checked undergraduate on her right, who was soon to enter Uncle Monty's business for reasons connected with a shareholding father, had no fault to find with the charming girl they shared between them. In fact, they



both fell a little in love with Meriel and sadly neglected their other obligations.

But afterwards she had no memory at all of what she had said to bring forth such rippling responses from her dinner companions. She did not even recall their names and was only vaguely aware that the smooth-checked boy was rather cast down when she left so early.

Why had she been in such a rush to get home? Was it because of jolly old Captain Pears? No, it was because of Jim. One must be honest to oneself at least. Not to do so was like cheating at patience.

What Angel had said about Eric had filled her with painful excitement. There was something very terrible in the thought that she would be far happier if Eric were dead than if he appeared, say, to-morrow, to claim her as his wife. She tried hard not to think about it, but it was in her mind all the same. She must ask Angel for that solicitor's address and write at once. The suspense was too dreadful.

THEN the car slid into Bloomsbury Square and before the chauffeur had time to open the door her father was coming down the steps to meet her.

"Home so soon?" he asked, his voice, it seemed to her, unusually tender.

"I wanted to get back early on account of Captain Pears," she replied.

"He's just gone," John replied. "But Jim's hanging on."

They went into the house; into the library.

Jim was standing by the fireplace twiddling a half-smoked cigar, which he cast away when Meriel entered.

"Don't be silly," she said with a smile. "You know I'm inured to a smoky atmosphere."

"Oh, I'd finished with it," Jim said.

There was a peculiar and sudden silence, as though the power of making any sort of conversation had departed from all three of them. The two men looked at each other a little covertly, then John Raynes went to a side-table and poured some soda-water into a glass to refresh himself. As usual, he was very picturesque in his old style of dress, but there was a curious guilty droop about him that Meriel could not fail to notice.

"What's the matter?" she asked, when the silence had become more than noticeable. "Have you two been talking about me?"

Jim coughed, lowered his eyes, and kicked softly at the rug with the toe of his shoe. It was a trick of embarrassment he had kept from his schoolboy days. His fellow conspirator could not catch his eye, and what they had compacted to do was not so easy as John Raynes had imagined it would be.

"Yes," said her father finally, "we have been talking about you. Wondering how you'd feel if—a certain item of news was conveyed to you. Sit down, my dear."

Meriel moved to a chair and sat with her hands in her lap, her gaze uplifted, seeking first her father's face, then Jim's.

This was bewildering and—in a vague way—frightening. They were both so very solemn. To dissemble the heaviness of the moment, she said, "Good heavens, you two couldn't look more upset if you'd been caught in murder! What is the news, Daddy?"

And then, to her amazement, Jim turned as red as a turkey-cock and for the moment she thought he was stifling a chuckle.

"Merry, you'll have to forgive me for something I've done," her father went on. "You must know how wretched I've been on your account for nearly a year now."

"Oh, Daddy, please—!"

"Wait a minute. This man Saunders managed to impose himself upon you to such an extent as seemed almost incredible, yet I've every reason to believe that you

don't fancy yourself in love with him any more."

"Daddy, I'd rather not discuss it."

John brought his fist down on the desk with a gentle but decisive thud. "It's got to be discussed. I took it upon myself to make inquiries, and old Pears carried them out for me. That's the chief reason why I asked him here to-night. . . . Merry, Eric Saunders is dead. He died about four months ago. . . . of measles, the report says. It's all written out here. You can read it if you like." He indicated a typewritten sheet on the desk.

But Meriel did not stir. She sat as still as death, conscious only of a wildly-beating heart. It was a shock, but in a way she was prepared for it by Angel's gossip.

So it was true and poor Eric had gone out of her life for ever. No need to fear him any more; no need to deny herself happiness with Jim. How extraordinary to be a widow without ever having been a wife! And now she must carry this secret alone, for Eric had made her promise to tell no one until he came back to claim her. He would never come now, and she must never tell. It would not be a burdensome secret, however. Nothing really was altered; she was Meriel Raynes as she had always been. Those few questions and answers before the registrar in the Town Hall in themselves did not make a marriage, and death had rendered their potential value null and void.

She felt Jim's hand on her shoulder and lifted her own to meet it. A little blur dimmed her eyes, and when it had passed she saw that her father had left the room.

"Merry, this hasn't upset you too much?" Jim asked.

She detected the note of jealousy in his voice, and it made her heart ache for him. Poor Jim, how kind and patient he had been, yet in torment all the time. Could she ever make it up to him?

"It's been just a little shock," she confessed.

"Saunders meant so much to you?"

"Jim, you must believe me for both our sakes—yours and mine. This is the solemn truth I'm telling you, on my word of honor. I would have been wretched if Eric had come back. It was only a wickedly stupid infatuation. Everybody was right about it but me, and he'd scarcely left England before I realised how I felt. What mattered to me was the promise I'd given him."

Jim smiled in a wry fashion. "It seems to me that some promises are better broken than kept."

"I couldn't have broken this one," Meriel said faintly.

IT might be that in his secret heart Jim Tremlett had misgivings for the means which had been employed to pave the way to his own desire, but John Raynes was made of sterner stuff.

"Marriage will knock some of the nonsense out of Merry," he said when Jim ventured a small doubt. "You and I, Jim, belong to a sex that will never understand the other. Women understand us, only too well, but their motives are beyond us. The truth is, women are all cranks and there's no explaining 'em. What is it the cynic says?—'We can't live with 'em and we can't live without 'em.' I wish you the best of luck, my boy, and I'm not sorry that my own marrying days are over."

Jim grinned and prepared to fill his pipe in anticipation of the session they were about to hold over the marriage settlements.

"I don't mind getting the experience," he said.

"Oh, we're all brave when we're young," John observed. "Here comes old Tom. Now for it."

They had rather weighty matters to consider. Jim must be taken into the firm now on a partnership basis, but it wouldn't do to spoil the young people by premature pampering. Just set them up in a style

becoming to their station in life and make Jim work hard for the larger luxuries.

A little house in St. John's Wood was to be the joint wedding gift of the two fathers. Meriel could have the joy of remodelling and renovating it to suit her own tastes. The Pelburys were giving a handsome cheque to spend on furniture, and John Raynes turned over the share of her mother's jewellery which had been set aside for the occasion of her marriage. What with all this and the trousseau and the arrangements for the wedding itself, Meriel was having a busy time, although her sisters and Aunt Angel were generous with their help. The great event was to take place in September, and the honeymoon would be spent in Italy, in the lake district.

Through it all, and up to the very day of her wedding, Meriel practically forgot all about Eric Saunders.

She was a girl again in thought and feeling; and, indeed, it would be rather absurd to pretend that she had ever been anything else.

Her color and soft contours reappeared as though by magic. Because of the dark cloud that had passed by the sky was all the brighter. Life was so exquisite, so beautiful that one scarcely seemed strong enough to endure it.

"Can this be I?"—can this be the Meriel who was so wretched no longer ago than yesterday?

Now it was she who clamored for assurances of love. "Certain you're not regretting the pretty Peabody chit?" she demanded with mock anxiety.

The fact that Jim was very certain added to the feathers in her cap. She must have all the feathers she could snatch.

"Sure you wouldn't like to wait until spring, Jim? This is a very short engagement, you know."

"Don't be an idiot. We've been engaged all our lives," he retorted. "Why, I've been waiting more than 20 years."

A momentary shadow clouded the face of the sun.

Yes, it was true that Jim had been faithful and had known his own mind more truly than most men could say. There was something of the bull-dog in his tenacity. It gave Meriel a sense of confidence and security that heightened her delight in him as a lover.

So much petting! How they fussed, deliriously happy in the business of spoiling this little queen bee.

It was nearly a year now since Eric Saunders had come into her life with such dramatic suddenness and passed out of it with an element of indignity.

On the morning of her wedding with Jim Tremlett, Meriel awoke from dreams of Eric. Sitting up in bed she tried to shake them off, but she was reminded in spite of her best endeavors of that other day when the rain had pounded on the station roof and her father had said, "Would you like me to come with you?" But he hadn't really wanted to come. Oh, if only Daddy hadn't trusted her! And then Eric—looking so different from her previous conception of him—and that lodging-house in the Leas with Mrs. Begby and her sullen, abrupt daughter, to say nothing of what had transpired at the Town Hall.

In came Edith with a dainty breakfast tray.

"It's a fine, bright morning, Miss Meriel. Mary happy returns of the day."

Meriel stared at her. Was this a joke? If so, it had a peculiarly sharp point.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" Edith exclaimed with a rueful laugh. "Of course, it's not your birthday, Miss Meriel. I was a bit mixed."

AS such functions go, the wedding of Jim and Meriel could not be classed as fashionable. With the possible exception of the Pelburys, their families



were not socially prominent and John Raynes held by his old-fashioned belief that marriage was a personal rather than a public affair. The church was guarded against all but relatives and close friends, but nevertheless the occasion collected the usual audience of sentimental or merely curious which can always be counted upon to muster in large numbers outside the doors.

Meriel, her little hand tucked into Jim's, safe-hidden in the crook of his arm, came out into the blaze of September sunshine with her bridal draperies floating about her like mist, and the glory of the moment shining clear in her eyes. Briefly her glance swept the faces of the crowd who were so curious to see her. She smiled, because she was so happy and felt impelled to pass on a little of that exquisite joy to less fortunate people.

**B**UT the smile froze on her lips.

One face seemed to dart out and fasten itself upon her. She couldn't be mistaken. It was the face of Leonora Begby. There was excitement, surprise and something of darkness in the flash of the brilliantly sombre eyes which had held Meriel's for the briefest of moments.

The shock of seeing the Polkestone dressmaker and knowing full well that Leonora Begby had recognised her, caused Meriel to stumble and miss a step on the shallow flight that led from the portals of the church. She nearly fell, and was only saved by Jim's quickness in holding her.

Perforce there was a little halt in the procession. "You haven't twisted your ankle, have you, darling?" Jim questioned anxiously.

"No, no!" she replied. "It's quite all right, but how clumsy of me!"

The little maids lined up and showered them with rice, and even some of the uninvited public had bags of confetti which they pelted at the happy couple.

"Good luck to you!"

"May you live long and be happy!"

The crowd cheered and reluctantly allowed itself to be elbowed aside by the police while the bride and groom continued down the red carpet to the motor.

Where was that face now? Meriel stole a cautious glance in the direction of the spot where Leonora Begby had been standing, but the girl seemed to have disappeared.

"Darling, I believe you did hurt yourself when you stumbled," Jim said anxiously.

"Really I didn't. It startled me—that's all."

"But you're trembling from head to foot," he protested.

"Am I? It's silly of me, if I am. Oh, Jim, I'm so glad it's over."

"So am I—and I'll be more glad when all the rest of it is over and I can have you to myself. Just think, you're my wife, Merry! I'm going to take such good care of you, my precious little wife."

"How sweet that sounds." She slipped off her glove and looked at the plain ring on her hand. For an instant her lips quivered painfully. Nearly a year ago another hand had placed a ring on that same finger—a ring which she had worn for only a few hours. "You'd better keep this for me, Eric, until you come back."

She sighed deeply. Perhaps she ought to have confessed to Jim in spite of her promise, but certainly she couldn't tell him now. It would hurt him too much. No, the secret was hers and Eric's, and he, poor fellow, was in his grave.

Did Leonora Begby know that Eric was dead? It must have surprised her to see his widow being remarried in all the panoply of a girl-bride. Miss Begby must have thought it rather heartless.

By the time they reached Bloomshury Square Meriel had recovered from the shock those sombre dark eyes had given

her. It was foolish to let it prey on her mind in what should be the happiest hour of her life.

But weddings, so gay on the surface, are rather sad affairs for some of the merry-makers. Whenever he looked at his lovely child, something contracted in John Raynes' heart and hurt him. The last of the little brood to fly away to a nest of her own. There was nothing he had wanted so much as to see his Merry the bride of Jim Trenlett; indeed, it was entirely by his clever scheming that she stood there to-day misted in white and silver with that new ring on her finger. Yet John was near to tears, and it seemed to him more an occasion for grief than for rejoicing. His Merry was still rather frail-looking, and he thought he detected a shadow of sorrow in her deep blue eyes.

"You'll be good to her, Jim," he gulped anxiously in a farewell aside.

The young man wrung his hand. "You may be as sure of that as you are of heaven," Jim replied.

"You'd better make it a bit stronger than that," said John, trying to be jocular.

At last it was all over, and the honeymooners speeding on their way in the reserved section of the Pullman down to the sea.

They were to cross from Dover. Meriel had stipulated for that on the score of its being a shorter crossing, but the truth was she couldn't have borne to travel by the Polkestone-Boulogne route as entailing too many painful memories.

#### CHAPTER 10

**I**T was now October again and the honeymoon in its third and last week, when Lady Pelbury awoke one morning to the prospect of a busy day. All of her activities were not frivolous, and on this particular date she had an honored duty to fulfil in the matter of receiving Royalty at the hospital of whose board she was a leading light, and she was also pledged to attend a committee meeting for the organisation of a charity ball. There were, besides, a dressmaker's appointment—which could be broken if necessary—and a visit to be paid to the hairdresser which certainly could not be broken, as well as lunch at the Ritz as the guest of an important colonial business man and his wife.

So it happened that Angel was up early that morning and dressed for the first of her activities soon after her secretary arrived.

The secretary was a fair-haired young man of ladylike manners who went by the rather sweet name of Cyril St. Grys, the sort of young man to whom no husband ever seriously objects, and whom every woman of Angela Pelbury's type finds extremely useful. Mr. St. Grys was an expert at drawing up social lists, a perfect secretary, and he also could tell to the fraction of an inch what was wrong with the set of a frock or the placing of a flower.

Knowing what a busy day this was to be for his employer, Mr. St. Grys had prepared for it and when Lady Pelbury sailed into the little room where he kept himself and his typewriter and filing cabinets, he set before her the programme all neatly detailed, with the necessary memoranda and the little speech she was to make at the hospital function. Also, as was his custom, Mr. St. Grys had sorted out her correspondence and opened such of it as intuition instructed him was not personal.

There were several picture postcards from Meriel with the usual scribbled banalities which this form of communication seems to invite, and Angel was glancing through them when Mr. St. Grys said: "Here's a note from a dressmaker which, perhaps, you ought to see. It strikes me there's something a little odd—a little pushing about it."

He handed over, not the usual card or smartly engraved announcement, but an ordinary and somewhat cheap double sheet

of notepaper, pinkish mauve in color, and unpleasantly scented.

"10 Madden St., Knightsbridge, October 18, 19—"

"To the Countess of Pelbury,

"Your Respected Ladyship.—May I venture to solicit a visit from your ladyship to my small establishment at above address, where I have recently set up, as your patronage would be most useful to me. I can offer special terms for model gowns, and I also make a study of the full figure which stout ladies generally appreciate. Best attention guaranteed.

"Please refer to Mrs. James Tremlett, your ladyship's niece, for all particulars. I feel sure she will be pleased to recommend me and has also promised me her patronage.

"Awaiting your ladyship's favorable reply for an appointment, I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"Madame Leonora."

There was a glint of amusement in young Mr. St. Grys' eyes which he carefully hid from his employer. But hadn't he warned the dear soul over and over again that she was putting on too much flesh? Hadn't he tried to persuade her to give up the wine and sweet foods she loved too well and go on a chop and pineapple salad diet?

"What impertinence!" exclaimed Angel. "I almost believe, Cyril, that you wrote this yourself." She laughed in a half-vexed manner. "Where on earth could Meriel have come in contact with such a woman?"

"Madame Leonora may be a very good dressmaker," Mr. St. Grys said, smothering his secret mirth.

"But I'm not so desperately stout as all that. Do you think it's possible that Meriel could have told her such a thing?"

"My dear Lady Pelbury, I am always telling you, but you won't believe me. These little things have a way of becoming public property."

"You're an impudent boy, and I've spoiled you," said Angel.

"The point is—Mr. St. Grys ventured, "that my sixth sense tells me this is a blackmailing screed. Take a whiff of the purple parchment. Its odor is not of sanctity."

"Faugh! Burn the thing, Cyril."

But Mr. St. Grys did not destroy Madame Leonora's invitation. He filed it away in his cabinet, remarking as he did so: "It won't do any harm in here. Some day you may want to refer to it. Leonora may write to you again."

The incident was slight, and in the usual way might have been forgotten, except that on that very afternoon, when it was still fresh in her mind, one of Lady Pelbury's many small journeys led her through Madden Street. She was, in fact, on her way home at last, having struggled clear of the committee meeting at a quarter to six.

Madden Street being a favorite shortcut through Knightsbridge, there were several blocks, and in one of them Angel's car was forced to stop opposite No. 10, which had "Leonora" in great gold letters across the frontage.

**A**NGEL peered out and then fumbled for her little lorgnette.

Well, it looked to be a smart enough shop. So many of the small shops were smart. That was rather a charming gown flung with cunning negligence over the silver tissue cushions.

Madame Leonora's manners might be at fault, but her establishment had a certain unmistakable cachet.

"As Cyril says"—mused Angel—"she may be a very good dressmaker. But she ought to be warned for her own sake not to write letters."

The car moved on and almost immediately Lady Pelbury forgot all about Madame Leonora's curious bid for pat-



ronage. In fact, considerably more than a year was to go by before the dressmaker was forced upon her attention again. A woman in Angel's position was bound to be a target for that portion of the world of commerce which concerns itself with milady's dress. Dozens of such solicitations passed from Mr. St. Orys' hands daily into the waste-paper basket. What had impelled him to keep Madame Leonora's must indeed be accredited to that sixth sense of which he boasted.

## CHAPTER 11

**M**ERIEL'S baby was born the following summer, and it was thought by the sisters and by Angela Pelbury that it might have waited a little longer. Poor Merry, they said. She hadn't had time to turn round before motherhood claimed her.

If ever a baby was born with a golden spoon in his mouth, it was John Tremlett, for he possessed more than mere wealth. Even more than the ordinary young married couple Jim and Merial took their duties towards each other, and life itself, with great seriousness. Their love was so perfect, so almost holy that it inspired feelings of awe among friends and kin.

Nobody had dreamed that Merial, considering the curious way she had behaved before her marriage, would ever settle down so ideally. They had expected difficulties, little flares of temperament, and the men of the family had not altogether envied Jim the task of being Merial's husband. But Merial surprised them all far more than she surprised herself. She had come so near to losing her happiness that she treasured it more than another type of woman might value her jewels.

This miracle of miracles, her precious golden-haired little boy, would not be here except for the merciful intervention of fate on her behalf. She could never have loved a son of Eric's as she loved little John. She told herself. Indeed, the very thought of such a thing made her feel sick and faint.

"Oh, God has been good to me," she whispered, her face pressed against the fragrant sunny curls of her baby.

To Jim she was a veritable Madonna, and, metaphorically, he was at her feet.

**T**HE months sped on, and Merial gained in health and strength while little John added to his weight and his accomplishments. There never was such a happy home as the little house in St. John's Wood.

"Merry-my-own, you're too domestic," said John Raynes one day in the following spring as he graily jogged the pram in which his grandson was reposing.

They were out in the little garden where the lilacs and laburnum trees were in full bloom, and a border of gay tulips fringed the old brick wall. A table had been laid for tea, and, while they waited for Jim to come home, Merial was occupying herself with a bit of fine needlework.

"But I like being domestic," she protested blithely. "Aren't you pleased with me, Daddy?"

"I'm not going to flatter you, you spoiled chit," said John. "It's all too good to be true. There must be a fly in the ointment somewhere."

A faint shadow passed over Merial's face and her hands rested idly for a moment. "There probably is—" she said in a sobered voice—"but I hope none of us will ever find it."

And then out came the smart parlour-maid with two envelopes on a tray.

"Oh, here's a letter from Julia!" exclaimed Merial. She tore it open before glancing at the other, for there had been some anxiety lately in the Bentley household, one of the twins having fallen downstairs and broken a leg. She read Julia's letter aloud and the news was reassuring.

Little Doris it seemed was progressing quite favorably, and the fear of complications had passed.

John Raynes picked up the book he had been reading, and Merial looked doubtfully at the second envelope. It was mauve, and, while the handwriting was fair enough, it suggested that of a semi-educated person, or one who was unaccustomed to a great deal of correspondence. And even out here with the fragrance of the lilacs scenting the air, one could detect a musky smell as of cheap perfume emanating from the stationery.

Merial opened it and glanced at the signature, and as she did so it seemed to her that a cold breeze swept over the garden. But there was no breeze, not enough to stir the lilacs, and the sun shone hotly. Furtively she threw a look at her father, but he was engrossed in his novel.

10 Madden Street,  
Knightsbridge.  
May 6th, 19—

Mrs. James Tremlett,  
Madam.

No doubt you will recall me as Miss L. Begby on the occasion of your coming to Folkestone to marry poor Captain Saunders, and promising that I could send you a card if ever I set up in London, which I have done two years ago.

I take the liberty of writing now to request the favor of your patronage which I did the same some time ago to your aunt, the Countess of Pelbury, making free to use your name as a reference. Her ladyship never answered or took any notice, and I would esteem it a kindness on your part, madam, if you could persuade her ladyship to pay me a call. You know what titles mean in a business like mine, and my shop has not been doing so well lately as I could wish.

A big order from you would help me a lot just now, and I would be glad to offer you special prices for cash payment. If you could see your way to looking in at the above address and giving me an order up to a hundred pounds or so it might tide me over. I will make the same low terms to her ladyship, or any other lady you could recommend me to for cash.

Trusting you will pardon my writing to you like this, since in the circumstances I feel I have a small claim upon your consideration.

Respectfully Yours,  
Leonora Begby.  
(Trading as Mme. Leonora.)

A fine bead of perspiration appeared on Merial's lips, and she felt herself growing so faint that it took a determined effort not to lapse into unconsciousness.

In one reading she seemed to have mastered every word of that screed by heart.

**T**HERE was undeniably a threat in it. But a threat of what? As far as the Begby girl could know, Jim and everybody else concerned had been told of that Folkestone escapade.

Still, Miss Begby might guess that they hadn't, considering that she, Merial, had been dressed in bridal white and under her maiden name when she married Jim. Was it against the law to have done that? Oh, what ill-chance had brought Leonora to the church that day? It must have been that the gods were jealous of such perfect happiness and had only bided their time to smash it.

But, of course, there was nothing that could really hurt her and Jim. Yes, Jim would be a little hurt, for it might be necessary to tell him that she had actually run away and married Eric. Merial shrank from the idea of such a confession more than ever now. Too much time had

gone by. There was little John in his pram, and it wouldn't be easy to tell Jim that all these months she had been harboring such a secret. He would forgive her, but he might find it hard ever to trust her again. There would always be the thought between them that she must possess a dark side to her nature. It only she had told Jim at once! What could it have mattered to Eric when he was in his grave? Doesn't death absolve us from all such promises?

John Raynes smiled at her from over the top of his book. "A penny for your thoughts," he said. "You seem to be in the brownest of studies."

"So I am," Merial replied. She brushed her hand across her damp forehead and threw him back a smile in return. "A penny wouldn't help much. I was planning my summer wardrobe and wondering if I'd try a new dressmaker I've heard of."

"Well, of course, that accounts for your worried look," her father said. "Clothes, I take it, are a very serious matter."

"They can be," Merial murmured.

Then hastily she wrapped her needlework around Leonora's letter and rose to welcome Jim, who had just come home.

**E**VEN though she knew every word the dressmaker had written, Merial took occasion to re-read that letter several times before making up her mind what to do.

A few days drifted by without her taking any action, and then the matter was more or less decided for her.

Aunt Angel had asked her to lunch at the Ritz with the suggestion that afterwards they might go to a picture show in the Bellamy Galleries.

Towards the end of the meal Lady Pelbury said: "Oh, Cyril reminded me to ask you about a pal of yours who keeps a dress-shop in Maiden Street. Ages ago, while you were on your honeymoon, I had such a curious letter from this person, giving your name as a reference and Cyril insisted upon filing it. He said it smelled of blackmail. Well, it certainly smelled of something that wasn't quite nice. And the other day I had another—bolder if possible. I understand from it that you are ordering the whole of your summer wardrobe from Madame Leonora. Goodness knows I want some new frocks myself, and the prices she quotes for cash are absurdly cheap, still . . . well, Cyril thinks there must be a catch in it somewhere."

Merial set down the coffee cup she had raised to her lips and laughed a little unsteadily. "Mr. St. Orys ought to write for the films," she said. "I admit that Leonora expresses herself on paper rather badly. She's a blunt, rather sour creature."

"Oh, well, that would be refreshing," said Angel. "I do hate them so when they burr." She glanced at her watch. "Do you want to look at pictures specially? Because if you don't mind, I'd rather not. Let's drop in on Leonora, and see what she's got to offer us."

"I don't think I can," Merial said nervously. "I really ought to get home if you don't want to go to the Galleries."

"That's silly," retorted Angel. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I've got the car waiting, and we'll go along to this Leonora person's, and if you don't want to stay you can drop me and go home in the car. By the time it gets back again I'll have had a good look around and will know whether or not her rags are the bargains she claims for 'em. I must say it's not such a bad-looking shop I've seen it from the outside."

This arrangement, however, did not suit Merial at all. The thought of Leonora Begby and Angel together gave her the cold shudders. What if, in some extra-



ordinary way they should get on to the topic of Eric Saunders?

"Oh, I'll come with you," Meriel said. "I've been promising to go for a long time, and I can't put it off for ever."

CHAPTER 12

LEONORA BEGBYS premises were rather restricted considering the huge rent demanded for them. This part of London was ruinously dear for the small shopkeeper. Most of the dressmakers in the neighborhood relied on big profits to carry them on, but, alas, they had to give long credits. Leonora was in process of building up her trade, and inheriting a native wit from her mother employed any number of useful dodges to keep her head above water.

In spite of these dodges, the way was hard. Customers were not as many as she had anticipated, while bills were many.

In moments of depression, Leonora asked herself why she had ever left Folkestone. Her mother, who still prospered with the lodging-house, also asked her that question whenever she could spare the time to run down for a Saturday afternoon and Sunday.

"All your money gone as near as not, and what's come of it?" Mrs. Begby would observe. "It's a pity you could never find anybody you could fancy to marry. You're too particular, Lee. You seem to miss the bus every time. You could have got Captain Saunders if you'd half tried."

Leonora winced. It was strange that her mother didn't know how hard she had tried. That secret was locked in her own heart, all the cruel disappointment of having to stand by and see him snatched by another.

But such a very curious thing had happened. Captain Saunders' bride had left him and was now a Mrs. James Tremlett. There must have been a divorce, though Leonora. Later on, however, she learned the truth, that there had been no divorce or anything of that nature.

She had all the facts neatly docketed in her mind before she sat down to write that insolent letter to Mrs. James Tremlett, although they had not been so clear on the occasion when she first approached Lady Pelbury. Then, it was like seeing through a glass darkly. Now, the glass was crystal clear. She could have told several people's fortunes by what she saw there in the light of this fuller knowledge.

LEONORA was at her tiny desk in the cubby-hole between the showroom and the fitting-cubicles, when the languidly beautiful assistant approached her with a manner of unusual excitement.

"Oh, madame, there's two ladies in the shop asking for you. They came in a Rolls-Royce."

Leonora sprang to her feet, gave a glance at herself in the mirror, checked some imagined dust from her smart black silk dress and trotted into the front room.

Sure enough, it was as she hoped and half-suspected, for there stood Mrs. Tremlett and the stout Lady Pelbury.

"How do you do?" said Meriel nervously offering her hand in a conciliatory fashion. "We've come to see your frocks. This is my aunt, Lady Pelbury."

"Pleased to meet your ladyship, I'm sure," replied Madame Leonora. "Will you sit down?" She drew forward two little gilt chairs and hurried off for a moment to confer with her hostess.

Meriel gave a faint sigh of relief. Somehow she had imagined that Leonora would come straight out with a mention of Eric's name. Angel would have been quick enough to prick up her ears at that and in the end it would have meant taking Angel into her confidence.

But Leonora stuck strictly to her own business which was dressmaking. When she returned with her arms full of smart

confections assisted by the languid beauty who would display them, she revealed herself as possessed of considerable personal charm.

"The gowns aren't bad at all, my dear," said Angel in an aside to Meriel. "I'll risk a shot at having her copy that mauve one for me. I don't suppose I could get into the model."

"I should advise your ladyship to have it in blue," suggested Leonora. "In the exact shade of your eyes."

Angel picked up a hand-mirror and looked at her eyes doubtfully. Were they so blue as all that? Perhaps.

"Very well," she agreed.

It was an easier task to please Mrs. James Tremlett. That apprehensive young woman only realised that she must spend a hundred pounds or so in the hope of keeping Leonora's mouth shut.

She felt the dark brooding gaze that was fastened upon her so persistently, and it gave her a feeling of cold terror.

Meriel bought and bought. It was a great day for No. 10 Madden Street.

"You seem to be putting all your eggs into one basket," said Angel, who was not ordering so freely. "I suppose you know what you're about."

"It saves such a lot of trouble," murmured Meriel. "And her things are certainly reasonable."

Leonora, herself, opened the door for them when the seance was over.

"I will bring the frocks to try on," said she. "I find that ladies like the convenience of being fitted in their own homes."

"Oh, that's very kind of you," said Angel.

"But the things I've bought only require those few alterations," Meriel protested. "I'm sure they'll be all right without your taking so much trouble, Madame Leonora."

The thought of that girl coming out to her dear little home was unbearable.

"No trouble at all," Leonora said firmly. "I always make a point of seeing that everything is satisfactory. I insist upon that. I'll phone when the alterations are completed."

CHAPTER 13

AN hour later Lady Pelbury, with an iced drink and a cigarette, sat at ease in her boudoir, her ample form relaxed in an elaborately beribboned rest gown, her feet stretched comfortably upon a brocade stool.

Cyril St. Grys, as was his usual habit when aimless conversation between him and his adoring employer was in progress, fidgeted about the room altering the arrangement of flower vases and trying various effects with the grouping of Angel's pet ornaments.

"I wish you'd be quiet for a minute," complained Lady Pelbury. "It makes me hot to watch you dancing about so. And besides I want you to listen to me."

"I am listening with both ears," Mr. St. Grys assured her.

"I want you to listen to me with your mind, you donkey!"

"Well, then—" The young man moved a big pouffe to a position near Angel's footstool and gazed at her soulfully. "How's this?"

"Much better. Cyril, there is something funny about that Leonora person."

"Of course there is. I spotted it first thing. The woman's got more than a dress-making business up her sleeve."

"I pretended I hadn't noticed anything very much, but Meriel was positively terrified of her. The poor child simply said 'yes' to anything and everything. And the Leonora person kept looking at her in the most peculiar way. She was all over me, but when she showed Merry a frock it was with a you-take-that air that would have put anybody's back up."

"H'm!" observed Cyril.

"And I really had to drag Meriel there. She was going until I said I'd go alone.

Then she was all for it. Praps I'm imagining things, though. You've always said I have a wonderful gift of imagination, Cyril."

"Oh, yes, you have," he agreed. "But what sort of a hold do you—er—imagine this dressmaker has over Mrs. Tremlett? Isn't your niece one of those people who enjoys an entirely blameless past as well as a felicitous present, and no prospects of a scandalous future?"

"Quite," Angela said emphatically. "Except for Captain Saunders," Cyril said musingly. "We never did know how far that little romance went."

Lady Pelbury smiled, and took a sip of her cold but stimulating beverage. "It was just a young girl's fancy."

"Perhaps Mrs. Tremlett went on a little racket with Saunders, and the Leonora person knows about it," suggested Cyril, coming closer to the truth than he faintly guessed.

"Please don't be vulgar!" pleaded Angel. "It doesn't become you. What I was thinking is—you're very clever, Cyril—"

"Oh, thank you, Lady Angel! The first kind word I've had to-day. I shall burst into tears."

"You're clever enough sometimes—and if you want to be, if Merry's in a scrape of any kind I'd like to help her out."

"You mean you'd like to know all about it," corrected the impudent fellow. "Well, no matter, leave it as you say. And how can I help you to help Mrs. Tremlett?"

"You haven't any sisters, but I suppose you could dig up a girl friend, eh?"

"I could try," said Cyril with mock modesty.

"One who wouldn't object to a gift from you of a party frock?"

"That dear Lady Angel, would be no trouble to me at all. I can think of at least a dozen who'd swoon with delight at such an unusual demonstration of generosity on the part of a tight-wad like me. The only flaw is, she'd give me no peace afterwards."

"Well, look here, Cyril, I'll tell you what you're to do. Take one of your young friends to Leonora's and buy her a frock. You needn't run to more than ten guineas. She'll do you very well for that. Naturally I'll pay for it."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Cyril. "It seems an awful waste of good money. I wish Leonora was a tailor, then I shouldn't have to raise hopes in some fair damsel's breast. I do need a new evening outfit myself."

"I'm doing this—" Angel went on, "because it will give you a chance of seeing Leonora. You'll take the girl there and help her to choose the frock. You've got such winning ways, Cyril, and you seem to know a great deal about women's clothes. It's a sort of gift with you. And with your tact and cleverness you might be able to get to the bottom of this mystery. At least it certainly is a mystery to me."

THERE was ill chance in Cyril St. Grys' choice of a tool to further Lady Pelbury's benevolent plan. He thought over the girls of his acquaintance, and the list was long, but Cyril was also of a benevolent turn of mind. He would do good to someone, and who was a more suitable object than a certain Grace Peabody whom he had first met at Jim's and Meriel's wedding?

She was a nice little thing with very little money. All the nice young things—like himself—were cursed with poverty. Grace had recently gone on the stage with not much success, but only the other day she had told him about an offer she had received from a film director. The catch was that she must provide her own dress for the few scenes in which she would appear. It was a very small part, but it might lead to something. She had to look like a millionaire's daughter, and although she possessed the "pearls"—those being cheap



If you know where to buy them—something more convincing was required in the way of raiment.

Also, thought Cyril, if he offered the gift of a gown to Grace Peabody, it would not be misunderstood. It would be a case of "art for art's sake." Also an opportunity was afforded for being honest and shifting the onus of the gift upon the shoulders that rightfully should bear it.

HE called upon Miss Peabody in her cheap little boarding-house and explained the situation—as much as he deemed it needed explanation.

"I was talking to a wealthy friend of mine about this chance of yours, Grace," he said in his sweetly charming way, "and what a shame it was your not being able to buy a smart new frock. So she told me to go ahead and get it for you. That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"Oh, Cyril!" Miss Peabody exclaimed, her eyes shining. "I suppose it was Lady Peabody."

"Lady Peabody isn't the only friend I have," Cyril said, a little nettled.

"No, of course not. Well, however, it was: please thank her, Cyril. It's just too, too wonderful. When can we go? I'm called for my scenes on Tuesday and this is Friday. I was trying to do something with that cerise georgette you liked so much, but—"

"Put on your hat and come along now," said Cyril. "I know the very shop where the money will go furthest."

It was easier for Mr. St. Grys to loiter gracefully on one of the little gilt chairs than it had been for Lady Peabody. He sat with a leg swung over the other and an elbow resting on the back of the chair while he showed his intelligent interest in the matter of evening frocks.

Occasionally he would beckon the languid mannequin and pluck at the garment under consideration.

Leonora regarded him meditatively. She had considered of late the possibility of taking in a partner, but it must be someone with capital, and the idea of a man partner had not occurred to her.

"Now here," she said, "is a Paris model that I'm copying for the Countess of Peabury."

Grace Peabody laughed. "Caught you, Cyril! So the gift friend is Lady Peabody."

Mr. St. Grys shrugged and smiled.

"Do you know her ladyship?" inquired Leonora.

"He's her secretary," Miss Peabody answered for him.

"Then her ladyship must have recommended me. That's most gratifying. I wasn't at all sure that I'd satisfied her. Do you know her ladyship's niece, Mrs. Tremlett?"

"Oh, yes," Cyril replied.

Miss Peabody sighed pensively. "Mrs. Tremlett married the only man I could love—except you, Cyril darling."

The dark eyes of the dressmaker glanced from one to the other with a burning question in them. To what length, wondered Leonora, dared the gossip with these friendly young people?

Unfortunately Cyril led her on after being relieved on the score of Angel's not having the model copied in mauve.

"Lady Peabury has to be dressed very carefully," he said, "but Mrs. Tremlett's the type that looks heavenly in anything."

Grace made a little moult at him. "I wish you wouldn't talk so much about the incomparable Meriel. I believe you're half in love with her yourself. Don't forget she's married now."

"It's something I try to forget every day of my life," Cyril murmured with a sentimental sigh.

Leonora tenderly shook out the model and bade her benchwoman retire to the robing-room and put it on.

"I think that one will suit you to a T,

mine. . . . If you'll excuse my saying so, I can well believe any young lady would have been taken by Mrs. Tremlett's husband. I own I was, myself."

"Eh?" said Cyril.

"I suppose you're referring to her first husband, Captain Saunders?"

There was a blank and startled silence. Then Grace Peabody giggled nervously. "Captain Saunders? That's the man all the fuss was about. If only she had married him—then I might have had a chance with Jim."

"My mistake," Leonora said quietly. "I thought they were married. I understood it was to be, but shortly afterwards Captain Saunders went away. He was staying with my people in Folkestone and we thought he had gone away to marry Miss Haynes. But we did know that her family objected to the match."

This was a little more than Mr. St. Grys had bargained for, and he cut Madame Leonora short, bringing her back sharply to the business in hand.

"So that's it!" he thought. His lips puckered in a silent whistle, and he wished with all his heart and soul that he had pitched on anybody in the world except Grace Peabody for a catapaw in his little bit of detective work. After all, what concern was it of Lady Angel's that the lovely Meriel had really acquired some sort of a past? Most of us do, in one way or another, mused Cyril, and a pretty state of affairs if our friends got busy about it!

When the frock had been decided upon and he and Grace emerged from the shop to celebrate the great occasion over a cup of tea, he spoke to his fair companion very seriously.

"That woman—" he said, referring to Leonora, "may get herself in trouble one of these days. I'd advise you not to repeat that bit of gossip she led out to us."

Grace's eyebrows went up and she smiled secretly. "Oh, of course, I wouldn't dream of repeating it," she assured him. "Poor Jim! It looks as though he'd been had."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed Cyril. He wondered just how much or how little of what he had heard he would repeat to Lady Peabury. Perhaps nothing at all.

LEONORA went up to her room over the shop after they had gone, and changed her dress to a smart street costume, black, with a hat in the latest shade of red to set it off.

She was humming a little tune under her breath as she came down again. Very well satisfied with life and with herself was Miss Begby at this moment.

"Have you packed up those gowns for Mrs. Tremlett?" she asked her assistant.

"Yes, madam. Here's the suitcase, all ready."

"Well, be careful when you lock up the shop. I'm not likely to get back before closing time."

Leonora drew on a new pair of gloves and after a final look around to see that everything was as right as might be, sallied forth with the suitcase to take a bus to St. John's Wood.

She had that morning telephoned to Mrs. James Tremlett to say that the few alterations were completed and if it were convenient she would call at five-thirty to make sure that everything was satisfactory.

She was looking forward to this visit to the little house in St. John's Wood with infinite relief.

Something was going to be put severely to the test. As a tentative "try-on" it might fail, but Miss Begby had pressure to bring to bear if gentler measures failed.

## CHAPTER 14

WHEN Jim Tremlett returned home that afternoon he encountered a dashing young woman in black with a red hat and a large suitcase on

his doorstep, in the act of ringing the bell.

Leonora herself informed him as to her identity, and he showed her in just as the parlormaid came to the door.

A curious person, thought Jim. She had looked him up and down as though taking an inventory and not finding it quite satisfactory. Perhaps he had a smut on his nose or collar.

For the first time he could remember since their marriage, Meriel was not immediately available, and he was to have his tea alone. Vaguely, Jim felt a little hurt. Then he laughed to himself. "Merry's spoiled me. Heavens, I haven't got much to grumble at!"

Yet how long would this person detain her? He inquired when the parlormaid brought his tea, and was informed that Mrs. Tremlett didn't expect to be kept for any length of time; that, in fact, she had expected the dressmaker earlier, and thought that by now she would have departed.

Meanwhile, Leonora was making half-solent apologies to Meriel.

"A customer came just as I was about to start, madam," she said. "I hope I haven't inconvenienced you, but I couldn't afford to leave a possible sale to chance. Business is not so good as it might be."

They were alone together and Meriel's heart beat painfully fast. Sooner or later they must speak of poor Eric—yet it must come about naturally. Above all, this Begby girl mustn't know that there was anything that needed to be concealed.

Leonora was stooping over the suitcase and lifting out one after another of Meriel's unconsidered purchases.

Still, no fault could be found with them. There had been no swindle.

"I've brought along the bill," said Leonora. "It would be a great convenience—I mean to say, I hope it won't inconvenience you, if you could let me have a cheque . . ."

"Oh, yes, of course! I'll write it out now."

"Not until we've tried them all on. Indeed, I'm grateful to you, madam. I can't tell you what this means to me at a critical time. I was ever so safe and happy at Folkestone. Mother says—I expect you remember mother—that I was a fool to set up in London. Of course, I'll get on, once I've established a clientele. The first two or three years are the hardest. They take it out of you . . . Just lift your arms, madam. I'll slip it over . . . There! Well, I knew how that would suit you, Mrs. Tremlett. Something soft and delicate about it, and all those little tucks run by hand. I shouldn't wonder if you wore it at Ascot you'd have ladies coming up and trying to find out whom you got it from. You'd mention me, I hope."

A tinge of color flared into Meriel's cheeks.

"I'm not likely to go to Ascot, but if I did I don't quite see myself advertising my dressmaker," she said, unwisely.

"Oh, don't you, madam! What I say is, one good turn deserves another."

Meriel stared at her, white-lipped and haughty.

"I'd be glad if you'd explain," she said.

"In what way am I indebted to you, Miss Begby? And while we're on that subject, may I say that your manner is peculiarly offensive, not to mention the letter I had from you. Also, I consider it a great impertinence on your part to write to Lady Peabury as you did."

Leonora's eyelids flickered, but her face betrayed no emotion. In the depths of her heart she may have felt both triumphant and resentful, but she showed signs of neither.

"I'm very sorry, madam. I'm sure I didn't mean to be impertinent. And Mother always said that my manner caused people to misjudge me. Call it my misfortune rather than my fault."

She had not answered Meriel's question,



and Meriel let the omission pass with an inward gasp of relief. Oh, but she knew that she was cowardly. Would she escape this purring cat after all? That last pounce had almost broken her spirit.

"Well, madam, if I say it myself, you've got as smart a summer wardrobe as any lady in the land and at half the price," Leonora went on, as though there had been no threatened contretemps.

THE touch of her hands sent a cold chill over Meriel, who had to brace herself to endure it without shrinking. Would she never have done?

"I'm sure they're all right, Miss Begby. Really, there doesn't seem anything that wants altering again."

"No, there doesn't. I do my work well. Ah, madam, now isn't that charming? Do look at yourself. That delicate shade of pink suits you to a 'T'. It's a pity the poor captain can't see you in that."

Meriel's heart missed a beat. The cat had struck again. She tore off the pink confection and picked up a dressing-gown which she wrapped about herself as she moved towards her writing-desk.

"Your account, please!" she said coldly. Leonora smiled in a sly fashion.

"I'm wondering, madam, if you'd care to invest a few hundred pounds in my little business," she said slowly. "I'm sure it would pay you well in the end."

Meriel turned and faced her, desperate now.

"What do you mean by that? Hadn't you better speak plainly? In what way do you imagine you're threatening me?"

"You're not very friendly," Leonora protested. "It would be a good investment. Lots of ladies would jump at the chance of making a little extra pin-money without having to work for it, but I suppose money doesn't mean much to you. Not as much as it might have meant if you'd stuck to Captain Saunders."

"I'm afraid you are laboring under a misapprehension," Meriel said with what dignity she could command. "It is impossible that you can know all the circumstances of my—my first marriage. Captain Saunders was obliged to go to Cape-town shortly after—we were married. Unfortunately he died out there."

Leonora stared at her.

"That's funny. Then all I can say is, Captain Saunders has come to life again. He's been staying at mother's these three months past and a very sad and unhappy gentleman he is, too. If you don't believe me, all I say is you're welcome to come and see for yourself. Now I'll be going, and when you send the cheque on to me if you like you can add a few extra hundreds to it as an investment in my little business. As I said before, perhaps it would pay you to do it. And as I said before that, one good turn deserves another. Good evening to you, madam."

When the woman had gone, Meriel opened a window and then went mechanically to her desk.

The counterfool of her cheque-book showed a considerable balance. She had been saving up against Jim's birthday when it was her ambition to present him with a small cruising yacht which he had been yearning for, and in which they would doubtless have spent a delightful holiday on the Broads.

That happy plan seemed to be knocked on the head. At least one must give oneself time to think.

Eric still alive! She couldn't believe it, and yet . . .

How much would stop Leonora Begby's mouth? Meriel made out the cheque for five hundred pounds.

#### CHAPTER 15

THAT night the young Tremletts dined alone as, indeed, was by no means unusual. The charm and sweetness of her home

had never before been revealed so poignantly to Meriel. Everything was intensified, or it might be that she was seeing things with the eyes of a stranger.

How carefully she had planned her little dining-room, for instance. So harmonious and yet uncommon, with its French-grey walls and carpet, and the touches of red lacquer; the set of rare Chinese prints framed in panels, the Chippendale furniture, the creamy Wedgwood china and the old silver wine coolers, gay with red and white tulips.

Jim took upon himself a husband's privilege and teased her about her long seance with Leonora.

"All these new frocks. It sounds more like Beauville or the Lido than Norfolk."

By now he was quite aware, though unofficially, what form his birthday gift might take. Alas!

"Strange-looking girl that dressmaker of yours," he went on, helping himself to another tasty portion of the hors d'oeuvres which were a great speciality of their cook's.

"How—strange?" Meriel asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It was the way she looked me over, I think. We met on the doorstep. 'Pon my soul, I didn't feel exactly flattered. Had a fancy as though she sneered as though to say, 'So this is the poor, poor fish the beautiful Mrs. Tremlett is spiced up with!' Gave me a wormish feeling."

Meriel did not smile, as Jim expected her to do. Her eyes widened and her lips went white. "Did you speak to her? What did she say?"

"Oh, she wasn't rude, my darling. Nothing for you to get excited about. She just said she was Madam! Something-or-other—Lora, or Eleanora—and then Ada came along and took her in tow."

"She had no right to—to look at you in a peculiar way—"

"For heaven's sake, Merry, don't imagine the woman was trying to flit with me."

"I never thought that. I mean, she shouldn't have looked at you like—like you said."

"What on earth's the matter with you, Merry? I'm only trying to make light and cheerful conversation. We've got to talk about something, even if we are an old married couple."

To his consternation, Meriel burst into tears and rushed from the room.

Jim dashed down his napkin and followed her, explaining to Ada, whom he encountered in the hall, that Mrs. Tremlett wasn't feeling very well, and to keep back the rest of dinner until further orders.

Nothing like this upset had ever occurred in the little house before.

Cook, wise in the ways of marriage, life—having buried her first and deserted her second, after providing each with xrogery—winked with affected solemnity when Ada brought her the news.

"You wait! Mark my words! But she'll be as happy as a lark once she's reconciled to it. Our little lady's a born mother if ever there was one—and I'd ought to know, as I've 'ad five myself."

IT must be confessed that Cook's idea had occurred to Jim. What else could it be?

He found Meriel in their bedroom weeping her eyes out, and he took her into his arms, holding her as though she were a baby herself. He was terribly unhappy, for the doctor had warned him that little John's successor must wait a year or two before making an appearance in this world.

"Merry, darling, tell me what's troubling you?" he asked anxiously. "Surely you're not going to be so foolish as to try to keep anything from me? Darling, you know how much I love you. I don't need to tell you that, do I? Aren't you going to tell me?"

"What could I be keeping from you!" she

cried in a strangled voice. "Oh, I wish I was dead!"

"Merry!"

"Now I've shocked you."

"Of course you have."

She sat up, dashing the tears from her eyes and forcing the ghost of a laugh.

"Don't look at me so solemnly, Jim. I feel as though I'm being vivisected. There's nothing the matter—only my nerves seem to have gone flop."

"I'd better phone for the doctor."

Meriel clutched at him. "No, you don't! What on earth could the doctor do for me!"

"I don't know. But obviously something must be done."

"I tell you it's only nerves—nerves! Haven't you ever heard of such things? I want to sleep. Let me go to bed, Jim. Leave me alone. Honestly, I think I'll be all right in the morning if you'll just leave me alone now and not bother. You could sleep in your dressing-room, couldn't you? Like when you had flu and when little John was born."

Never had Jim Tremlett come up against such perversity in Meriel since that bad time before their marriage. He ought to have known that she was capable of it; but they had been so happy together that he had almost forgotten those dark months.

He had a baffled feeling as he slowly descended the stairs. What could he do, and how had it happened? Merry, shutting him out. For what? Because he joked about the way her dressmaker had looked at him.

Still, one must not get rattled, and, above all, one must keep up appearances before the servants.

He sat down at the table again and made a pretence of resuming dinner, but it was poor fooling, and he was too young and wretched to hide his anxieties.

When the maid put the dessert before him, he said: "Mrs. Tremlett seems badly upset about something. I'm rather worried, Ada. Has anything occurred to bother her that you know of?"

"Why, no, sir," the girl replied. "Only I have noticed that madam hasn't been quite herself for the past few days. Cook thinks—"

Ada hesitated and blushed. "Well, what does cook think?" Jim demanded.

"Only that madam may be a bit under the weather, as it were. Her appetite's gone off something shocking. Sometimes ladies feel poorly, and don't quite know the reason for it until later. But I must say that madam was in good spirits and health all the time before Master John came, wasn't she, sir? But trying on all of those dresses may have made her feel faint-like."

So that was it! What he had himself surmised.

"Just run up and see if there's anything you can do for her," Jim said. "She hasn't had anything to eat. Try to coax her to have some tea and buttered toast."

Presently Ada reappeared and announced that madam had consented to have the tea and buttered toast. This sounded more cheerful. "I'll take them up to her," Jim said. It might be that Merry would snub him again, but he couldn't help risking it.

She was already in bed when he came in carrying the tray so awkwardly and looking so worbegoed as he trod on tip-toe that Meriel's heart fairly broke.

She let him feed her and the tears ran down and threatened to salt the tea.

"You're so good to me, Jim," she said choking a little. "You'll always be good to me, won't you, whatever happens?"

This was going to require patience.

"Merry, darling, what could happen?"

"Anything might. This world is such a strange place. . . . Thank you, Jim, I've had enough."

He set the tray aside and perched on the side of the bed took her hands in his. Then he asked her. Was it true . . . what Ada had hinted? Was little John to have a small brother or sister?



Meriel stared at him and shook her head slowly. "No, darling. As I said, it's just nerves. The spring weather, I suppose. Please forgive me for being such an idiot. And now, darling, I will try to sleep."

"All's well between us?" he asked anxiously.

For answer she threw her arms around his neck and clung there for a long time.

**B**EFORE morning arrived Jim Tremlett had made up his mind about one thing. He was going to take this small indentation of a nervous breakdown in hand before it reached dangerous proportions.

In the still watches of the night it came to him quite clearly that Meriel had been living too circumscribed a life. Anyone with a grain of sense could see that she needed a change, and it wasn't necessary to call the doctor merely to be told so.

It would be easy enough for Jim to get away from the office for a month or even longer in a case like this. Johnny Raynes would look after his work for him, for old Johnny would be the first to agree that he must take Meriel away. They would go down to the south of France where she would have a chance to wear her pretty new clothes and be thoroughly gay for the first time since her marriage. The baby should be bundled off to Julia's with his nurse; and Merry must be made to pretend that she was a flighty young girl again. They would dance and bathe and play golf and go for picnics in the hills. In no time she'd pick up.

Jim was delighted with his idea. He would need some new raiment himself, by jove!

And there was Meriel facing him at the breakfast-table, listening with that wide-eyed look and trying to interrupt as he told her his plans.

She traced a pattern on the cloth with her finger-tip. What could she say? That she could not go? What reason could she give? But why not do as Jim wished? It would give her time in which to think things out. Yet how wretched! This cloud hanging over her threatening to break at any moment.

"Jim, I'll tell you what really upset me last night," she ventured, avoiding his gaze. "I've played the fool. It was because of that dressmaker. I had to give her such a big cheque and it's out into my little hoard for your birthday present. So you see—naturally I felt unhappy." Her voice trailed off. It wasn't exactly a lie she was telling, but it was certainly intended to deceive.

Jim's eyes danced. "You blessed little fraud! So that's what the hysterics were about. All because you were a giddy spendthrift. Well, I shall be one, too. We're going to Cannes, and shall give a good imitation of how the idle rich disport themselves, just to show we know how it's done."

If Jim was disappointed about the little yacht and the August holiday they had planned, he gave no sign of it. Indeed, he thought now that this new plan of his was much the better one, particularly for Meriel.

He was determined to be an "understanding" young husband.

Alas for him that he was so very far from diagnosing the true cause of her trouble.

## CHAPTER 16

**J**IM TREMLETT had one private little worry which he had not shared with his wife. It amounted to no more than a gnat bite, really, which you can't parade as a mortal ill—so why mention it at all?

He had never made what you might call love to Grace Peabody, but in those dark months when Meriel had behaved so peculiarly Jim had felt the need of sympathy. And never does sympathy come in

so acceptable a guise to an unhappy young man than in the person of an attractive girl.

Once in a dim corner of Julia Bentley's drawing-room when—needless to say—he and Grace were alone together, Jim had gone so far as to kiss the damsel as a small token of gratitude for her great sympathy in his woe. He didn't like to remember that afterwards. It was not so much an act of treachery to Meriel, as a possible source of misunderstanding on the part of Miss Peabody. Fortunately somebody came into the room at what might have proved a critical moment, and Jim was saved from being made a victim of his own impulsiveness.

Jim's conscience would never have bothered him about that one little kiss of emotional gratitude and the several hand-pressings which had preceded it, if Grace hadn't been so bold as to remind him occasionally, and hint that—although he was married—a certain warm undercurrent of feeling still existed between them.

True, Jim felt kindly towards Grace. She had been a good pal in time of trouble and despair. Consequently when she came to live in London and by some strange chance discovered the City chop house where he was in the habit of taking his midday meal, it would have been churlish of him to let her lunch alone.

This happened twice within the space of three weeks, and after the second time Jim changed his restaurant, although with a reluctance amounting to pain.

For the same reason he gave up his golfing week-ends at Ramsgate. Grace was generally there, too, for she was a great friend of Julia's and always could go down when she liked.

In one way and another Grace Peabody had managed to become an obstruction in the less domestic phases of Jim's life. One day she even called at his office to ask his advice about her film contract, and although he pointed out to her that he was not a lawyer, that didn't seem to matter. On that occasion he felt it necessary to take her out to tea, but he made an opportunity to inquire why she had never called upon Meriel.

Grace regarded him with a coy mixture of amusement and pity.

"Well, Jimmy dear, perhaps I will run out one afternoon," she conceded. "Meriel and I ought to try to be friends. We have the same dressmaker, so that might be a bond."

It was a little uncanny, thought Jim, how this dressmaker subject seemed to be cropping up of late, both at home and abroad.

"I'm sure Meriel would be delighted," he said, although he knew he spoke without authority. "But as a matter of fact we're off to-morrow for a little jaunt to the south. Back again about the first of June. I'm sure this contract of yours is all right, and anyway I see you've signed it."

"Going away?" murmured Grace. "Then I shan't see you again for ages! Oh, dear, how I'll miss you, Jimmy. This is a real blow."

Jim wriggled, as uncomfortable as a schoolboy finding himself in a corner he hadn't deserved or anticipated. Apparently Grace meant to see more and more of him in future. Something would have to be done about it. First, because of Meriel; and secondly, because frankly the girl bored him. A little of her went a very long way in his opinion.

She began now to tell him all about Lady Peabury's kindness through the offices of Cyril St. Orya, and the visit Cyril and she had paid to Leonora's shop.

"And such a funny thing," she went on, "Madame Leonora mentioned that Captain Saunders. It seems she knew him, and she seems to think that Meriel and he were married, or had been. You should have

seen Cyril's face. He was furious with her."

Grace laughed as she spoke, but there was something now in Jim Tremlett's face that killed her mirth almost instantly.

"Sorry, Jim," she said hastily. "The man's dead, isn't he? And, of course, everybody knew that Meriel was silly about him for a little while. Why, you used to talk to me about it yourself, for hours. Don't you remember? And you said I cheered you up so. Now you—you treat me as if I were a stranger."

"I don't care to gossip about my wife," Jim said in a cold voice. "This perhaps was unjust, considering that he had made such a confidante of Grace before Meriel consented to become his wife. He looked at his watch. "Afraid I must run back to the office, now. I've got a whole heap of things to see to. Will you forgive me if I cut short our pleasant little chat?"

"Jim, I believe you're angry with me!"

"Good heavens, no. But you see, we're leaving early in the morning, and I really shouldn't have spared the time. It's been very nice seeing you, Grace, and don't forget to call on us when we get back. I'll tell Meriel I've seen you and I expect she'll drop you a line."

**S**OMETHING was rankling in the back of Jim's mind, and so persistently that it gave him no peace. Such a small thing it was, too! He felt ashamed to mention it to Meriel.

In fact he tried hard to argue himself out of what could only be a foolish delusion.

There was hustle and bustle in the little house when he got home that evening, and Meriel seemed to be suffering under a deep depression, which she accounted for by the fact that she had parted from her baby that afternoon. By this time little John and Nanny were safely arrived at Julia's and it should have been some consolation to be told over the telephone that he was perfectly happy in the adoration of twin cousins, and apparently did not miss his mother at all.

Jim was thoroughly tired. In fact, it dawned on him that he needed this holiday as much as Meriel. At dinner both of them were slightly edgy in temper, and when Ada—affected by the general excitement—dropped a silver dish-cover on to the parquet, Jim gave a jump and said something not altogether under his breath that outraged his wife's ears.

And then suddenly that secret rankling got the better of him. "Who do you think breezed into the office this afternoon? Grace Peabody. She's gone on the films, and wanted my advice about her contract, so I took her out to tea."

Meriel's mind made a swallow-like swoop. Without an instant's hesitation she connected Grace Peabody with Jim's peculiar behaviour since he returned home.

"It's too bad that meeting your old friend should put you out of temper," she said, coldly.

Jim laughed in a vexed way. "It did, as a matter of fact," he replied. "May I ask, if you won't regard it as an impertinence, how you got in touch with this new dressmaker of yours?"

Meriel flinched as though he had struck her.

"What on earth has Grace Peabody got to do with my dressmaker?" she demanded.

Jim told her. Then he said: "Did you meet this Leonora through Eric Saunders?"

It was such a straight, point-blank hit that Meriel sat looking at her husband with an air of sheer stupidity. What next, she wondered? It wasn't like Jim to play the cross-examiner. As from a distance she heard herself deliberately throwing Angel to this roaring lion.

"She's Aunt Angel's dressmaker," she said, and, although she was frightened half



out of her wits, Meriel's voice sounded merely angry.

Oh, that was all! Of course, Angela Peabody had been as thick as thieves with Saunders. Jim felt instantly comforted, reassured, happy. Everything was cleared up, and it wasn't so surprising that the leonora person had imagined Saunders to have married Meriel. Saunders had quite expected to marry her, and might have done so if Johnny Raynes hadn't intervened and sent him packing at a critical moment.

Jim mopped his brow. Something had been averted—something obscure, but nevertheless menacing. He couldn't have said what it was to save his life, beyond that he couldn't stand the idea of Meriel cherishing any memory at all of Eric Saunders. The very mention of the fellow's name made Jim bristle.

"Good for—I wish I wasn't so jealous!" he said sheepishly. "Going to be friends again, Merry?"

"Perhaps it hasn't occurred to you that I can be jealous, too," she murmured, her voice breaking a little. "Is it usual for Grace Peabody to call on you at the office?"

Jim found himself on the defensive now, and without quite knowing how it had happened. More experienced husbands could have told him, however, that it was bound to happen.

"Oh, no," he answered. "She's never come to the office before. It was only about this contract. You see, she wasn't quite sure—"

"Yes, and if she hasn't been to the office before, where have you been seeing her?" Meriel interrupted.

Jim turned brick-red. "Once or twice she's happened in at the restaurant where I used to feed. That's all."

"Yes, I think I do see," said Meriel. "I wonder why she hasn't called on me?"

"That's what I was telling her—that you'd be no end pleased to have her out here. She said she would call when we got back, and I said you'd probably drop her a line and ask her to dinner or something."

"I don't know her address," Meriel said. "I've got it somewhere. She gave it to me," Jim replied eagerly. "It would be kind of you to ask her, Merry, and then there'll be no excuse for her to—"

"Haunt you, darling?"

"Oh, Merry, don't be an ass!"

**T**HE argument did end finally, but not until it was torn to tatters. Jim was more than a little surprised at Meriel's bad temper—who who was usually the very essence of sweetness itself.

If only he could faintly have guessed how his wife was suffering, although not on account of Grace Peabody.

After she had recovered from the shock of being told that Eric Saunders was not dead, but very much alive, and staying in his former rooms in Folkestone, Meriel's problem at first seemed to her the simple one of keeping Leonora Betty silent. She had already paid a handsome first instalment on the purchase price of Leonora's silence. There might be much more to pay, but somehow she would find the money. She could sell her little car. She could ask Daddy for a hundred pounds or so, and beg him not to mention it to Jim.

It was not until they were in the midst of their happy holiday in the southland that the full consciousness of what this situation portended dawned upon Meriel.

She was sitting on the hotel verandah one afternoon while Jim was off on the links, and some people near her were discussing an acquaintance who had in a mad moment committed the crime of bigamy. It seemed that the misguided lady had done it because of a child that she imagined would become legitimised by such a rash proceeding.

Meriel's heart stood still.

Bigamy. That was the word she had

been trying to evade. One got sent to prison for bigamy. But worse, far worse, was the thought of what this meant to little John. Why, he wasn't even entitled to his own father's name. If ever Jim got a title, for instance, little John couldn't inherit it. He was nobody's baby.

"I've got to see Eric," she told herself. "I've got to find out from him what we're to do—what I'm to do." She shut her eyes and gritted her teeth. In such a manner, she supposed, one would walk to the scaffold.

Jim and the man with whom he had been playing golf were returning now. From where she sat, Meriel could see them making their way up the terraced path from the road where the bus had dropped them. Jim looked so bronzed and well. It was a little comic how white his teeth flashed against the background of sun-burnt skin. "Nigger boy," Meriel had called him.

Gaily he waved to her and shouted. "Hope you've ordered tea."

She waved back and flew to order it. Poor Jim. He mustn't know yet. Give him his one more week of happiness before dashing him into the nether regions. She was already there herself, but he needn't know—just yet.

**"M**ERRY, I don't think I've ever loved you so much as I do now. The truth is, it seems to grow more and more every day. I live."

They were strolling on the wide terrace after dinner under the mellow radiance of a full moon. Jim would have liked to put his arm around her waist, but he couldn't do that because any amount of people would have seen them. He did, however, link arms with her and clasp her hand.

"I'm glad we came away on this little honeymoon," he went on. "I'm even glad we had those little rows and tempers. It all fits in. We're married, you see. Life needn't be monotonous. I thought I loved you as much as I possibly could before we were married. Well, that was my mistake. When John was born, I didn't think it was in human nature to love a girl any more than I loved you then. Another mistake. Why, I don't love you anything like as much now as I shall 50 years hence. When we celebrate our golden wedding perhaps I'll be able to say something really authentic on the subject."

It was a very gallant speech, and all the finer for its sincerity. Jim meant every word he said. He felt every word.

Her throat ached with the pain of it all. Would Jim leave her when he knew? So far it hadn't occurred to her that she herself might elect to leave him.

She thought of her father, and a great longing came over her to cast all her troubles on old Johnny Raynes's shoulders.

"Jim, couldn't we go home soon?" she asked in a woebegone voice.

He was surprised. "But we are going next week. Aren't you happy here? It's all been so ripping."

"Oh, yes, it has. I'm getting a little restless, though. You know how it is when you suddenly want to go home—at least, I'm that way. If you sent off telegrams to-morrow, couldn't we start back the day after? Please, Jim!"

"Why, yes—we could," he said, reluctantly, thinking of the return match which he had arranged with his golfing acquaintance. "If you're really set on it, Merry."

"Couldn't I go by myself?" she suggested.

"That's nonsense! Toss up, sweetie! You're homesick for young John."

"Praps I am," Meriel said faintly. Then a wholly preposterous idea came into her head, and she voiced it wildly. "Jim, let's send for baby and Nanny, and take a villa

down here and never go back to England again."

Jim roared with laughter. "Got straws in your hair, I should think. Pull yourself together, Merry! One minute you can't get away fast enough, and the next you never want to leave. What's it mean?"

"That I'm quite, quite dotty," Meriel said quietly.

"All right, dear. I understand. It's young John that matters, so we'll head for home at once."

#### CHAPTER 17

**T**HREE days later Meriel walked in to her father's study at that hour of the afternoon when she felt sure of finding him home.

"Thought I'd give you a jolly surprise, Daddy," she said. "We got back this morning. But of course, you've seen Jim, so it's not such a tremendous surprise really."

John was properly appreciative of her finding time to show herself to him so soon. "But I don't think that holiday's done you a lot of good," he said, looking her over anxiously. "Pretty hot in Cannes at this time of the year. I dare say."

"No, it was delightful. The trouble is, Daddy, I'm a little worried about something. I haven't said anything to Jim because—well, I've put it off. I wanted to speak to you first."

"Bless my soul! Fire ahead, Merry—my own. It must be something serious to put blue circles under your eyes, and add ten years to your age. Money?"

"No—I only wish it were. Daddy, I think you must have been wrongly informed when you were told that Eric Saunders was dead."

John Raynes started as one who had received a severe electric shock. This was about the last thing he had expected. Yet—why should it worry Meriel at this late date whether or not Saunders was dead? "Suppose I was?" he asked. "Isn't he dead? He certainly ought to be. What does it matter to you if he isn't?"

"Daddy, do you know positively that he is dead?"

John looked down at the toe of his boot, then up at the ceiling.

"Daddy! I'm asking you." Her voice was so sharp that he dared not lie to her. It wasn't the voice of the beloved child he had tricked for her own good, but of a woman who had the right to be answered truthfully.

He tried to explain as he made a clean breast of his trickery.

"I wanted you to get rid of that obsession," he added. "I wanted you to be happy."

"Happy!—Oh, Daddy, you don't know what you have done!" she cried in despair.

For the first time in many a long month, John Raynes was tempted to take his spoiled darling by the shoulders and give her a good shaking.

How dare she stand there like an outraged goddess and fling reproaches at him! He had deceived her for her own good, for her own happiness, and he couldn't see why he should be blamed. She ought to have thanked him.

"You remember I told you, Daddy, that I'd promised Eric I would wait for him," Meriel said in a cold, strange voice. "And you—you made me break that promise."

John flew into a temper.

"Has that scoundrel dared to come near you?" he demanded. "By heaven, I'll go for him with a gun; I'll teach him to stay dead when once he's been decently disposed of! The low hound—the sneak—the—"

"He hasn't been near me," Meriel interrupted. "He hasn't even written to me. I only heard by accident that he is back in England."

"Then will you kindly explain your madness? That is, if you can."

There was no reply.



"Haven't you a word to say?" he demanded, alarmed by her silence. Meriel shook her head.

"Have you spoken to Jim about this?"

"Not yet. He hasn't the faintest idea."

"But, Merry, come—what's it all about?" John dropped his hectoring tone. "Doubtless I'm only imagining you're being seriously upset. If it's a matter of conscience with you—and for the life of me I can't see why it should be—would you like me to inform this fellow that you broke your promise under a misapprehension?"

"I shall tell him that, myself," Meriel replied. "You see, Daddy, I was married to Eric."

IT was out at last. Meriel dropped limply into a chair and held her throbbing head between the palms of her hands.

John's throat worked convulsively. For a moment he was literally stunned. In a flash he understood now what it all meant. Meriel's disillusion those long months when she seemed wasting away before his eyes, her forbidden love for Jim. And then... the false news given to her that Eric Saunders was dead.

"So you were married to him. That, of course, puts another complexion on the matter," John said, his voice curiously dry and judicial, betraying none of the tumult of his soul. If anything, he was angrier with Meriel than before, but he was so pierced through that all the fire had gone out of it.

"Would you mind telling me how and in what circumstances you came to do this thing? It was a legal marriage, I suppose?"

"Yes, Daddy. At a registrar's."

"When? Where?"

"The day I went to Julia's. I went to Folkestone first and Eric met me. We intended to go to Paris and telegraph you from there, but he had a cable saying his uncle was dying. So we parted—and I went on to Julia's. You see, nobody knew. That's to say nobody except the people in the house where Eric had rooms."

John Raynes clenched his hands until the knuckles stood out whitely. So the fellow had beaten him after all!

"And what, my girl, do you propose to do now?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Having got yourself into this—this mess, I suppose you think somebody else must get you out of it."

"I wouldn't be in it if you hadn't lied to me," Meriel flashed back.

"Be careful. I lied to you? Well and good. Who began the lying?"

"Daddy. I never did! I never lied!"

"No? Think a minute. What is a lie? It's a deception, isn't it? Your whole life has been a lie since you went off in the train that morning. Even before, since the thing must have been planned. What sort of hair-splitting do you call it to say you never lied?"

He had watched her on the raw now, and her lips quivered. Color mounted her cheeks and her eyes glistened with tears.

"Daddy, forgive me!" she cried.

The piteous appeal went straight to John's heart, but he couldn't bring himself to respond to it immediately. His own conscience was not entirely clear. To some extent he was responsible for Meriel's predicament, and his mind was busy with the legal aspects of the case. What would the law do about it? He, too, thought of little John, and what bearing this dreadful situation would have upon the child's future.

And then, in the midst of it all, an idea occurred to him. He'd better ring up his solicitor and find out precisely how the land lay. He did not care to have Meriel overhear his conversation, however, as he intended to put the usual hypothetical case before the man of law, so he excused him-

self and went up to his bedroom to use the telephone from there.

A little shiver ran over Meriel. Her sense of loneliness was appalling. If Daddy could treat her like this, then how would Jim take the news? What was there to do now?

She picked up her handbag and gloves, then opened the bag to see how much money she possessed. A little over £10. It would suffice for the present anyhow. Slowly she drew on her gloves. Would Daddy ever come back? Where had he gone? Perhaps to fetch Jim. Panic seized her, and she hurried into the hall where she encountered Edith coming down the stairs.

"Where's Daddy?" she asked breathlessly.

The maid replied that she thought Mr. Raynes was in his room using the telephone. Meriel felt that she understood. Probably he was telephoning to Jim.

"Edith, tell him that I couldn't wait any longer. I—I shall be late as it is," she said a little wildly. "I shall have to fly."

And fly she did, as John was informed five minutes later when he came downstairs again.

HE lost no time himself in getting into a taxi and following her, as he supposed, to St. John's Wood.

Poor little devil, he wished she hadn't run off like that, believing him still so adamant. Poor little Merry! Also—poor Jim.

The taxi could not take John Raynes fast enough, but at the same time he dreaded what was to come. Jim hadn't entirely approved that clever scheme of getting rid of Eric Saunders. That's to say he had counselled the advisability of a bona-fide investigation into what had happened to the man.

The solicitor had mentioned a friendly loophole or two that the law might offer. If this woman—whose name John had not mentioned—had re-married "in good faith and with certain proof which implied the death of her first husband," then justice would be well tempered with mercy. But as to the setting aside of her first marriage in favor of the second, that was another kettle of fish altogether. Unless, of course, there were grounds for nullity.

Jim Tremlett was at the gate when the taxi drew up and seemed vastly astonished to see his father-in-law alight from it alone.

"Hallo," he said. "Where's Merry? I was told she'd gone to pay her respects to you."

"So she did," John replied. "But isn't she home yet? She—er—left the house some little time before I did. I thought I'd come along and take pot-luck with you."

"Good egg. But where can Merry be? Did she say she was going anywhere else before coming home? It's nearly seven o'clock."

"Er—no. She didn't say anything about it," John replied. "She went off while I was upstairs, as a matter of fact. We'd—er—had a trifle of an argument over something. That's why I decided to trot along here."

How difficult this was going to be, with Jim so unsuspecting. The young man laughed heartily. "You and Merry having a row? Bless my soul, that's funny. What about?"

"It's not in the least funny," John said gravely. "I'll tell you presently. How's my namesake?"

"Oh, he's still at Julia's. Merry insisted on us rushing home a whole week before we'd planned—on account of the baby, she said, and now we're here she's perfectly satisfied to let Julia keep him on for a bit longer. In fact, she telephoned this morning and asked Julia if it would be quite convenient—I say, Daddy John, what's the matter? You don't look healthy. This argument you've had with Merry—

surely it's nothing serious? I won't have her upsetting you."

The old man tottered a little as they climbed the steps and his son-in-law took him by the arm. Old Johnny's face was unnaturally white.

"Serious? I'm afraid it is. Merry may have thought I was harder on her than she deserved."

"Steady on. There now, sit ye down and drink this."

Jim's voice was quiet enough, but his hand shook a little as he poured out a small portion of brandy and offered it to his father-in-law.

"What's Merry done that's got her a scolding?" he asked, his attention alert for the sound of his wife's return.

John shivered as he swallowed the fiery liquor.

"It's that scoundrel Saunders," he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper. "He's not dead, Jim—"

"Well, we didn't know that he was, did we? Still—speak up. What's it got to do with Merry?"

"She's found out that he's alive—here in England somewhere—London, I suppose. Jim, you're going to get a shock, so brace yourself. She was secretly married to him."

## CHAPTER 18

IT seemed to John Raynes, who by this time was so thoroughly upset himself that an earthquake might have occurred without his noticing it, that Jim's reception of the news was almost indecently calm.

"That—," he said quietly, after John had finished, "explains a lot of things. Poor Merry!"

John sighed. "I'm glad you take her part, Jim," he said in a tremulous voice. "So do I, really, only I had to avoid her first."

"It was our fault," Jim replied. "We played that trick on her."

"Mine, I'm afraid. I was the one who got the bright idea. Why doesn't she come home?"

Jim went to the window and looked out anxiously. The front garden of the little house was enclosed by a wall, but from the window one could see if a taxi approached.

The two men exchanged glances, each hoping that the other was not thinking the same thing. What if Merry, frightened out of her wits, did something desperate? Where could they look for her?

"I'd better ring up Lady Pelbury," Jim said hastily.

He did so, but Angel was not at home and Meriel had not been there that afternoon.

It was eight o'clock before they realized how time was passing, and the parlourmaid appeared to ask what she should do about dinner.

Jim moistened his dry lips. "Keep it back a bit, Ada. Mrs. Tremlett isn't home yet."

"We've got to do something," said John, who was now in a state of complete collapse.

Oh, if only he hadn't gone upstairs to telephone; or if only he had given poor Merry one kind word. Remorse gnawed at his heart, and he knew he would never again have peace in this world if anything had happened to her.

"I don't know what to do," said Jim.

Each was thinking of the police and wishing that the other would suggest ringing up Scotland Yard, but somehow it seemed absurd. They might get laughed at for their pains. Twilight hadn't faded yet. A woman overdue home by only one hour. The police would naturally want to know what specific reason they had for making the inquiry.

But by nine o'clock Jim could no longer control his fears—and he did ring up on the score of a possible street accident. It



took nearly three-quarters of an hour for full inquiries to be made, at the end of which time he was assured that none of the hospitals reported a case in which the victim could possibly have been Meriel.

They tried the Pelbury mansion again, and this time Cyril St. Grys came to the telephone. That he happened to be in the house at this hour was due to the fact that Angel was bringing some people home for bridge after a restaurant dinner.

Cyril had seen the slip of paper on which the butler had written, "Mr. James Tremlett rang up at 7.50 to inquire if Mrs. Tremlett had called late this afternoon," and not unnaturally he speculated a little upon what might lie behind it. Cyril had thought quite a lot about Meriel lately, inspired by Lady Pelbury's idea of there being some "mystery" and also by the incident at Leonora's.

When Jim's voice reached him over the telephone he noted the quiver in it.

"I see you've rung up before," said Cyril. "And Mrs. Tremlett hasn't come in yet? Well, that looks a little serious, doesn't it? I wonder if there's anything I can do?"

"I wish you could suggest something," Jim replied. "Her father's here and we're rather at our wits' end." He mentioned that already they had inquired as to accidents.

And then that strange sixth sense of Cyril St. Grys leapt to a quite possible solution, although he hadn't himself at all a clear reason as to why it might be one.

"I say, Jim, old man," he said, "it may sound queer to you, but why not try that dressmaker woman in Maddens Street? Name's Madame Leonora, and the shop's Number 10. It's just off Knightsbridge."

A cold perspiration beaded Jim's brow. Was Merry's plight already public property? Yet now he wondered that he had not thought of Leonora himself. She was somehow linked up with the whole affair.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks, very much, I will."

"Of course, nothing may come of it," Cyril replied. "What shall I say to Lady Pelbury? She'll be in almost any minute now."

"Perhaps you'd better not say anything at all. I'll ring up later. How long will you be there?"

"Midnight or thereabouts."

"Thanks. All right—good-bye."

**J**UST how and why Leonora's name had tripped off the tongue of Cyril St. Grys, Jim had no idea, beyond the hint that Grace Peabody had thrown him. Yet, of course, Cyril must have seen a lot of Saunders in the days of Meriel's infatuation. Jim felt that he himself was very much of an outsider where this part of Merry's life was concerned. But just at the moment he was not disposed to analyse his own feelings.

Merry was his wife. He didn't care a hang what pretensions Saunders might make. He didn't care what the law said, either. She was his wife, the mother of his boy. She loved him, he knew, and he guessed that wherever she was at this moment she was suffering horribly. All her pain was his—aye, and more. For he suffered not only for her, but for himself and that poor broken man, Johnny Raynes.

He spoke very gently to his father-in-law.

"St. Grys has given me an idea where she may be," he said. "She might have gone to a woman who knew Saunders, or if she's gone to Saunders this woman may be able to tell me where to find him. Now, look here, Daddy John, I want you to let Ada give you a bite of dinner. You can swallow a cupful of soup if you can't manage anything else. I'm going straight off to find this woman. The telephone's no earthly use. I want to see her myself."

"Can't I come with you?" pleaded John.

"No, sir, you cannot," Jim said firmly.

Already the young husband felt less dis-

tracted. Here, at least, was something to do even if it amounted to nothing, and surely St. Grys would not have given him that hint without good reason. Jim clung to any hope that could take his mind off the dread vision of Merry's face cold and white against the murky waters of the river.

How far away seemed Maddens Street from St. John's Wood, but finally he stood at the side door of No. 10 and rang the bell.

There did not seem to be much promise in it. The place was in complete darkness, both the shop and the rooms above.

But at last the door opened on a chain, just enough for him to see the white face of the woman he remembered encountering on his own doorstep, and a portion of the wrapper she was clutching about her.

"Who is it?" Leonora demanded.

"My name is Tremlett," Jim informed her. "You know my wife. I've called to make inquiries about her. Is she here?"

The blur of white which was Leonora's face pressed closer to the opening, then withdrew. A light clicked on, illuminating the stairs and narrow passage of which Jim could catch but the barest glimpse.

"Mr. Tremlett, did you say?"

"If you'd only open the door you could see for yourself," Jim replied testily. "You may remember I let you in that evening you called with some dresses for my wife."

"Ah, to be sure!"

The chain was released and the door opened.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

All the antagonism he had felt at that first encounter was there, with a little added.

"I want to have a word or two with you about my wife," Jim replied.

Leonora drew back slightly. "If it's about the money Mrs. Tremlett was kind enough to put into my business, I'll have you know it was of her own free will. A good investment, too. If she says I forced her to do it, then that's not true."

"Oh?" queried Jim. So there was considerably more in this than met the eye.

"I'm not bothering about money at the moment. It's something much more important. My wife has . . . disappeared."

I've called to find out if you know anything about it. If you can give me an idea where she is. I thought it not unlikely that she might have come here."

No one who did not know the heart of Leonora Begby could possibly have interpreted the stricken expression with which she regarded Jim. Her voice was hoarse as she bade him enter and apologised for the old wrapper she was wearing.

"I was in my workroom at the back," she said, "and I didn't answer the bell at first because the street boys are always ringing it, and I haven't any friends who'd be calling so late. Please come upstairs, sir."

She went ahead, turning on lights, and ushered him into her neat little sitting-room.

"Now, sir, what's this about Mrs. Tremlett having left home?"

Jim's hopes dropped to zero.

"Then she isn't here—she hasn't been here?"

"No. Why should your wife come here, Mr. Tremlett?"

Jim plunged boldly, due perhaps to the prodding of Cyril St. Grys.

"I thought it more than likely because of your friendship with Captain Saunders," he replied.

#### CHAPTER 19

**L**eonora, for some inscrutable reason of her own, chose to parry Jim Tremlett's pointed remark.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean. Who is Captain Saunders?"

Jim indicated a framed photograph on the mantelpiece, and the dressmaker had grace enough to blush.

"Well, what of it?" she blustered. "What's Captain Saunders to do with you?"

Jim bit his lip vexedly. More and more

was he convinced that Leonora was hiding something, but that perhaps wild horses would not drag from her the information he sought. He remembered what she had said about money, from which it was pretty obvious that she had intimidated Meriel, and he used it as a weapon against her.

"You have threatened my wife and now I'm going to threaten you. At least you can tell me where this man Saunders is, and I will thank you to do so."

"And if I don't?" Leonora asked pertly.

"If you don't and anything serious has happened to my wife, then I promise you I'll leave no stone unturned to discover your share in it and see that you are punished."

Jim spoke with rare passion. He could scarcely lay hands on the woman and shake the truth from her, but his words had some of the desired effect.

"I don't see what could happen to Mrs. Tremlett—unless she's gone back to Captain Saunders," Leonora said.

"It's plain that you've frightened her badly," Jim went on. "She may do something far worse than go back to that scoundrel."

"You mean—do herself in?" Leonora whispered.

**J**IM nodded, his lips pressed together.

"Oh, my God, I never thought of that!"

"I daresay you didn't, but you can think of it now."

"Mr. Tremlett, honestly I don't know a thing about it. Captain Saunders has rooms in a lodging-house in Folkestone, a house kept by my mother. That's how I happen to know him—and Mrs. Tremlett. It was there she came to—to—"

"You needn't spare my feelings. I know all about it. My wife was married to Saunders from your mother's house. I take it?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Leonora. Curious, she thought, that he should keep calling that girl his "wife."

"And now Saunders has come back. Did he put you up to this blackmailing business?"

"No, sir. And I never meant it that way. Captain Saunders will be terribly angry if he gets to know that I told Mrs. Tremlett he'd come back. He's a very kind gentleman, Mr. Tremlett, and he wouldn't want her to come to any harm. A kinder gentleman never lived."

Jim controlled a sneer. "So you've fallen under his spell, have you?" he asked drily.

Leonora gulped down a lump in her throat and turned away her head. She did not want him to see the tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Tremlett, let me explain to you. The captain's an ill man. He wasn't at all strong when he came back, and he's been getting steadily worse ever since. I don't think he wants to live. He's heard, of course, that Mrs.—that she'd married you, and I was able to give him some particulars. As it happened, I was outside the church when you were married, and it gave me a shock. I can tell you, when I saw you come out together, Mrs. Tremlett dressed like a girl bride and all. The captain said to me, 'Keep your tongue behind your teeth, my girl. It's all over and done with now.' And I haven't said a word to anybody, except to Mrs. Tremlett herself, although it just slipped out awhile back to some friends of Mrs. Tremlett's that she had once been married to Captain Saunders. Only at that time I thought there must have been a divorce, and I not knowing anything about it. Mrs. Tremlett put some money into my business because I asked her to. Perhaps I did frighten her. I didn't really mean to, but I needed some money so badly, and I'll pay it all back in time with full interest."

Jim took out his notebook and demanded Mrs. Begby's address, which Leonora gave him reluctantly. Shortly afterwards he bade her good-night.



IT was with a very heavy heart that he emerged into the street again. He could scarcely imagine that anything was to be gained by communicating with Eric Saunders. In such circumstances, one is apt to think the worst which could befall Merry was to return to her old lover. Jim's nature was too practical and his love for her too strongly rooted to allow him to be driven to despair by the torturing thought of his old rival.

No, he feared what he had intimated—that she might have taken her own life. Merry was so young and in many ways so ignorant. Who could say what terrors had not gripped her?

By the time he got back again to St. John's Wood, Jim was in almost as collapsed a state as John Haynes had been. Yet he could not help hoping that some news had come during his absence.

Sure enough, there was old Johnny on the steps rushing to meet him, and looking quite gay and cheerful.

"It's all right—all right!" John called. "She's gone to Julia's. I've talked with Julia on the telephone."

Strange they hadn't thought of that possibility. And Jim had a twofold reason for being glad to hear this. It meant first of all that Merry was safe, and it also meant that it was her baby, and not Eric Saunders, who had called her.

"Oh, thank God!" Jim exclaimed. They went into the house and he demanded to be told all about it, every word that Julia had said. Did Julia know why Merry had run away?

"No, she thinks she's just a bit hysterical and silly. It seems that Merry said she'd had an overwhelming desire to see young John and, finding herself near the station, walked in, bought a ticket, and got into a train which was due to start in about a minute. She had to say something like that, I suppose, to account for having no luggage. Julia says she'd better stay a few days, and we must send down a dressing-case and some things for her to-morrow."

"I'll take them down myself," Jim said eagerly.

John regarded him in an uncertain way. "Somehow, I wouldn't if I were you," he replied.

"Why not? She's my wife—"

"Better wait, Jim. . . . Is Merry your wife?"

The young man flared up and banged his fist on the table. "Understand once and for all, Daddy John, that I won't concede one inch on that point. I'll fight for her and for my son's name if it takes every penny I've got in the world and my very last breath."

"Bravo! That's the spirit. All the same . . ."

"Well, out with it."

"Julia said that Merry sent a message begging both of us to leave her alone for a few days. Julia thinks you and Merry have had a bit of a tiff. She's put her to bed and says she's going to make her stay there and keep perfectly quiet."

"I must talk with Julia," said Jim.

But he followed his father-in-law's glance to the clock and hesitated. It was well past midnight.

"Ada's put out some sandwiches and a few tid-bits," John suggested. "I must admit I've found an appetite for them. What about you, Jim?" And then don't you think you'd be all the better if you went straight to bed? We know she's safe and that's enough for to-night. I shall sleep as I've never slept before, and I won't forget to say my prayers, either."

Jim nodded and agreed somewhat reluctantly to take his father-in-law's advice, although he doubted if he should sleep as well as John expected to do.

Believed of immediate anxiety as to Meriel's safety, Jim was none the less oppressed by what the future might hold. For all his vehemence on the subject, he

knew well enough that whether or not he could keep and claim Meriel depended on such a lot of things which were still hidden from him.

Of course she would never go back to Eric Saunders, he told himself over and over again. No power on earth could compel her to do that. . . . Yet there was that uncertain quantity in Meriel's own nature which no one could ever calculate. Merry was capable of strange things.

No, Jim Tremlett did not sleep very well. He tossed and turned unhappily with night-mare visions of a lost Meriel—lost to him forever. The empty pillow beside him seemed somehow to be a symbol of his bereavement.

What would Merry do? That was the real question; much, much more vital than any the lawyers could raise.

NOR was Jim the only person concerned in this drama who passed a turbulent night.

Leonora Begby was up well before her usual early hour for rising, a grim and haggard Leonora with a thousand and one things to do before she could reach the goal of her heart's desire that day.

So she flew through the house from top to bottom with broom and dustpan, wrote out lengthy instructions for the blonde beauty and the sewing-women, finished off a tricky bit of cutting-out, and was all packed and ready for departure by the time the milkman had deposited the daily pint on her doorstep.

Even so she had to wait another two hours before the workpeople arrived, an interval which was by no means fully occupied in preparing and consuming breakfast. But it was impossible to leave before seeing her employees and adding verbal supplements to what she had written down.

Yet all things come to an end in time, and to Leonora Begby that end was fairly achieved when bag in hand she toiled from the Central station in Folkestone to her mother's house on the Lea.

Mrs. Begby, whose own morning had not begun so early, and who was pursuing her daily activities in a more leisurely fashion, stood dumfounded at one of the front windows with a duster in her hand at the sight of her daughter hastening along towards the house with the well-known weekend bag dragging at her arm.

"Whatever's happened?" Mrs. Begby cried as they met at the door. "You've not been look sick, have you?"

"No, I just thought I'd give myself a bit of a holiday," Leonora replied as nonchalantly as she could. "Kind of run down, that's all. London does take it out of a body. Everything all right here?"

"What should be wrong?" asked Mrs. Begby.

"Oh, I don't know. Thought perhaps you might have got a new lodger for the top rooms."

"Well, I shouldn't call that bad luck if I had. Sit down, Lee, and take off that hat. It looks too tight for your head."

"How's the captain?" Leonora asked, as she obeyed.

"About the same. He went out yesterday in a bath-chair, but I can't see as it's done much good."

"Any visitors?"

"For the captain? You know he never has any, Lee. I'll tell you what it is, if he's leave the bottle alone he'd get better in no time. I declare I'm ashamed the way the wine-merchant's van is always coming here. I've spoke to the doctor about it. But what can anybody do? No, that it makes him silly, you know—but it's just booze, booze all day long till I get quite sick of the sight of him. Lately he's started talking to himself."

"What's he say?" Leonora asked quickly. "Oh, I couldn't tell you. Don't make much sense."

"I think I'll just run up and say how-dye-do to him," Leonora observed casually. "If you're quite rested. Yes, it might

cheer him a bit. The captain's always been fond of you, Lee."

LEONORA went first to her own little room which was always kept ready for her, and spent quite ten minutes there in beautifying herself.

She was most apprehensive of what this interview would bring forth, and not only wanted to look her best, but to turn over again in her mind how she should approach the subject of Meriel. Poor Captain Saunders must be prepared in case that ferocious Tremlett man walked in on him.

But when she thought of Meriel, Leonora Begby was afflicted with a shivering fit. That unfortunate girl might be dead. And who would be to blame?

Eric Saunders was lying on the couch in his sitting-room when Leonora came in. It was only ten days since she had seen him last, but there was a marked change for the worse in his appearance. Meriel, perhaps, would scarcely have recognised the man for the dashing lover who had captured her girlhood's fancy.

He had lost weight and the process had aged him incredibly. He might have been 60 at least, and the signs of dissipation were not only marked in his face, but showed in his trembling hands and in his indistinct speech. Not an object to love, yet Leonora Begby loved him and would gladly have taken the remnants of his wasted life into her own keeping and mended it as best she could. She was not revolted by the unpleasant spectacle of this piece of wreckage, but touched to the heart.

There he lay, wrapped in a soiled, old dressing-gown and surrounded by an untidy litter of newspapers, with a table conveniently to hand on which stood a half-empty bottle of cognac and a pitcher of water, flanked by a cluttered ash-tray. Altogether a sordid sight, but Leonora's eyes were for something beyond the unlovely husk.

"Who's that? Eh? Oh, it's Leonora. What's to-day, then? Have we reached Saturday again?"

"No, it's my holiday," Leonora replied. "I'm just taking a shortish one. And how are you feeling?"

Saunders huddled a bit deeper into his woolen gown by way of suggesting a shrug.

"I'm waiting for the Old Man with the Syrtie," he said, "but the fellow takes a deuce of a while to come."

Leonora nodded towards the table. "Nobody can't say you aren't doing what you can to bring him here. Why don't you buck up, captain dear? What's the use of going on like this?"

Saunders grinned. "And what do you suppose I've got to buck up for? By the way, Leonora, I made my will the other day. I've more to leave than you imagine."

"Yes, I suppose you have more than what you're used to or you couldn't pay for all the drink you buy. Was it your uncle left it to you?"

"That makes no matter. It's mine and when I'm gone it'll be all yours, Leonora, except for a little present I've put your mother down for."

The girl controlled a gasp, and then she pressed her hands to her face and burst into tears. "I don't want your money—I mean I don't want you to die. I want you to live and be happy and—and let me look after you."

"All right, perhaps I will. But it's nothing to cry about. Pour me out a drink, that's a good girl. Three fingers of the stuff and a drop of water. Not too much water."

Reluctantly Leonora did as he asked. All the time she was thinking, "I wonder how much he's got to leave. . . . I wonder if he'll change his will when he hears what I must tell him?"

"You're kind of fond of me, aren't you, captain dear?" she asked.

"Very. Now light a cigarette for me. My



hands are so bad. One of these days I'll be setting the house a-fire. . . . Thanks."

"Captain, I didn't tell you that Mrs. Tremlett came into my shop some time ago to order some dressings."

"What—what?"

"Mrs. Tremlett. You know whom I mean."

The man made an effort to pull himself up on his cushions and an eager light came into his face, strangely altering it. "How does she look? Is she as beautiful, as lovely, as ever?"

"Yes, she's very beautiful," Leonora murmured unhappily. "Captain, dear, I must tell you that she's heard about you. She knows you're here, and it's upset her rather. Somebody told her you were dead and that's why she married Mr. Tremlett. She's run away from him now and he doesn't know where she is. That's why I came down to-day, really. I didn't know what Mr. Tremlett might do."

Hastily, Leonora skated over the thin ice which might betray her share in Meriel's possible fate. But the news itself had so excited Eric Saunders that he did not question her closely as to how Meriel had discovered him to be here and alive, if not exactly in good health.

Feverish spots burned on his mottled cheeks and he roused himself still further until he had achieved a sitting position.

"This is dreadful—dreadful," he muttered. "Poor little Meriel. I shouldn't have come back. Good heavens, what am I going to do about it?"

"You're still terribly fond of her, aren't you?" said Leonora.

Saunders stared at her haughtily.

"Meriel's the only woman I ever loved. Woman, did I say? Just a child. The loveliest girl in the whole world and she was mine." He put his hands to his face and groaned. "If only I could see her once again. You say she's run away, left Tremlett? Perhaps that means she still cares for me. If I thought I did, I'd move heaven and earth to get her back."

"You be careful," admonished Leonora, her voice shaking with jealous misery, "or you'll excite yourself too much. You'll be having another stroke."

And then there happened one of those opportune interruptions which occur more frequently on the stage than in real life, yet in this case it could scarcely be called a coincidence.

Mrs. Begby's maid-of-all-work came to the door holding a telegram gingerly by one corner because it had been delivered to her while she was scrubbing the hall, and her hands were wet.

"For Captain Saunders, miss."

Leonora, who had suffered an instant's wild apprehension lest the shop had fallen to pieces, offered it to him in silence, but his hands shook too much to let him open it and his vision had suddenly become blurred. "Read it to me," he said huskily.

**S**HE wanted no time.

"It's signed 'Meriel,'" she said, "and it was given in at Ramsgate about half an hour ago."

"Meriel? Yes—yes—what does it say?" Leonora drew a long breath. So Mrs. Tremlett hadn't done away with herself! That was a relief, anyway.

"Says—'Am motoring over to see you; starting immediately. Meriel.' That's all. Doesn't ask if it's convenient or if you want to see her or anything. A bit of cheek, I call it. I don't think you're fit to see anyone, Captain, dear."

"Not even my own wife, eh?" Leonora's lips trembled. "She hasn't behaved much like a wife to you, in my opinion."

"I'm not asking for your opinion, my girl. Starting immediately. Let me think." He gave a hasty glance around the room, winding up with a survey of what he could see of himself.

"I'm a pretty sight. Open the windows,

Leonora, and let in a little fresh air. Now get my note-case. You'll find it in the top drawer of the dressing-table in my bedroom. Take what money you think you'll need—"

"For what?"

He made an impatient gesture. "I can't let Meriel find me like this. First of all, telephone for the hairdresser. I'm not properly shaved and my hair could do with a trim. But hurry, hurry, girl! She'll be here within an hour. Send your mother up to tidy this room, and then just as fast as you can—take a taxi—go into the town and get me a silk dressing-gown. Mind you choose a decent-looking one. Get some flowers, too—plenty of 'em. Yes, and you might buy me a new pair of slippers. But hurry, because I must be ready when she comes. I mustn't keep her waiting. Perhaps she won't have had her lunch. Find out if your mother wants anything in the way of a spring chicken or a sole. But don't stand there, Leonora. Time's flying."

"I'm only waiting to hear if that's all," said Leonora.

"In the top drawer on the left," he called after her as she disappeared into the bedroom. "You'd better take ten pounds to make sure you'll have enough."

No one who might have observed the trim figure of Leonora Begby as she sallied forth to do these unwelcome errands would have guessed what a grim mission was hers.

She had explained to her mother as briefly as she could. "That girl who was married to him from here has heard he's ill and is coming to see him. He's all of a dither about it. And she's married to someone else, now, so it doesn't seem quite nice to my way of thinking."

But Mrs. Begby was only too glad of an excuse to tidy up that sitting-room. She helped the ill man to his bedroom into which the hairdresser who arrived shortly was sent to wait him, and enjoyed herself thoroughly in restoring the littered apartment to order.

Leonora, returning with all the parcels, arranged the lilies and roses she had bought. She had not dared to scamp the captain's orders, and at least by carrying them out so lavishly she would win his praise. Yet it was hard to do all this for another woman's benefit.

She could have wept when the hairdresser led him in all shaven and shorn and resplendent in the Persian-patterned robe of her own selection.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "This looks all right. You're a brick, Leonora. I wonder if I'll stay the course without another drink?"

"Better have one," she advised maliciously.

"Well, perhaps, I—no! Listen—didn't I hear a car?"

Leonora went to the window.

"Yes, she's come," she replied.

#### CHAPTER 20

**W**HAT had been in Meriel's mind that morning?

Julia, with the best of intentions to soothe down her hysterical young sister, had not been able to keep her in bed. Indeed, Merry was up with the children and assisting at the ritual of baby's bath long before Julia herself had stirred.

"It's only some silly tiff she's had with Jim," Julia confided to her husband.

"Yes, I thought Merry's meek domesticity was too good to last," he replied. "Well, we're not going to mix ourselves up in other people's quarrels. It's all we can do to handle our own."

To which Julia replied with the quite unanswerable retort that Merry was her sister.

But even Julia was not altogether pleased to be made the dumping ground of what appeared to be a family upheaval, and she was less pleased when later on in the morning Meriel announced her intention of going off by herself on a motor excursion.

"I don't know that I can spare the car," Julia protested feebly.

"I didn't mean to ask you for it," Meriel replied.

"Well, what shall I say to Jim or Daddy if either of them rings up? Merry, you're really rather trying."

"You can tell them I've gone out," Meriel said coldly. "And I'm awfully sorry to give you such a lot of trouble."

There didn't seem much more to say after that, and unfortunately Julia did not know that her sister flew up to the nursery again to take a tearful farewell of little John, as though she never expected to see him again. She also called at the station and collected the dressing-bag and suitcase which she had been assured would be coming by a certain train.

Consequently Leonora Begby was more than a little disconcerted to see young Mrs. Tremlett arriving with luggage. Leonora didn't like the look of that at all, and hurried down to make inquiries.

Mrs. Begby was admitting the visitor with a flutter of self-consciousness.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—er—do come in. . . . Yes, it will be all right to leave your bags in the hall. I'll just find out if the captain. . . . oh, here comes my daughter. Lee, you remember, Mrs.—er—this young lady, don't you? Can she go straight up to the captain's sitting-room?"

"I'll take Mrs. Tremlett up," Leonora said firmly, leaving no doubt in the matter of Meriel's name. "You'd better see about lunch, Mums."

Mrs. Begby whisked away and the two younger women stood eyeing each other in a guarded fashion. Both were very pale and showed the effects of the strain they had endured; and both were very calm.

"Well—" said Meriel, with a helpless gesture—"you see, here I am. It had to come to this, Miss Begby."

"If you'll forgive my saying so, it needn't have come to anything of the sort," Leonora replied.

"I couldn't go on living a lie."

"Perhaps you'll say I drove you to it," Leonora suggested anxiously. She wanted desperately to know what Meriel would tell Eric Saunders.

Meriel shook her head. "Nobody's driven me. It's merely my feeling in the matter—conscience, if you like to call it that."

Leonora repressed a sniff but just then a bell tinkled and she said, "That's him. He heard the car drive up. You'd better go to him at once. You'll find him changed," she added.

The bell clamored again and Meriel ran up the short flight to the first landing and hurried down the corridor to the room into which Eric had brought her as his bride nearly three years ago.

It all came back to her so poignantly that she had to put a hand to her heart to still its frantic beating and make a determined effort to turn the handle of the door, forcing herself to enter.

This man—she did not want to see him. He had ruined her life.

What was he to her or she to him? Nothing at all; they were the veriest strangers.

For a second or two she stood appalled on the threshold.

Yet, of course, that wreck must be Eric. He looked like a corpse decked out in the splendor of shimmering silks with roses and lilies around him for burial flowers. And the corpse was smiling at her with a glimmer of levity in its dull eyes.

"M—Meriel!" he whispered huskily. A shaking hand was held out to her. "I can't get up to meet you, sweetheart," he stammered. There was something dreadful about his slow, uncertain pronunciation and the slack fall of his jaw.

"Oh, no, don't try," she murmured, and half-covering her face crossed the room and took his hand.

"Aren't you g—going to kiss me?" he asked.



## CHAPTER 21

REPRESSING a shudder she bent down and touched his clammy forehead with her lips.

This man she had loved! "For better or for worse; for richer or poorer." This man, not Jim, was her lawful husband. Worst of all, he seemed to be under the delusion that she still loved him.

"So they told you I was dead, eh, and got you to marry that chap, after all? I kept quiet when I found out you'd married him. Thought, perhaps, you'd forgotten me by that time and were happy with the new love."

"Eric, why didn't you write? Why did you leave me so long like that without a word?" Meriel asked, dropping limply into a chair beside the sofa. "It would have saved so much misery, so much suffering."

The wreck withdrew his hungry gaze from her face and an evasive expression crossed his haggard features.

"There were reasons," he muttered.

"How long have you been in England?" she asked.

"I forget how long, exactly. It is a matter of a few months or so."

"And if I had waited all that time?"

"I read of your marriage to Tremlett," Eric explained. "You wouldn't have thanked me for writing after that, would you?"

"It would have been better if you had. You see, I have a little son."

A look of pain swept his face. "Oh—there's an infant, is there? Meriel, you belong to me, you know."

She drew back as the thin hand reached out as though to clutch her.

"Please, Eric! It seems to me that I belong to nobody," Meriel said. "I've left my baby at my sister's—"

Eric Saunders gave vent to a sigh that was half groan. "If you wouldn't mind—there's a bottle of brandy around here somewhere. Mother Begby's probably tucked it away in the cupboard. This has been an exciting day for me."

Meriel took the hint and was glad indeed for something active to do. She found the brandy and poured him out some, helping him to hold the glass to his lips.

"Eric, do you need money?" she asked abruptly as she set the glass back on the table.

He coughed and laughed in a hollow fashion.

"I've got plenty, thanks."

"I think you ought to have a nurse. Who looks after you?"

"I don't want to talk about such things. You'll take care of me now, sweetheart. And anyway, I'm going to get well. I've got something to live for—to fight for—now that I've got you back."

There came a tap at the door and when he said impatiently, "Come in," Leonora entered with a daintily-set luncheon-tray.

In a few well-chosen words she disposed of the situation to her liking. Mums had a meal ready for Mrs. Tremlett, who looked as though she needed it. She herself would give the Captain his lunch.

Reluctantly Eric Saunders permitted this arrangement.

"You will come back to me soon?" he said, as Meriel moved towards the door.

"After your lunch you ought to sleep," Leonora objected.

"I will come back as soon as you've had your nap," Meriel said.

He kissed his hand to her.

"O H, what am I going to do?" she cried to herself as she stood for a moment outside the door before going down to Mrs. Begby's dining-room.

How could she tell that sick and dying man that she could not bear the touch of his hand even? And he thought she still loved him! The truth was she had never

loved him; she saw that clearly enough now when it was years too late.

Somehow she got through the tempting little meal Mrs. Begby set before her, during which she made arrangements to take the two vacant rooms on the second floor.

She did not know how long she might be staying, she told Mrs. Begby, but she felt she owed a certain obligation to Captain Saunders.

Mrs. Begby managed to control any outward sign of her interest in Meriel's unexpected appearance, but inwardly she was seething with curiosity. She did wish that Mrs. Tremlett would open her heart and tell the whole story.

Failing this confidence, Mrs. Begby opened her own heart, and told all her hopes and fears for Leonora, and said how kind it was of Mrs. Tremlett to patronise her and recommend her to the aristocracy.

"Lee's got brains and ability, but she's not had an easy life. Begging your pardon, madam, there was a time when Captain Saunders first came to stay with us that I thought he and Lee might hit it off together. He took her about a lot. But, of course, it was just friendliness on the Cap-

tain's part and Lee never was a girl to set much store about men. Some girls are born old maids, aren't they, madam?"

Meanwhile, "the born old maid" was tenderly coaxing morsels of grilled sole and spoonfuls of chicken jelly into the mouth of a man whose worst foe was his lack of appetite.

Leonora would have made an ideal nurse for this particular invalid, had she been able to devote all her time to him.

Did Eric Saunders suspect how she adored him with every fibre of her love-starved being? Did he sometimes torment her on purpose? He was, himself, so tormented that perhaps he could not refrain from taking it out of somebody else, and nobody was quite such a likely subject as Leonora. Still, she would be recompensed when his will was proved. In one way at least he had gauged her nature to a nicety.

Leonora, on her part, put a little prob in him after she had got him to eat all he could be coaxed to, and given him the half-bottle of champagne she had been obliged to promise by way of reward.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded when Leonora brought up the champagne from the ice-box.

"She thinks you're going to lie down for your sleep, as you must do. Mrs. Tremlett has gone out. She told Mums she had a couple of telegrams to send off."

SAUNDERS sank back on his cushions with a groan of anguish.

"She won't come back!"

"Yes she will, Captain dear. Her bags have been taken up to the rooms over these. Mrs. Tremlett said she must get off those telegrams—"

"How dare you e-call her Mrs. Tremlett?"

"That's her name, Captain dear. And I think I ought to tell you for your own sake that she's very fond of that young husband of hers. They've got ever such a nice little home, and I've reason to believe they dote on each other."

What Meriel, who did not love him, had recoiled from saying, Leonora, who would have sold her soul for Eric Saunders, gave him straight from the shoulder.

"I w—won't b—believe it!" he stuttered. "It's just your j—jealousy."

"Oh, Captain dear!"

She sprang to her feet as he fell back against the cushions with wildly staring eyes, a little trickle coming from his lips, his breath painfully heavy.

Leonora ran to the door.

"Mums—Mums!" she shrieked over the banisters. "Mums, the captain's had another stroke. Telephone for the doctor. . . . And, Mums, you'd better telephone to the Seabright Home in Sandgate for a nurse as well."

IT was a beautiful day, calm seas and blue skies, with a wealth of warm sunshine. Meriel walked slowly back from the post-office, unwilling to return to that house on the Lens which held the great tragedy of her life, yet irresistibly drawn.

She knew that she was not a free agent in the matter. Poor Jim! How carefully she had worded her telegram so as to hurt him no more than was strictly necessary. She had informed him that Eric Saunders was very ill, and that she felt it to be an act of simple human mercy to remain here for the time being and see that everything possible was done for him. Purposely she left out the word "duty." That would have done more than merely hurt Jim; it would have enraged him. She had added, "Please leave me quite alone until I send for you. I must manage this unhappy affair for myself." It did not occur to her that Jim regarded her as a child, incapable of taking such a situation into her own hands.

For a while she tarried on the front gazing at the dim coast of France, her thoughts no less far away. Her father's harshness of yesterday, even, seemed to belong to another existence, and to matter as little. Yes, and now one must go back to the house where Eric was waiting for her. By this time he would have finished his afternoon sleep.

Meriel moved on, loath yet determined. A small yellow coupe car stood in front of the house and she hastened her steps now, thinking it might be that the doctor had called. She wanted to see that doctor.

Leonora was waiting for her. The girl had been crying, and was even now sniffing into her handkerchief.

"Oh, there you are, Mrs. Tremlett. The captain was taken bad soon after you went out. He's had another nasty stroke. I dare say it was the excitement of seeing you."

"I'm sorry," Meriel said. Was she to be blamed for this, too?

"The doctor's with him and a hospital nurse has been sent for. I took the liberty."

The heaving chest and shoulders betrayed Leonora, and suddenly Meriel understood something that hadn't occurred to her before. This girl loved Eric.

"Poor Miss Begby—poor Leonora!" she exclaimed, her heart filled with pity. "You care a great deal for him, don't you? Oh, how sad it all is!"

And then Leonora laid her head on the shoulder of the woman she hated and burst into great blubbery sobs. Meriel put her arms around her. "I'm sorry—so dreadfully sorry. I wish I could help you, comfort you in any way."

"You'd better go up to him," Leonora said. "It's you he wants—not me. I've told the doctor you're someone he's fond of and that you came to stay here for a while until he got better. Only he'll never get better now."

She pulled herself together at the sound of the doorbell. "That's the nurse, I expect. Don't let on to mother that I was crying. I shouldn't like for her to know how fond I am of the captain. Nobody knows. Not even him."

Meriel went up to the sitting-room and introduced herself to the doctor, but she gave her name as Mrs. Tremlett, and he did not ask her any questions as to what relation she stood in to the ill man.

"Miss Begby thinks he was over-excited by my coming to see him," she said. "Is it just that or something more serious?"

The doctor shook his head. "Captain Saunders was a little overdue for this stroke, as a matter of fact. It was likely to happen any time, and for any reason or none. I'm afraid it's the last."

"He's going to die—soon?" Meriel asked.



lowering her voice as she glanced towards the closed door of the bedroom.

"Yes, I'm afraid you must be prepared for that. I'd be surprised if he lasts the night out."

"Can I speak to him?"

The doctor hesitated, then said: "Oh, yes, but don't say anything that he'd feel he ought to reply to. Say as little as possible. There's no harm in sitting beside him. He might like that. I think he feels lonely. Dying can be a lonely business."

**T**HE nurse was unheeded in by Leonora at that moment, and Meriel went into the bedroom. Eric must not be allowed to feel himself utterly forsaken in this last dark hour.

He lay so still that she thought death must already have taken him unawares, but as she bent over him his eyes opened and looked searchingly into hers.

"Poor Eric! It's all right, dear. We're going to look after you ever so carefully." She sat down by the bed and took his hand, feeling no repugnance now although his coldness sent an icy chill through her.

"I'll stay here beside you and if you love me you'll try to rest quietly and sleep. I won't go away, Eric. I promise you."

His lips moved, but no ordered sound came from them. A bead of sweat appeared on his forehead as he made the effort to speak, and then Meriel understood what the doctor had meant when he said she wasn't to say anything which might require an answer. Eric Saunders had lost the power of speech and almost of all movement.

Suddenly Meriel was conscious of Leonora Begby standing behind her.

"He wants to tell you something and he can't," Leonora said in a hoarse whisper. "That's what it is."

"Hush," Meriel admonished, her finger to her lips.

But Leonora ignored the rebuke.

"Maybe I can guess what it is he'd like to tell you, Captain dear"—she bent over Meriel's shoulder—"there's something you want to tell her, isn't there? Something very important?"

The ill man's eyelids flickered and the ghost of a sigh escaped his dry lips.

"You want Mrs.—you want Meriel to be happy, don't you, captain dear?"

Again the eyelids flickered.

"I think he means 'yes, don't you'?" whispered Leonora.

Whatever he had meant, the eyes were closed now and Meriel felt the cold hand relax in her grasp.

"Call the doctor," she said quickly.

"Not much use—nor for the nurse, now. He's gone," Leonora replied.

Dying can, indeed, be a lonely business, but Eric Saunders had died with the woman he loved holding his hand, and the woman who loved him bending over him.

Already his face had settled into lines of peace and he looked younger, more like the Eric who had been Meriel Raynes' beau ideal in the days that now seemed of the long ago.

But for her peace of mind his death had come too late.

#### CHAPTER 22

**J**IM TREMLETT was a young man who did not believe in half measures. Also he was hard-headed to the point of stubbornness. He hadn't fought for Meriel and waited for her all those months to be bowled over now by a situation which he refused to acknowledge might defeat him.

He meant to leave no stone unturned when it came to the legal right of little John to the name of Tremlett, and if such a course became necessary he would lead Meriel to the altar a second time, but now that Eric Saunders was really dead Jim gave Meriel no time in which to debate the higher ethics of the case.

He took her straight back to the little

house in St. John's Wood, and he sent for Nanny and the baby.

Jim could be fierce in his way. "Make no mistake about it," he told her, "you're my wife, and it's pretty late in the day to try to pretend you're anything else."

Meriel was too bewildered to protest, and in her heart of hearts glad that Jim felt that way about her.

"I was never Eric's wife," she said. "Not really. You know that, Jim."

He did not want to discuss the matter at all with her. It was bad enough that he must discuss it with the lawyers and his father-in-law.

Eric Saunders was under ground, but the harm he had done Meriel still lived.

Her face grew shadowed again and her laugh did not ring out as in the days when the little house had known happiness. Life became increasingly difficult under the burden of this secret.

Now that she was back from that holiday in Cannes and that the "diff"—as the family supposed it to be—was made up with Jim, people flocked around her again. Some of them were curious, too, for queer little rumors had got about.

Cyril St. Grys had held his tongue, like the gentleman he was, in spite of his lady-like mannerisms, but the fact that he did so only whetted Lady Pelbury's curiosity all the more. Yet, of course, there was not very much that Cyril could have told her.

One day she brought what she imagined was news to Meriel.

"My dear, what do you think! Our poor Captain Saunders is really dead. I heard it from that Leonora person. He had rooms in Folskote with some relative of hers. Do you remember we thought he must have died long ago? He never paid me back that money. Leonora looked so queer when I mentioned it. She asked how much it was and thought perhaps I'd get it back when his estate was settled. Now what do you make of that, my dear?"

At her aunt's first reference to Eric in connection with Leonora Begby, Meriel's heart had leapt into her throat. She didn't want Angel to know; at least not until everybody had to know.

Then there was Grace Peabody, who decided to pay that long-deferred call upon Mrs. James Tremlett, and Grace also gushed a lot about Madame Leonora, dragging in a wholly unnecessary reference to Captain Saunders at the end of it.

"Never—never shall I get away from my past," thought poor Meriel.

**B**ETWEEN her and Jim there was a growing feeling of estrangement. He was sleeping in his dressing-room and respecting a little cynically his wife's idea that she was Eric Saunders' widow. So long as she made no great protest at living under the same roof with him, Jim humored what he regarded as hair-splitting on her part.

But he was deeply hurt, and Meriel knew it. His point of view and hers were so different, and each was being very careful to give way to the other up to a point.

They went separately to visit the nursery, for they could not have borne to be together with little John. Meriel was out a great deal and something always seemed to keep Jim at the office until after tea-time. They gave dinner parties in order to escape the torture of each other's society, and encouraged invitations from their friends. Everybody said how gay the young Tremletts were getting to be. Was that a sign that their ideal and somewhat overdone domesticity had begun to pall?

Once only did they have anything approaching a confidential talk during the few weeks following Eric Saunders' death. On that occasion they had returned from the opera, to which old Tom Tremlett was a box-subscriber, and Meriel was turning to go upstairs after her usual "Good-night, Jim, dear," when he asked her to come into his study for a moment.

She followed with a pang of apprehen-

sion. What was he going to say? That if she did not wish to be his wife it would be easy enough to arrange their future accordingly?

"Sit down, Merry. I won't keep you long," he said. He seated himself behind the desk and took up his fountain-pen. "I only want a little information."

He then questioned her about the details of her marriage to Eric Saunders and took down the replies. He might have been a lawyer for all the emotion he showed.

When she looked puzzled and embarrassed at one question, Jim said, "It's merely to find out what grounds there might be for nullity. It would make all the difference where little John is concerned. Don't you understand?"

"I was never his wife—" she whispered. "Not in that way, Jim."

"There has to be proof, or at least some sort of evidence." He went on and asked her to recall every minute in so far as she could of the time she and Eric had spent together after their fatal visit to the Town Hall. "We may have to rely on the Begbys for evidence," he added.

Meriel's head drooped lower and lower. More than the width of that desk separated her and Jim. They looked at each other as from across a great gulf fixed.

"That's all. Good-night, Merry."

"Good-night, Jim, dear."

He held open the door for her and stood with something of the manner of a soldier at attention as she passed him. She wanted to throw her arms around his neck, but his rigid bearing filled her with timidity.

Jim must wonder, indeed, at her behaviour now that Eric was dead, since she had gone with him to Cannes on that second honeymoon. So difficult to explain that at that time she hadn't fully comprehended the situation; that she had been stupid enough to believe that Leonora Begby's silence was sufficient to ensure her own peace of mind. It was Daddy who had made her see things as they were.

**A** FEW mornings after this unhappy talk with Jim, the post brought Meriel another letter from Leonora. The sight of the mauve, scented envelope was not particularly welcome, but it had no power to frighten her now.

As she opened it a cheque fluttered out, representing the amount she had been coerced into putting into the dreammaking business. That was queer. So soon? The letter would probably explain.

"10 Madden Street,  
Knightsbridge,  
July 3, 19—"

"Mrs. James Tremlett."

"Dear Madam,—I take the liberty of returning the sum you lent me over and above your account for goods supplied, with thanks for the timely accommodation that saved me a lot of worry."

"Captain Saunders named me in his will of what he died possessed, except a small gift to mother, and thinking you may feel yourself slighted, madam, it seems only right I should explain something to you. Also, I think Captain Saunders would wish me to do so as I am sure he meant to tell you himself at the last only he was not able to say anything."

There is such a lot to it that I would need to see you as I have some papers you might want to see so as to understand about it better.

"I have often thought of you, dear madam, since that day of the captain's death, and would have written before, except I have been so busy. You were very kind to me, not seeming to mind when you saw how broken up I was over the captain. I think he must have liked me more than he let on or he would not have left me his money."

"I thought I would come to see you to-morrow afternoon unless you telephone to the contrary.—Believe me, madam, respectfully yours,

"L. BEGBY."



Meriel did not telephone. There was something about Leonora's letter which warned her, apart from the cheque. The return of the money, in fact, meant very little as far as Meriel was concerned. She had almost forgotten it.

But she remembered well enough that Eric had wanted to say something to her at the last. Could it have been just a plea for forgiveness? If so, she had forgiven him long ago. Even though he was so much older than she it seemed to Meriel that the fault was more hers than Eric's.

She hurried back from lunch with Angel and gave orders that she was at home to no one that afternoon but Madame Leonora.

Yet she might have spared herself any haste, for it was not until nearly six o'clock that Leonora arrived, and by that time Meriel's emotions had run the gamut from high expectation to dull apathy. She even began to suspect that Leonora was planning something deeper and darker than before. A shrug for it, then.

"The dressmaker's come, madam."  
"Show her in here, Ada."

Meriel received Leonora in her little rose-and-ivory drawing-room, where she would have received any other visitor. She, herself, had on a light-colored dress, but Leonora was clad in obvious mourning, even to the extreme of a black-bordered handkerchief and ruchings of crepe at neck and wrists.

"It was very kind of you to see me," the girl said. "What a lovely room! It does suit you, madam. When I get my premises enlarged perhaps you'll oblige by giving me a word of advice on the color scheme."

"I should be very pleased," Meriel replied. "Won't you sit down? Would you like some tea?"

"No, thank you. I always have mine early. You'll be wanting to know what I came about, I expect."

"Naturally. Oh, and thank you for the cheque. I hope it was convenient. I mean—I scarcely imagined you would return the money so quickly."

"Guess you didn't think I'd ever return it. But I'm not so bad as all that, madam. And getting this money from the poor captain made all the difference. They're letting me draw on it as much as I want, although the estate won't be settled for some time yet. You see, the captain's left a matter of some twelve or fifteen thousand pounds."

"Did he?" Meriel exclaimed in surprise. "Well, I'm glad he didn't have to worry about money at the end. I suppose it came to him from his uncle?"

Leonora threw her a shrewd glance. "Madam, haven't you wondered if he ever had an uncle?"

Meriel shook her head. "Of course, I haven't. Why, I know he had." She was thinking of that telegram which had arrived in time to part them on their wedding day.

"He never did," Leonora said quietly. "That is—not that I know of."

Meriel spoke of the telegram. "It was signed Aunt-something-or-other, and referred to his uncle being dangerously ill. I think the name was 'Sid.' Short for 'Sidney,' I daresay."

"You're right about that," Leonora replied. "Sidney Saunders was the captain's wife, and the woman who sent the cable was her aunt."

"His wife?" cried Meriel.  
"Don't get excited, madam. Yes, it's quite true. Part of it he told me himself a few weeks before he died, and the rest I've been able to piece together from papers and old letters. I've brought them to you, madam." Leonora opened her bag and took out a large bulging envelope which she offered to Meriel.

"I'd rather you told me," Meriel said faintly. "Do you mean that Eric was already married when he married me?"

"Yes, madam, he was. But his wife had

sort of fooled him. You see—or you will if you run through those letters—he went away and left her and she was crazy mad to get him back. It was her that sent him money when he needed it. Well, towards the end when he was courting you, madam, his wife hit on a scheme to make him come back. She wrote that she was dying and wanted to see him. Then came a cable from her aunt saying she wasn't expected to live a week. I believe she was some-thing of an invalid and she may have been worse than she thought. The captain believed she was dying and he took the risk of marrying you without positively knowing. But he'd cabled again for full information and the reply was the one he had that day."

"Then he must have seen what a hole he was likely to be in and he thought the best thing he could do was to hop it for Capetown, which, as you know, he did. The upshot of it was, his wife didn't really die until about six months ago. He took her off somewhere into the wilds because he was afraid your people would find out about him, and I guess he was kind enough to her towards the end. He wasn't any too well, himself, because he had this trouble coming on him. He oughtn't never to have come back to England at all."

"Leonora, is this true? You wouldn't be so cruel as to—"

"Look at the papers, madam. Believe me, it's all true. He would have told you, I think, only when you came to see him he thought you must still care for him. I took the liberty of putting him right about that and it gave him the stroke that finished him." Here Leonora applied her black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes. "However, it's all for the best," she added philosophically. "The doctor said he couldn't have lasted much longer, anyway."

"It means, doesn't it, that I was never Eric's legal wife?" Meriel said in a shaking voice.

"Of course, it means just that, madam."

**H**OW does a prisoner feel when his shackles are struck off? Meriel thought she knew.

Jim and she were to have dined at Lady Peibury's that evening, but she rang up and begged off. It was not a formal party, and Angel was only mildly annoyed, but considerably puzzled when her niece said: "No, I'm not going to fib, Angel. I've taken a vow never to deceive anybody again. I'm not particularly tired and I haven't got a headache. It's only that Jim and I haven't been together alone for such ages, and it's suddenly struck me that I want him all to myself to-night."

"You sentimental idiot," said Angel. "The next time I ask you to dinner you'll know it. Good-bye."

Meriel laughed as she hung up the receiver and then she raced down to the kitchen to see what cook could manage in the way of a gala meal at such short notice.

After that she sped up to her own room to find something pretty to wear. What should it be?

A little later she heard Jim moving about in his dressing-room and she called out to him not to bother about putting on his tail-coat. "I hope you don't mind, but I've rung up and told Angel I didn't feel like dining out to-night."

There was a brief silence, then Jim said: "Oh, well, in that case I'd better cut along to the club."

"Please, don't," Meriel replied.

Her voice must have betrayed her for Jim came to the door and opened it. He was in his shirt-sleeves and his hair was still moist and rumpled. He laid down the brushes he had been about to use and stared at his wife, even more puzzled than Angel had been.

"What's up, Merry? What are you wearing that—that dress for?"

"Don't you like it?" she asked, smiling and blushing.

"It's your wedding-dress," he said with a slight catch in his voice.

"I suppose you're going to say it's old-fashioned."

"Merry, what's happened? You're different all of a sudden."

"Oh, Jim, I love you so!"

He took her in his arms and held her close, all the starved affection expressed in that fierce embrace.

"Darling, you're taking my breath!" she gasped. "Jim, it's all right. I am your wife!"

"Well, don't I know that? I'm glad you've come to your senses at last. Oh, Merry, how lonely and miserable I've been all these weeks when you've treated me like an I-don't-know-what. Not even like a brother."

"Poor Jim. But you weren't more unhappy than I was. . . . But darling, what I said just now is true in every way. I was never Eric Saunders' wife—I mean, even legally. He was already married when he married me. So, of course, it wasn't legal. . . . Or was it?" A flicker of doubt crossed her features.

"If he was already married of course it wasn't legal. But for heaven's sake tell me how you know this. What proof have you got? Who told you? When did you hear? Why didn't you let me know?" The questions tumbled over each other in Jim's eagerness for information.

"Oh, I hardly know where to begin," Meriel said breathlessly. "It was Leonora Begby. She came here this afternoon. She brought a big envelope full of old letters and papers and newspaper cuttings. I put it in the top drawer of your desk and—dinner you can . . . oh, goodness, the gong, and you haven't finished yet."

**W**HAT more does

need to say about Jim and Merry? Did she keep her vow never again to commit even the smallest deception? They live happily ever after?

The dark chapter was closed. Take look at that sleek, golden head above soft ivory of the wedding-dress, a sweet tremulous smile and the all fingers caressing Jim's pearls—his great gift to her.

See him as he holds her in his arms finds himself offering a prayer of the seas for their escape from the consequences of her youthful waywardness. A beautiful little Merry—but somehow mysterious, even now in this moment of joyous surrender.

She had left him alone with that envelope Leonora had brought, but he was no longer.

"Jim, is it all right? Really?"

He nodded just a little grimly.

"Kiss me, please. I want you to know how tiresome I've been. Jim, I never to hurt you so."

In a curious flash of memory Jim's went a long, long way back into the past. He could not imagine what he self, had looked like at that time when he would have been about five years old. He did remember Merry in her cradle how he had lifted her out and claimed for his own. He had known then it was going to love her all his life.

"I don't mind your hurting me," he huskily. "It's when you stumble and yourself that I care."

"I'm going to try not to stumble more," she murmured, her face p against his shoulder. "Lend me hanky, please. I—I can't find mine."

"Oh, no, you don't! We've finished tears for the present. Hold up your Now tell me what you've got to cry at."

"Because I'm so happy," Meriel replied.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious. have no reference to any living person. Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers, Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.